The Saturday Evening
POST
September 27, 1958 — 15¢

SEP 2 3 '58

We Made History in the Nautilus

By Cmdr. W. R. Anderson USN

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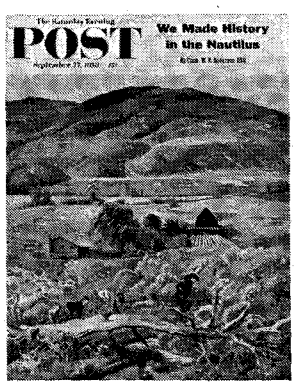

THE COVER

Maybe the lads and lassies, plus dog, are playing Follow the Leader, or maybe Miss Ponytail is just leading her followers wherever they're going because she is the grownupest one of the bunch. Wouldn't it involve less effort and peril if they stayed down on earth and just stepped across the brook? Oh, sure. But it would be abnormal behavior. These children, being sound of limb and imagination, are convinced that far below them is a wide, wide river and that their physical and nervous strain is unavoidable, since of course they've *got* to get on the other side. By and by, when the vittles are ready down there on the table, they'll have to get back again—same bridge. Don't painter John Clymer's sage-brush-robed hills make a wonderful rumpus room?

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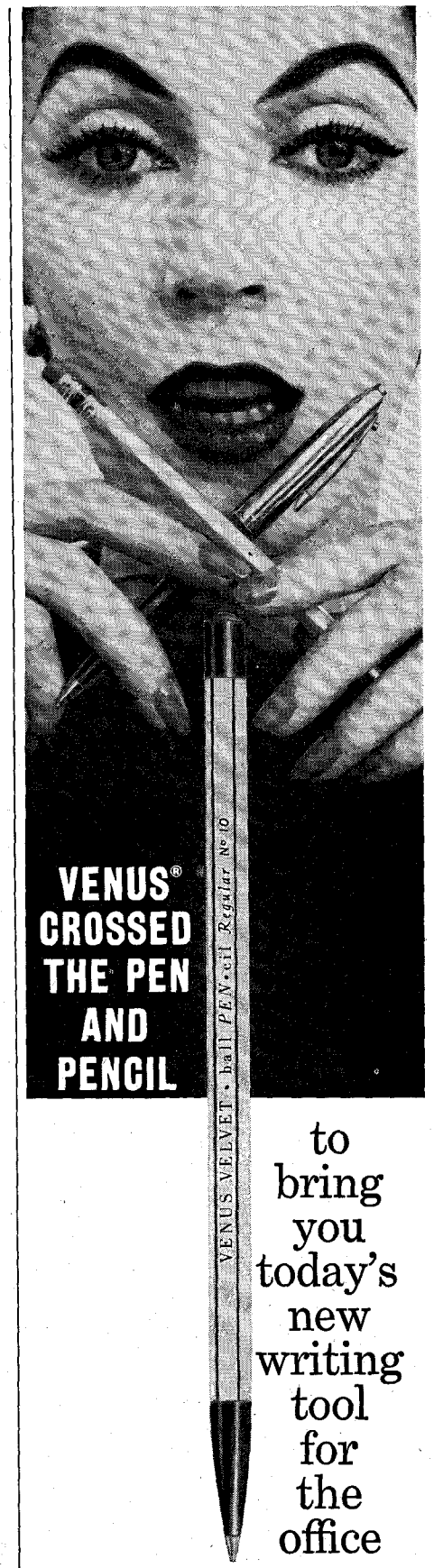

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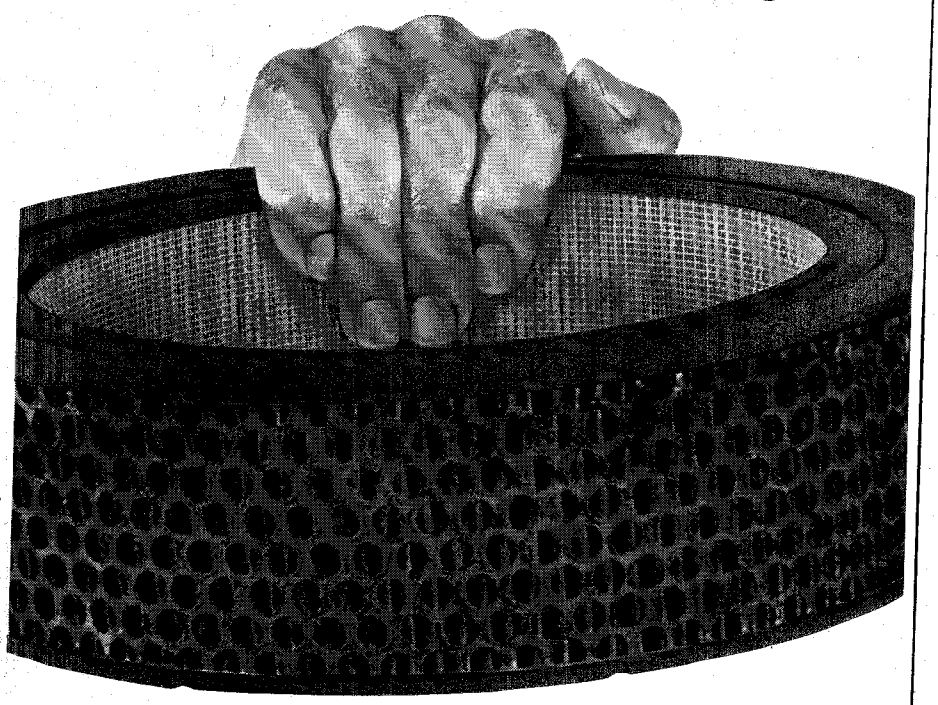

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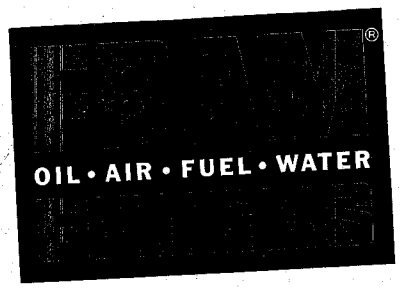

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Letters

Unfair to Bookies?

Dear Sirs:

Your anonymous author on gambling [I WAS A COMPULSIVE GAMBLER, Aug. 23] placed a wholly unwarranted knock on bookmakers when he wrote, "I have never known one that was not a liar and a cheat—and I've known at least two hundred."

As a patron of bookmakers for twenty-five years I have never known one to be

a cheat. And the only time they lie is when they tell you how badly they are doing.

DOUGLAS EVANS
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

My father and I ran a book for twelve years, from 1921 to 1933. To call bookies "vermin" makes me fighting mad. During the years we ran the book, if ever a man's wife complained to us that her husband was taking money from the house to place bets, we refused to take his bet. If we knew a bettor could not afford to bet, we refused his bet. . . .

A weak sister will always take it out on the bookmakers, just as drunkards take it out on the saloon-keepers.

JOHN HUBER
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The story could [almost] have been written by my beloved late husband. . . .

His love for me caused him to take his life when he could bear no longer to see me suffer. May God have mercy on the souls of those miserable creatures who prey on the helplessness of the "compulsive gambler."

NAME WITHHELD
Natchez, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I am a compulsive breather and because I've been unable to get this "tiger off my back," I'm really living. Once, as a child, I had a severe case of asthma and almost broke the habit, but its roots were too strong—which all leads up to a loud protest against the recent rash of articles and books exposing the unsavory private lives of well-known and unknown dipsomaniacs and masochistic gamblers. . . .

DANNY SEIFER
New York, N.Y.

Bronx Cheer

Dear Sirs:

Re I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY [by Althea Gibson, Aug. 23–Sept. 6]: Althea's success has been rooted for since we were members of the old Cosmo Tennis Club in Harlem. Although she may be Somebody, she appears not to have found herself.

REV. CORDELL A. DICKEY
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Up out of the shadows of squalor ar poverty, unnoticed and unsung, numbe less underprivileged, decent girls fig their way, in a successful endeavor "be somebody". . . . Then:

Along comes a lying, deceiving, drinl ing, pool-playing, philandering, stree fighting, egotistical, loud-mouthed, lon legged, strong-armed screwball that ca smack a tennis ball, and the honore Post rolls out the red carpet. . . .

What taste! What a commentary o moral values.

A good long, loud Bronx cheer.

REV. GEORGE E. BLANCHARI
St. James Methodist Churc
Chattanooga, Tenn

Dear Sirs:

The first article by Althea Gibson (anc the last I shall ever read) will set the Negro people back 100 years. I hope it does as much for SEP circulation.

MARGARET MAKIN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I'm certainly not interested in Campanella and whether he walks again and I especially think it's a disgrace to publish a picture of this Althea Gibson dancing with Lew Hoad, who looks like a white man. . . .

I wish you would be a little more considerate of your white southern readers.

MRS. WAYNE B. VINSON
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

Althea's answer to Lillian Roth and Diana Barrymore is more than I can contemplate with calm. When I want such tripe, I will buy magazines that are loaded with it.

R. G. M. SMITH
Oxford, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

One of the finest articles I have ever read.

MRS. NORMAN ALUMBAUGH
Richmond, Calif.

Boo!

Dear Sirs:

We'd like to congratulate you on TV's MIDNIGHT MADNESS [by Roul Tunley, Aug. 16].

However, we feel you overlooked one of the best, and certainly one of the first, ghouls . . . our own Doctor Shock [below], who first started frightening Ar-

Shreveport spook.

kansas-Louisiana-Texas TV viewers in October, 1957. . . .

Doctor Shock arrived in a casket towed through the downtown streets. . . . One time he cut himself in two, but couldn't get his top and lower parts to coordinate.

DOUG DUPERRAULT
KTBS-TV, Shreveport, La.

(Continued on Page 6)

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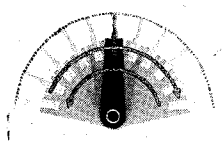
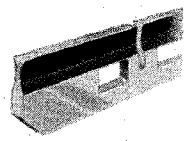
Six times faster blade action than ordinary electric shavers

How Hi-Velocity Gives Closer Whisker Cutting Action



...Speed Tension
The centrifugal force of Sunbeam's blade creates speed contact between blade and shaving head to give Hi-Velocity shaving action.



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Sunbeam's double-edge, hollow-ground blade oscillates at Hi-Velocity—*six* times faster than ordinary electric shavers.

...Powerful Motor
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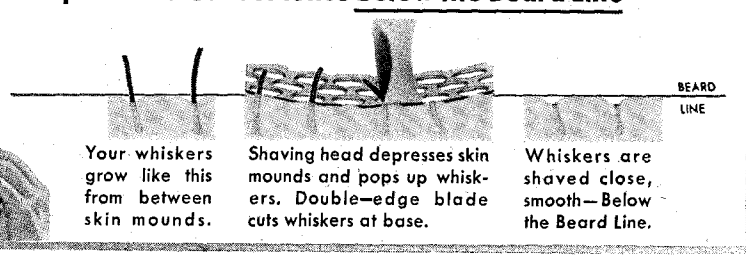

Your whiskers grow like this from between skin mounds.

Shaving head depresses skin mounds and pops up whiskers. Double-edge blade cuts whiskers at base.

Whiskers are shaved close, smooth—Below the Beard Line.

Now you can enjoy close, clean blade shaves without fuss, muss, nicks or cuts. The Hi-Velocity shaving action of Sunbeam's modern hollow-ground, double-edge blade and whisker lifting action of Sunbeam's man size shaving head combine to give faster, closer shaves . . . below the beard line. Suggested retail price **$32.50**

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

It was fun to read what other ghouls... are doing to keep people alive and quaking....

But my friends and I were disappointed and a bit hurt to discover that you had neglected the queen of the macabre . . . Tarantula Ghoul.

MIMI GONIGAM
Aberdeen, Wash.

Tinker's Dam(n)

Dear Sirs:

In two stories recently published by you, "tinker's dam" was corrupted to "tinker's damn." Why? Ignorance? . . .

A tinker's dam, is—or was—a pinch of dirt placed at the end of the groove in the tinker's table to prevent the molten lead from flowing off.

In my early life, when tinkers cruised about cities seeking repair jobs on pots and pans, there came into use the expression, "I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for it," or "It is not worth a tinker's dam."

J. E. LANSING
East Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Why do so many of your authors spell "tinker's dam" as if it were a favorite expression in the vocabulary of Harry S. Truman?

I have always understood that a tinker's dam was just a little ball of clay which the tinker formed into a dam around a joint which he was soldering.

GEORGE HERD
Elizabethton, Tenn.

● *Another theory is that tinkers were addicted to idle profanity; hence, "damn." The editors of Webster's dictionaries prefer this spelling. So does our copy editor.* —ED.

Adventure in Space

Dear Sirs:

Fred L. Whipple's THE COMING EXPLORATION IN SPACE [Aug. 16] . . . made me—a housewife, and mother of six children—feel I'd been allowed to peer over Mr. Whipple's shoulder for a breath-taking glimpse through that "immense curtain." Thank you.

MRS. ELMER T. OTWORTH
Bergenfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The most revealing thing I have ever read in any magazine. Please, at all costs, continue this series. I will renew my subscription on the basis of it.

JOHN G. AYLWARD
Foxboro, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

What surprises me is why no one has an explanation for the pits and craters on the moon. I've known for years what did it, but no one would listen. . . .

Back in the days of the cavemen, the Earthmites and the Marsites were backed by two different political parties. They were always at war. . . .

The Marsites used to throw mud at the Earthmites. Just as the Marsites' mud-slinging began, the moon happened to push his face up over the earth to see what was going on. Of course, he got his face splattered with mud. . . .

Thanks for telling the folks about this.

FORREST H. COULTER
Ogden, Utah

The Queen's Ghana

Dear Sirs:

I SAW THE NEW AFRICA by Clarence Randall [Aug. 2] was well written by a distinguished author who obviously knows Africa. However [the caption writer] stated that the University College was in "Ghana, Africa's newest republic." Ghana is not a republic, but a self-governing dominion of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It has no president for a chief of state, but the Queen of England.

JOHN STERERT
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sex and the Mule

Dear Sirs:

Re DUEL IN THE BRUSH, Aug. 2: Please ask author Ed Montgomery what is "an old white mare mule." Where I come from, mules are hybrids and have no sex.

I. PHILLIPS FROHMAN, M. D.
Washington, D.C.

● *Contributing Editor Harold H. Martin provided the answer in a Dec. 31, 1949, article, titled* FAREWELL, JACKASS!: "*The mule . . . is the product of the mating of a male ass, or jack, with a female horse, or mare. The resulting foal may be either a male mule or a mare mule. In either case, as it is a hybrid, there is some maladjustment of its chromosomes, and it cannot reproduce its kind, though there have been rare cases in which a mare mule has had a foal. . . . Both the male and female mules are naturally unaware that their chromosomes are out of kilter, and fancy themselves to be as fecund as any of the other beasts around the barnyard. The female mule is allowed to persist in this delusion, since the thought occurs to her only occasionally, but the male mule at an early age undergoes a surgical operation which vastly alters his point of view and allows him thereafter to keep his attention focused exclusively on his plowing and hauling.*" —ED.

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It used to be a favorite theory of merchants that a main highway running through town was great for business. Fortunately for everyone . . . including the merchants . . . this theory is dying. Study after study has proved this situation actually hurts business.

For it has become evident that through-traffic is made up mainly of unhappy motorists. Furious at being delayed, they are in no mood to stop and shop. And even worse, their cars create a tangled congestion that actually frightens away regular, local customers from the business district.

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When it is finished, through-traffic will wheel unimpeded around towns and cities by means of relief and belt routes. The change on Main Street will be eye-popping. Business volume will increase. Parking will be easier. Pedestrians will be safer. Accident rates will drop. There will be less costly wear on city streets. And noise and fumes will decrease.

So if plans are being made to take through-traffic off your city's streets, support them by all means. You will help your city become a better, more prosperous place in which to live.

And relief routes are only one way that the Interstate-Defense System will benefit you and your community. Wherever big, fast-moving Caterpillar earthmoving machines have completed these highways, new economic frontiers have been opened. Communities are experiencing new prosperity . . . new opportunities . . . new conveniences. So for the safety of your family, and the improvement of your community, support your state's highway program. It's for your benefit.

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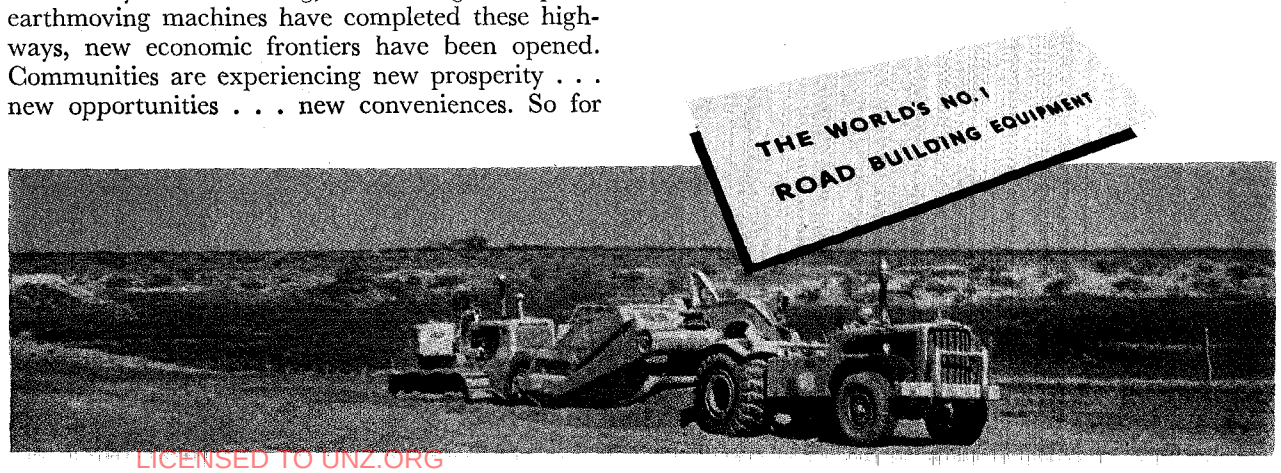

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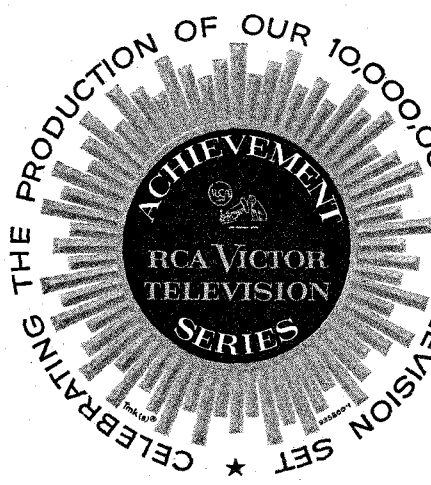
RCA VICTOR ANNOUNCES

The Achievement Series



HERE'S TV HISTORY IN THE MAKING. A NEW DELUXE-CHASSIS CONSOLE WITH FAMOUS RCA VICTOR LONG-RANGE POWER $50 LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE! PLUS 5 MORE MIRACLE VALUES—EACH WITH EXTRA-POWERFUL CASCODE TUNER, TUBE-SAVING POWER SURGE RESISTOR, KEYED AGC FOR BEST RECEPTION IN DIFFICULT AREAS. SEE THEM ALL AT YOUR RCA VICTOR DEALER'S NOW.

RCA FACTORY SERVICE. Only RCA Victor TV owners can buy an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract for expert service and installation by RCA's own technicians in most TV areas. Manufacturers nat'ly adv'd VHF list prices shown. Slightly higher far West, South. UHF optional, extra. Prices, specifications subject to change.

RCA VICTOR
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SEE WHY EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TV

1. EXTRA POWER $50 LOWER—The *Hillsdale.* Lowest pric ever for luxury TV with *Deluxe* chassis and top of line features. Electroni fine tuning, 3 speakers, stereo and phono-jacks, swivel base. 4 stunnin finishes. 262 sq. in. picture. (21T937) Achievement Series price from $299.9

4. "WIRELESS WIZARD" ELECTRONIC REMOTE CONTROL—The *Lambert* with surest, most accurate remote. Turns set on, off, selects channels and volume, works anywhere in room or in recess in set. 262 sq. in. picture. (21RT965) Achievement Series price from $379.95

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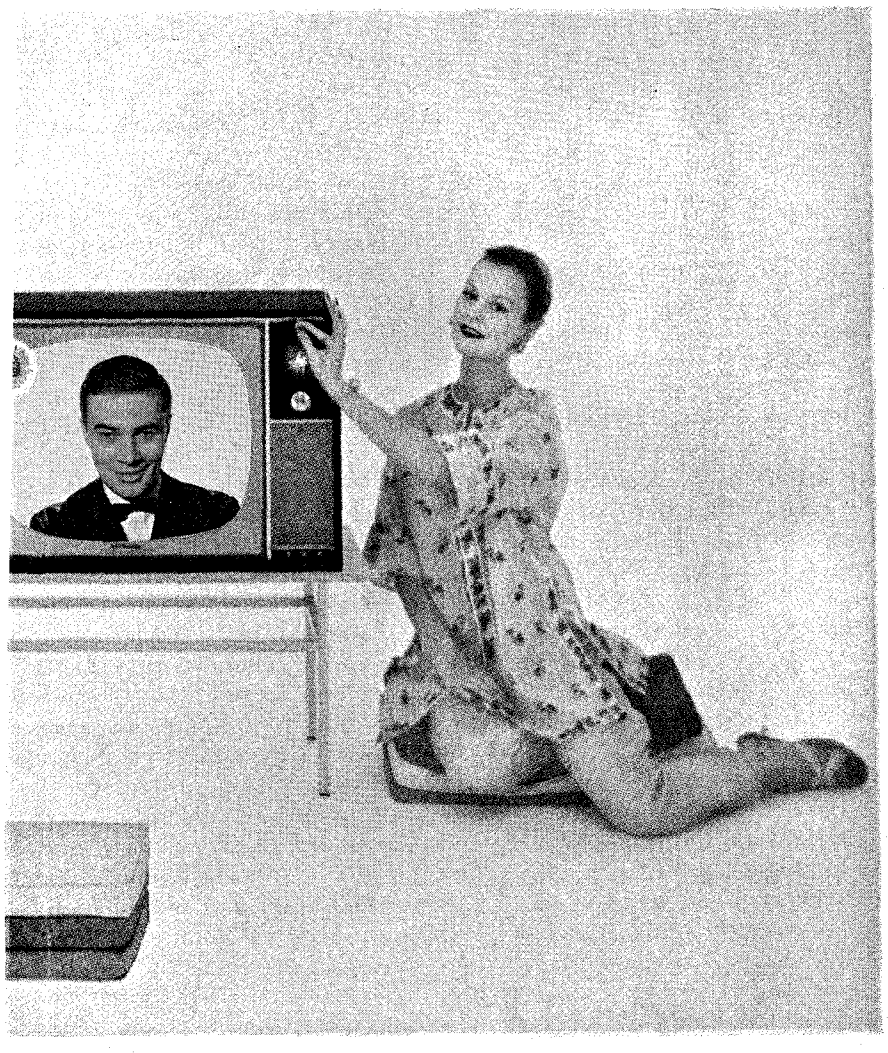

2. FINE-TUNES ITSELF—The *Barton*, special value with new "One-Set" electronic fine tuning. You fine-tune only once—TV's sharpest picture stays that way. Front sound. Available in 4 popular finishes. 262 sq. in. picture. (21T915) Achievement Series price from $199.95

3. LOW-PRICE LUXURY—The *Wayne*, superbly styled console with contemporary design, all-front controls. Use as a "build-in." Available in 3 most popular furniture finishes. 262 sq. in. picture. (21T922) Achievement Series price from $249.95

5. 3-SPEAKER LOWBOY—The *Kentwood*. Deluxe quality in every way, classic styling, "One-Set" electronic fine tuning. Can double as second speaker system for stereo sound. In 3 most popular furniture finishes. 262 sq. in. picture. (21D949) Achievement Series price only $369.95

6. "LIVING COLOR"—with full 1-year warranty* on all factory parts and tubes. The *Southbridge* with performance-proved *Mark Series* advances: sure, easy tuning gets sharp, steady, natural colors. 3 finishes. 260 sq. in. picture. (21CD884) Achievement Series price $695.00 **excluding labor*

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Editorials

Is Congress Reconciled to Being Curbed by the Court?

Since the windup of the Eighty-fifth Congress, tributes to the political skill, suavity and legerdemain of Sen. Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, have been deafening. The Washington columnists agree that his performance in seeing to it that Congress did little but spend more money was masterful. Senator Bible, of Nevada, struck a different note, bearing down less on Lyndon's charm and persuasive powers than on his "courage, his strength of conviction and his willingness to work and fight."

In view of the extraordinary doings in the last hours of the Eighty-fifth Congress, a good many people must be wondering why Senator Johnson didn't use his skills to better purpose. One puzzle is the failure, commonly attributed to Senator Johnson, of any legislation designed to put the Supreme Court back behind the balk line. The court has challenged the authority of Congress, supposedly its equal in the Federal structure, to get to the bottom of the Communist conspiracy. It has denied to the states the right to legislate against subversion, while at the same time making the Federal anti-Communist Smith Act all but impossible to enforce. This could have been repaired by a simple amendment, if Congress is reluctant to limit the Supreme Court's jurisdiction.

The court has frivolously tampered with the efforts of local police departments to deal with serious crimes, as in the notorious Mallory decision. It has upset the efforts of the State Department to curtail travel abroad by Communist agents and their "willing instruments" so that, as was testified by Robert D. Johnson, chief of the legal division of the Passport Office, before the Senate's Internal Security subcommittee, "If an espionage agent walked into the Passport Office today and proved his citizenship, we would have to issue him a passport."

There were bills before the Eighty-fifth Congress designed to correct these obvious excesses of the high court. President Eisenhower had strongly urged passage of a bill to close the passport gap, stating that it was necessary for national security. And yet Senator Johnson, according to Anthony Lewis, of The New York Times, "never displayed greater mastery of the legislative process than in his handling of a group of bills aimed at the Supreme Court. All the bills went down the drain at the session's end."

The result is that Communists are applying for passports in droves, many of them probably designed for use by Soviet higher-ups after some skillful forgery and alteration. But the faking of United States passports need no longer be a major operation. As Joseph Zack Kornfeder, a former Communist agent, testified before the aforesaid Senate committee, "You are saving Moscow lots of expenses and lots of headaches, because if they can obtain passports here as easily as dropping a dime into a turnstile, why should they operate very expensive fabricating centers and make their own passports?"

This simple question was too much for the Supreme Court to understand, but the answer ought not to have eluded Lyndon Johnson. Nor should he have failed to persuade his colleagues to meet the court's challenge to the investigatory powers of Congress, which Justice Frankfurter once said "should be left untrammeled, and the methods and forms of each investigation should be left for determination of Congress and its committees." And that statement was made when the need to investigate a Red conspiracy was barely thought of!

What happened to Sen. Lyndon Johnson, not to mention the senators who let themselves be slickered?

How About Some Academic Freedom for University and College Trustees?

It seems time to defend the civil liberties of a downtrodden group—the trustees of our colleges and universities. Professors make public statements every day on national and international questions. If a trustee disagrees with some professors on a matter of national survival, hasn't he the right to say so?

The question arises in connection with a former trustee of the California Institute of Technology, John A. McCone of Los Angeles. Recently he became one of the most important officials in our Government—chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. He was recommended for that office by the man who held it before him, Lewis L. Strauss.

McCone, like his predecessor, Admiral Strauss, believes in keeping America as strong as possible. And for that policy he is ready to fight.

When Mr. McCone was up for confirmation by the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Sen. Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, read aloud a telegram which had been sent by the Los Angeles chapter of the Federation of American (Nuclear) Scientists, hinting that McCone wasn't sound on "academic freedom." The background of this charge follows:

Adlai E. Stevenson, during his campaign for the Presidency in 1956, urged that the United States go it alone in suspending H-bomb tests. He said: "We should give prompt and earnest consideration to stopping further tests of the hydrogen bomb. . . . I would call upon other nations to follow our lead, and if they don't and persist in further tests, we will know about it and we can reconsider our policy."

This was a plain proposal for unilateral suspension of the tests. Later Stevenson hedged a little, leaving his exact meaning hazy. Shortly before election day, ten scientists at Cal Tech issued a statement supporting Stevenson's proposal.

Trustee McCone disagreed. He himself had an expert knowledge of atomic energy. A successful engineer and industrialist, he also had been a special assistant to the Secretary of Defense, and later Under Secretary of the Air Force.

When he picked up his newspaper on October 15, 1956, and read the statement of the ten Cal Tech scientists, he dictated a letter to one of the ten, Prof. Thomas Lauritsen. "You, Doctor Lauritsen, and your associates know the lead time required to conduct a test," wrote McCone. "You know that almost a year must transpire from the time the test is decided upon until it is made. . . . Now, if we make a unilateral decision of a type you and your associates advocate and then Mr. Shepilov (Soviet Foreign Minister) does as he did last July—turns around and sets off a few hydrogen bombs in their own testing ground—where do we stand? The answer is simple. We have lost a year; we are behind in the race; . . . a reckless decision has been taken and the security of America placed in jeopardy. . . .

"Your proposition that postponement of tests will delay the time when other nations might possess practical H-bomb experience seems to have no foundation. In fact, it is an argument that has for several years been a prominent part of Soviet propaganda and you apparently have been taken in by this propaganda. . . .

"A unilateral decision of the type you recommend might be fatal to our country." . . .

The scientists asserted that their support of Stevenson's plan did not mean that they favored a dangerous unilateral action. Anyhow, Trustee McCone's letter was a private one. He did not deny the scientists' right to speak their minds. He was not threatening their jobs, which were perfectly safe under the tenure rules. Nor did he give his letter to the press, or even send a copy to the president of Cal Tech.

Yet, two years later this private letter became an issue when the senators considered his nomination to the AEC. Senator Anderson argued: "A group of scientists expressed themselves. . . . You took violent exception to it." McCone answered: "It is one thing to object to a scientist expressing himself; it is another thing to take exception to what he says." In other words, Trustee McCone's letter did not deny their right to speak; it only disagreed with their assertions. In the end, Senator Anderson went along with this view.

What about the right of university trustees to express themselves? Self-expression can't be a monopoly of professors. "Academic freedom" doesn't mean professors are so exempt that a trustee can't even talk back to them in private when national security is involved.

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Salem refreshes your taste
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If you love Spring . . . the sparkling, utterly clear and clean freshness of the air . . . then you'll love Salem cigarettes, for there's Springtime freshness in every puff. A whole new idea in smoking . . . rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness that gives new ease and comfort to smoking. Through Salem's pure-white
Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

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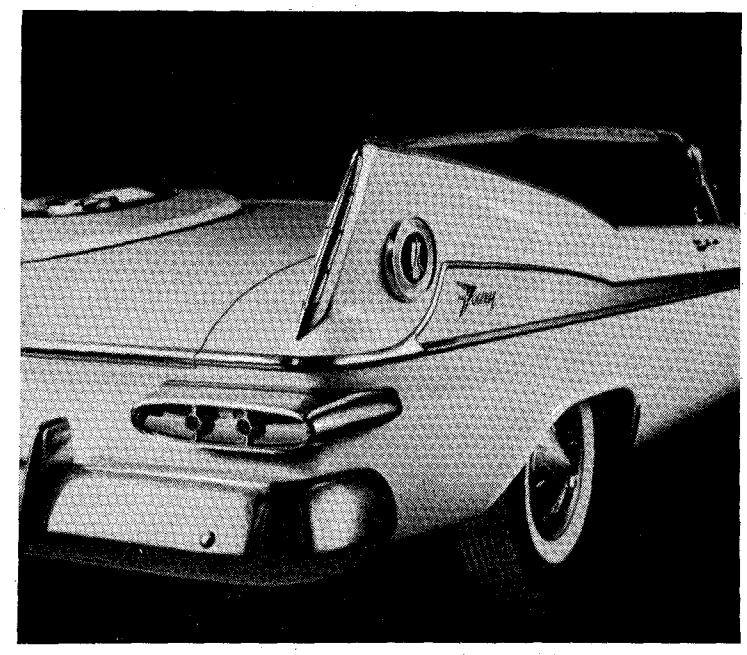
On the way:

Cars that can do what they look like they can do



Can this be the new 1959 Plymouth? Believe it or not, it is and it's just a sample of the all-around newness you have to look forward to in the 1959 cars from Chrysler Corporation.

—and they look like they can do more than any other cars on the road

New 1959 Cars of The *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

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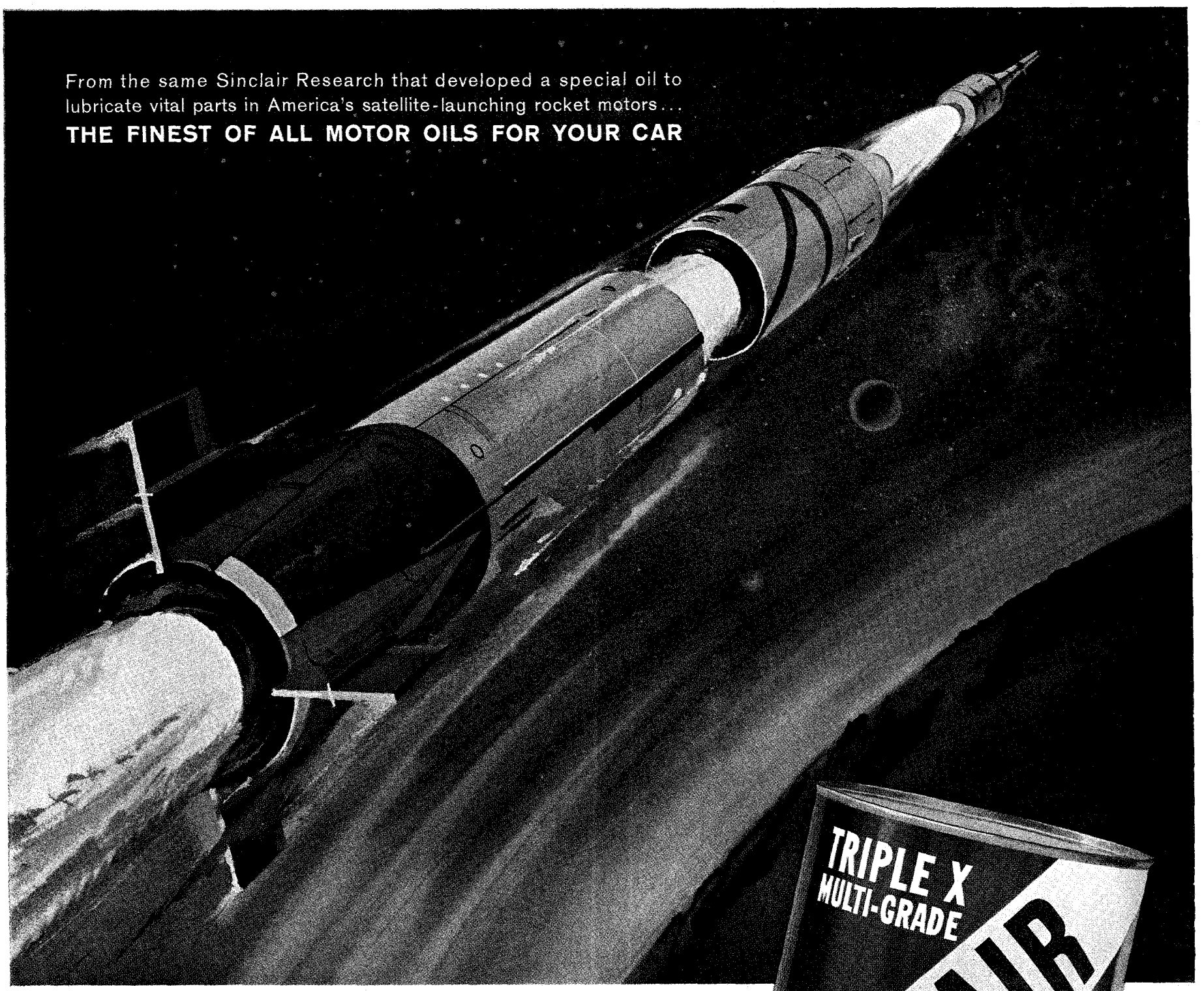
From the same Sinclair Research that developed a special oil to lubricate vital parts in America's satellite-launching rocket motors...

THE FINEST OF ALL MOTOR OILS FOR YOUR CAR



Announcing New 3-Stage Oil that protects your engine better in all driving stages

STAGE 1 — Speeds up cold-engine starting. Flows fast, penetrates quickly to prevent wear of delicate moving parts, even in sub-zero weather. Saves gasoline wasted by slow, hard-starting engines.

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STAGE 3 — Reduces wear during hot highway driving. This great new Sinclair oil will not thin out at high temperatures. It gives your engine extra protection — in all driving ranges.

Ask for it in the new Gold and Purple can!

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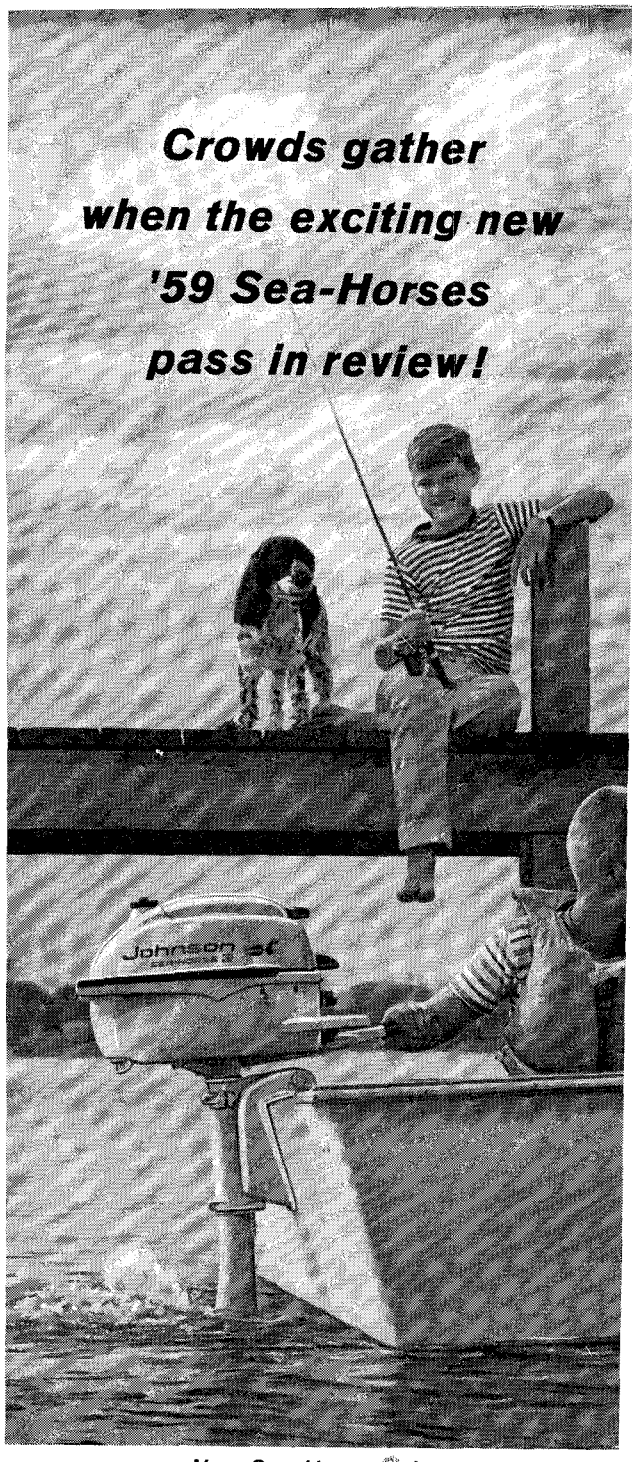
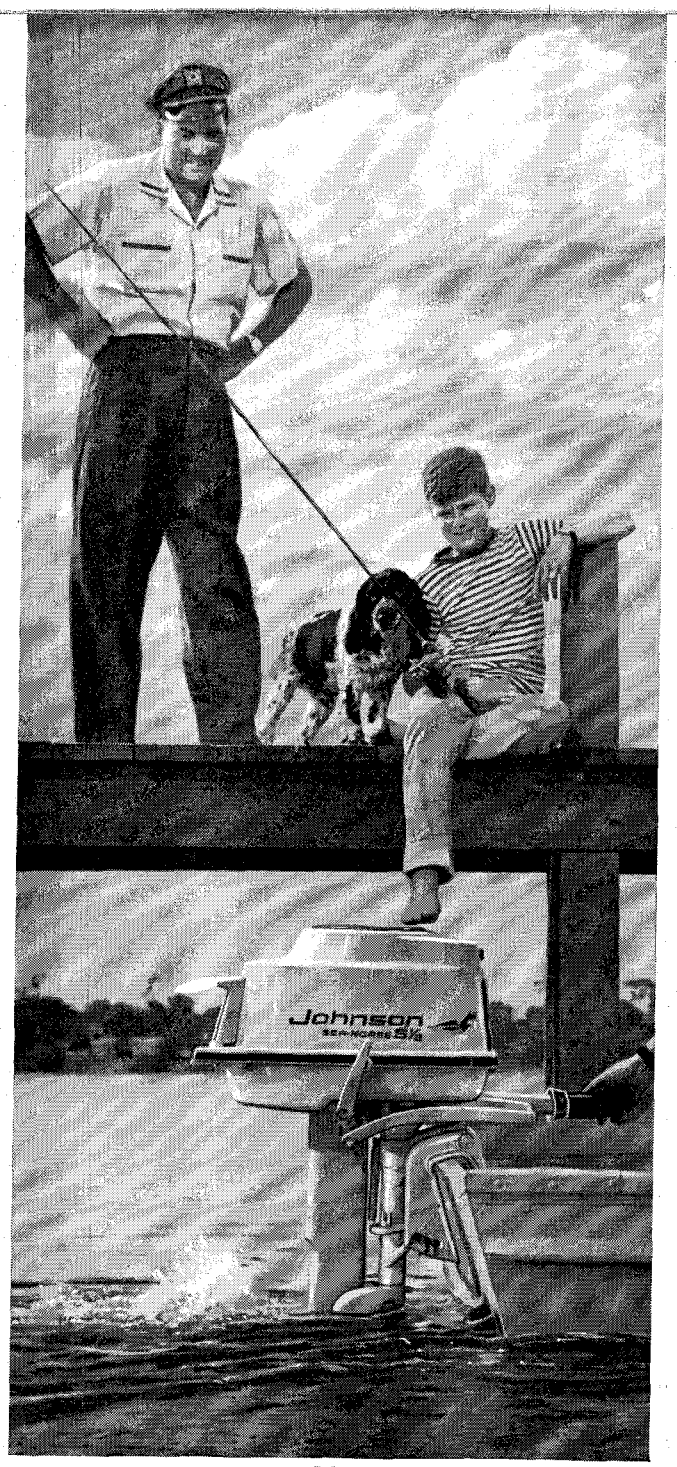
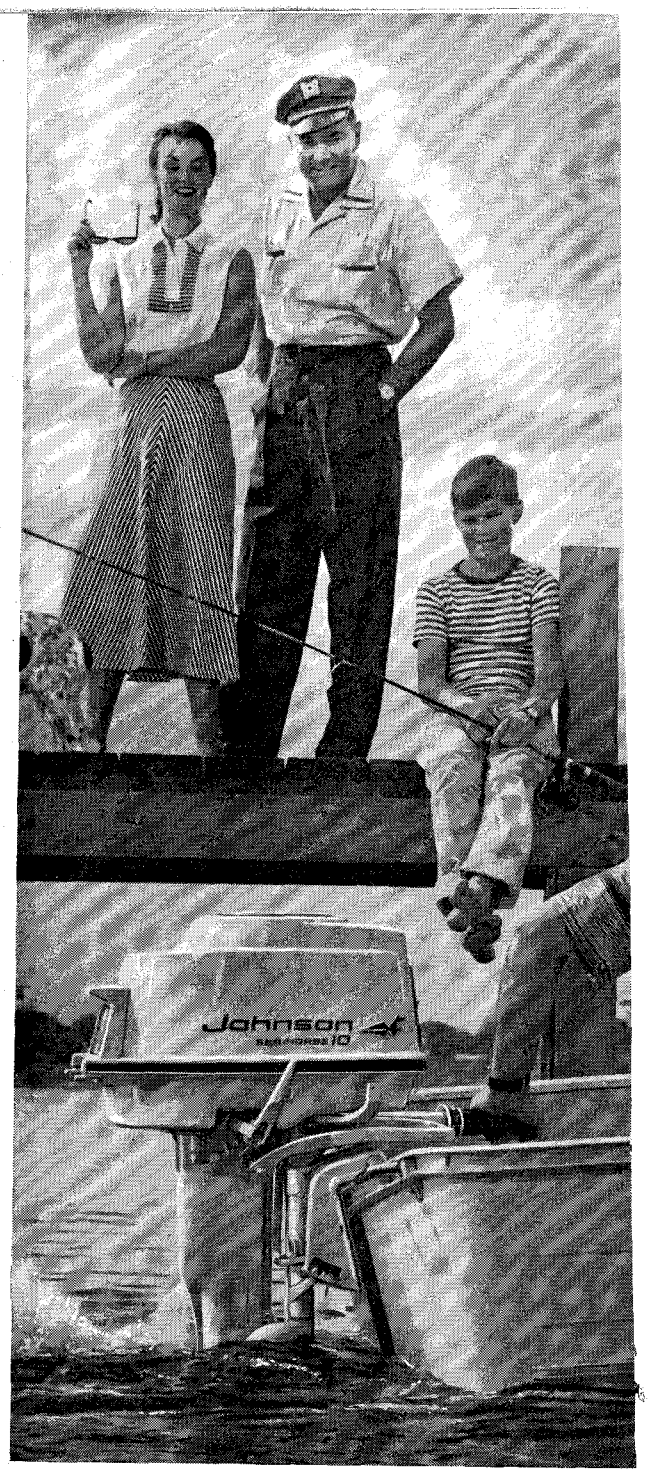


New Sea-Horse 3 hp... $160



New Sea-Horse 5½ hp... fishing favorite, full gearshift (forward-neutral-reverse), $230



New Sea-Horse 10 hp... full shift, plenty of quiet power for fishing, family fun, $310

NEW FROM JOHNSON!

Dynautical

GOES BETTER WITH YOUR BOAT . . . MAKES YOUR BOAT

Johnson, pioneer of the "V" age engine, now announces another great advance in outboarding—Dynautical Design. These new Sea-Horses for '59 not only have a new look, but they represent a whole new way of looking at fun on the water. Inside and outside, every Sea-Horse is *functionally* designed to give you more of everything you want out of boating.

First you see the difference. To anyone who admires the sleek lines of a trim boat, the clean, sculptured look of Dynautical Design will be love at first sight. It's white as the cap on a breaker, with just an accent of red and gold.

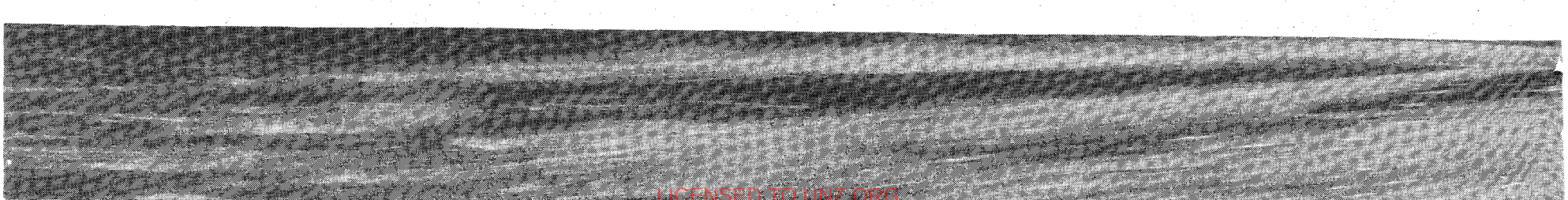
Then try the difference! Dynautical Design means progress in performance as well as appearance. Listen to her quiet purr! That newly designed upper body seals in the engine sound more effectively than ever before. All Sea-Horses, 5½ to 50 hp, now have thermostat-controlled cooling systems for extra years of carefree, wear-free fun. Here's power that's a pleasure—dependable and smooth-running as only Johnson engineering can make it.

New to the water or an old hand afloat, you've got a great boating day coming when you try out a new '59 Sea-Horse with Dynautical Design.

Why wait? See them at your Johnson dealer's. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. In 1959, Johnson will build its *two-millionth* Sea-Horse—a record no one else can match—proof that *Johnson knows best!* Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

FREE 1959 SEA-HORSE CATALOG! *Write: Johnson Motors, 501 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill. In Canada: Peterborough, Ont.*

Johnson *First in dependability!*



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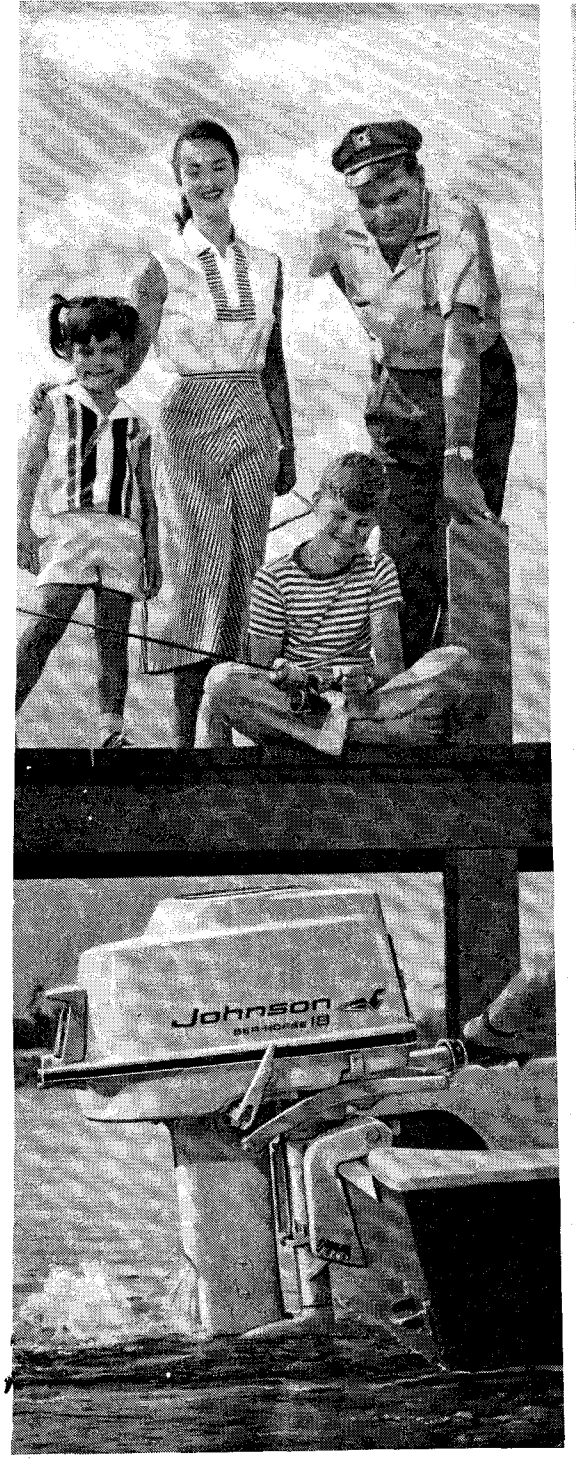
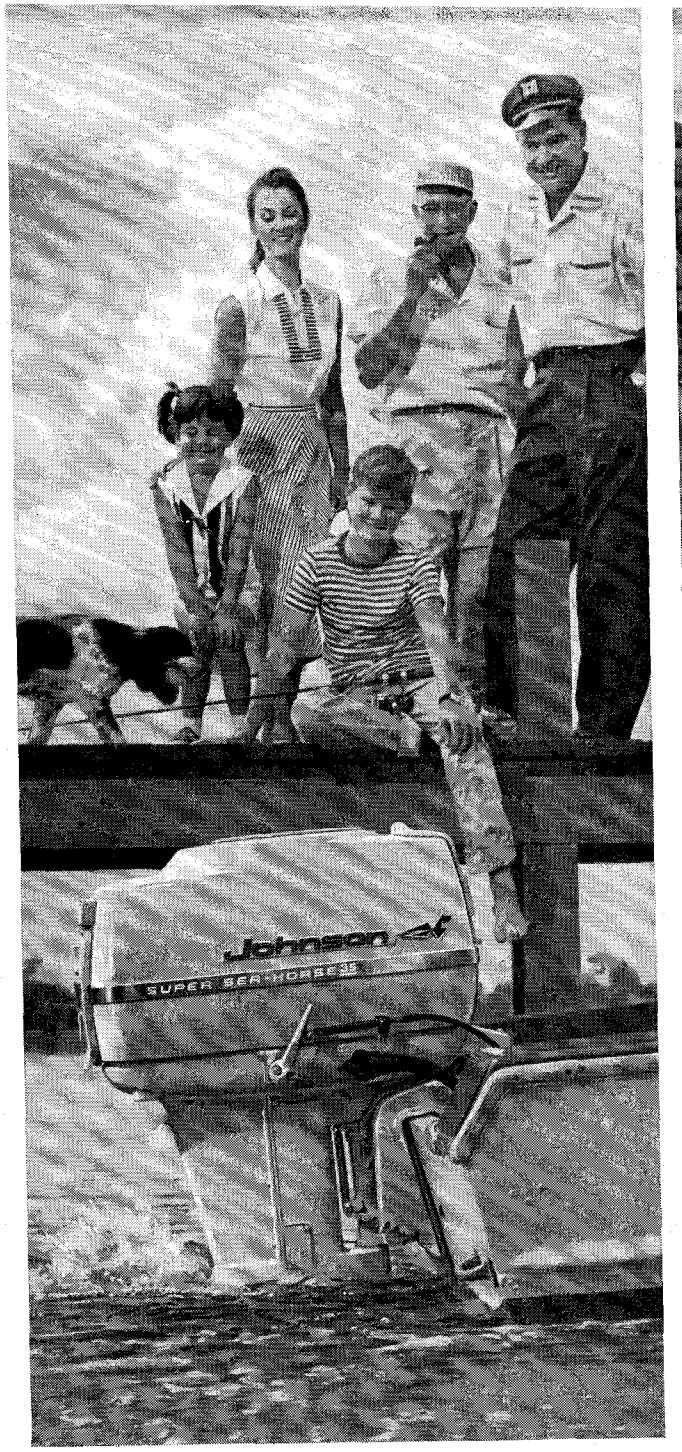
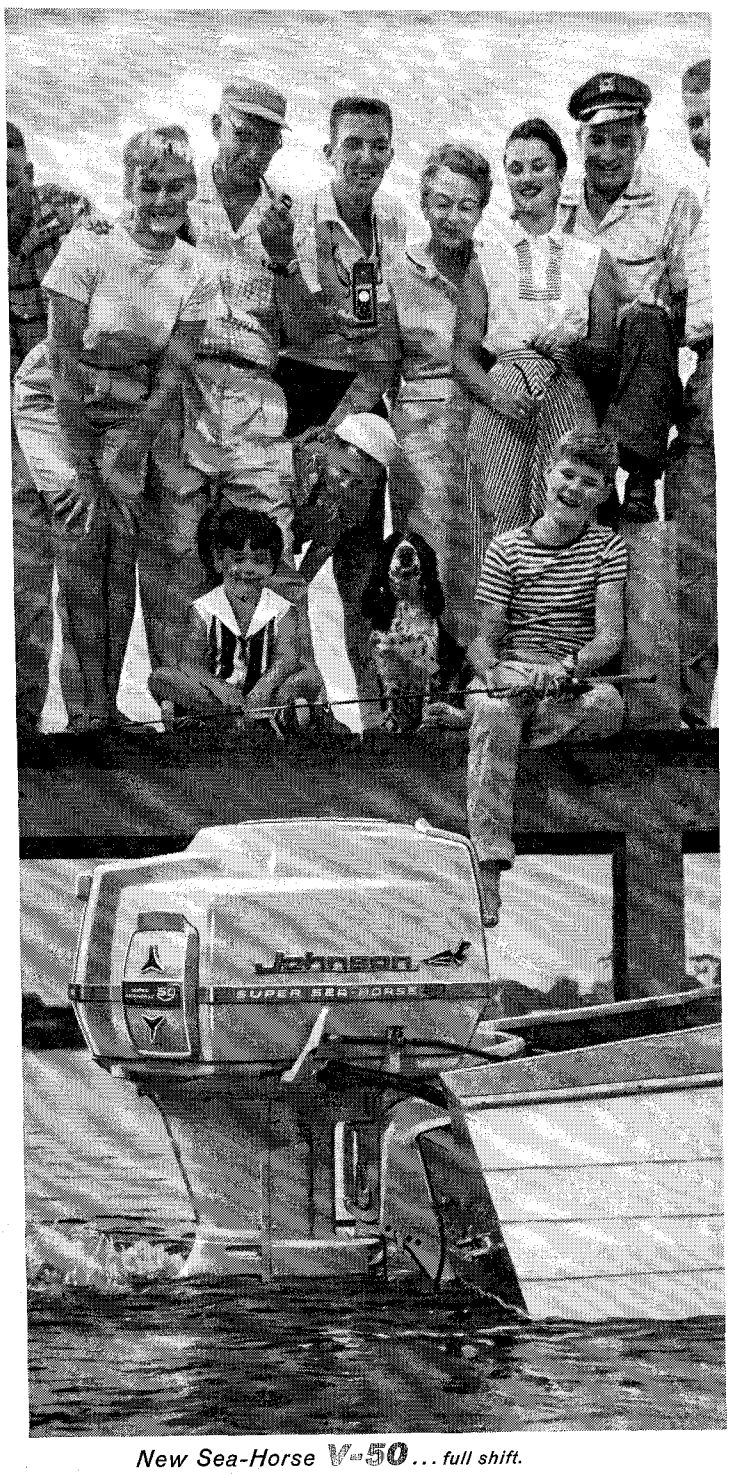


New Sea-Horse 18 hp... smooth speed for skiing and cruising, full gearshift, too, $395



New Sea-Horse 35 hp . . . full shift. With electric starting, $625; manual, $525



New Sea-Horse V-50 . . . full shift. With electric starting, $850; manual, $750

Design

30 BETTER!

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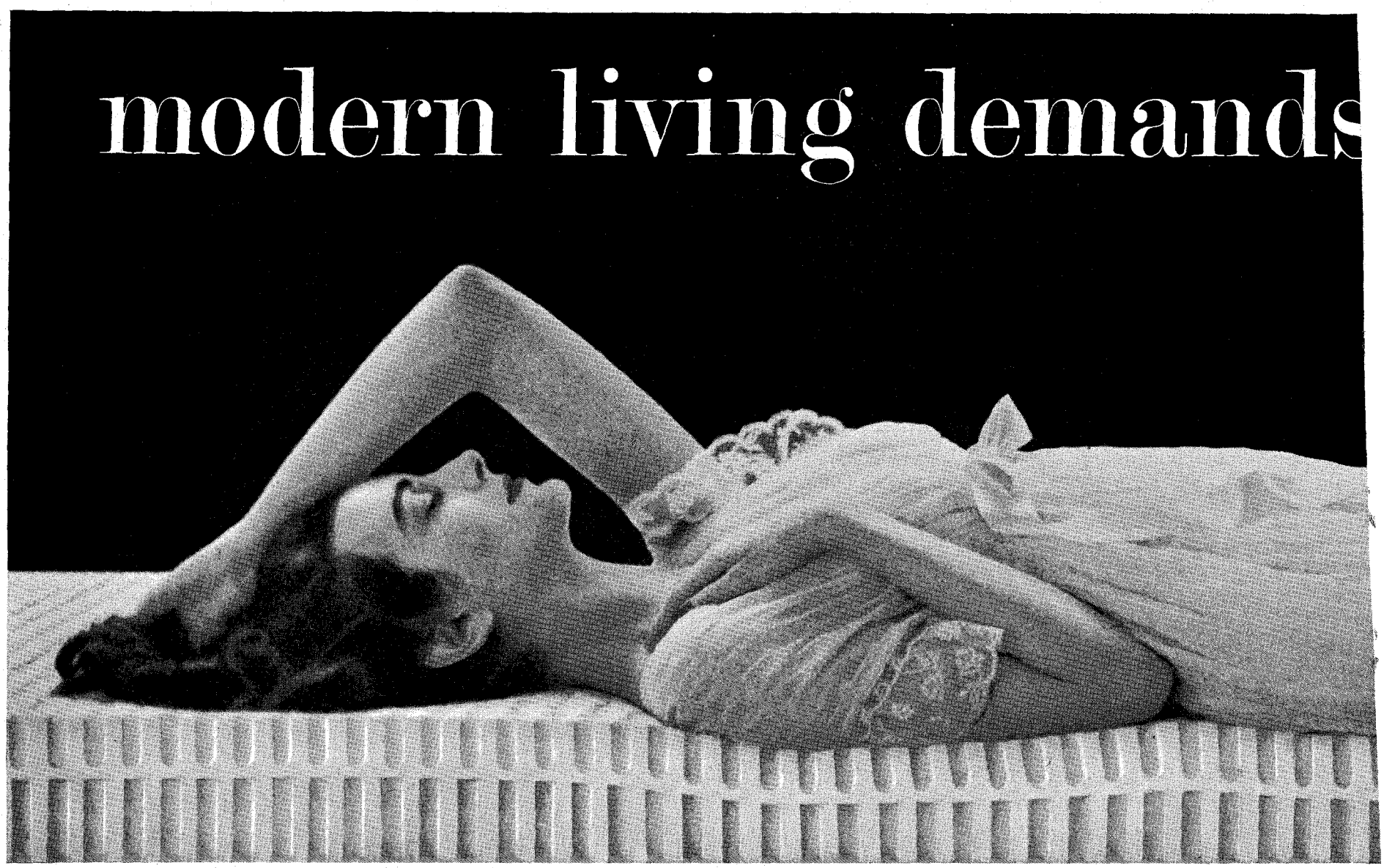
Don't settle for a

modern living demands



for the new sleep...U.S. Koylon® Foam

You don't read by oil lamp, draw water from the well, or cook over the fire, do you? Then why sleep on an outmoded horse-and-buggy type mattress? Remember, please, that the pace and pressures of the new world cry out for *the new sleep*, and that only a fine foam like U. S. Koylon Foam can give it to you. Angel light . . . creamy white . . . and filled with air . . . modern Koylon supports you totally, blissfully, and more firmly than the old-fashioned, heavy-as-lead mattress it takes two to turn. Koylon is wonderfully modern in other ways, too. Never packs down, never sags, never develops lumps, bumps, squeaks, creaks. Remains forever fresh, clean, odorless, non-allergenic, cool in summer, cozy the year 'round. Yet modern Koylon costs no more than a "museum" mattress. Combinations of mattress and boxspring are priced from 89.50 up.

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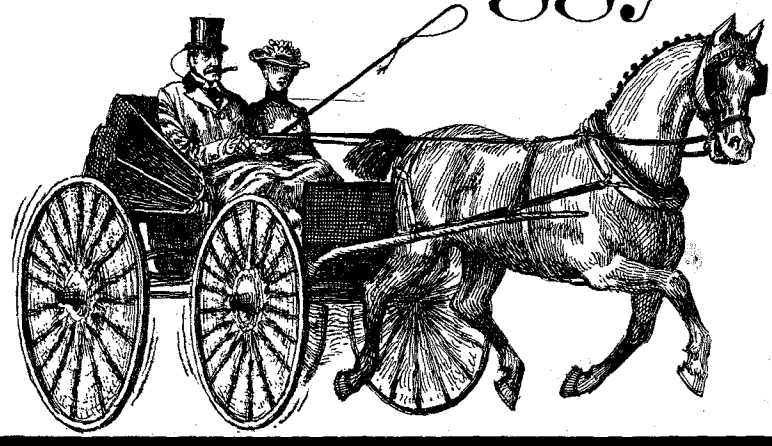
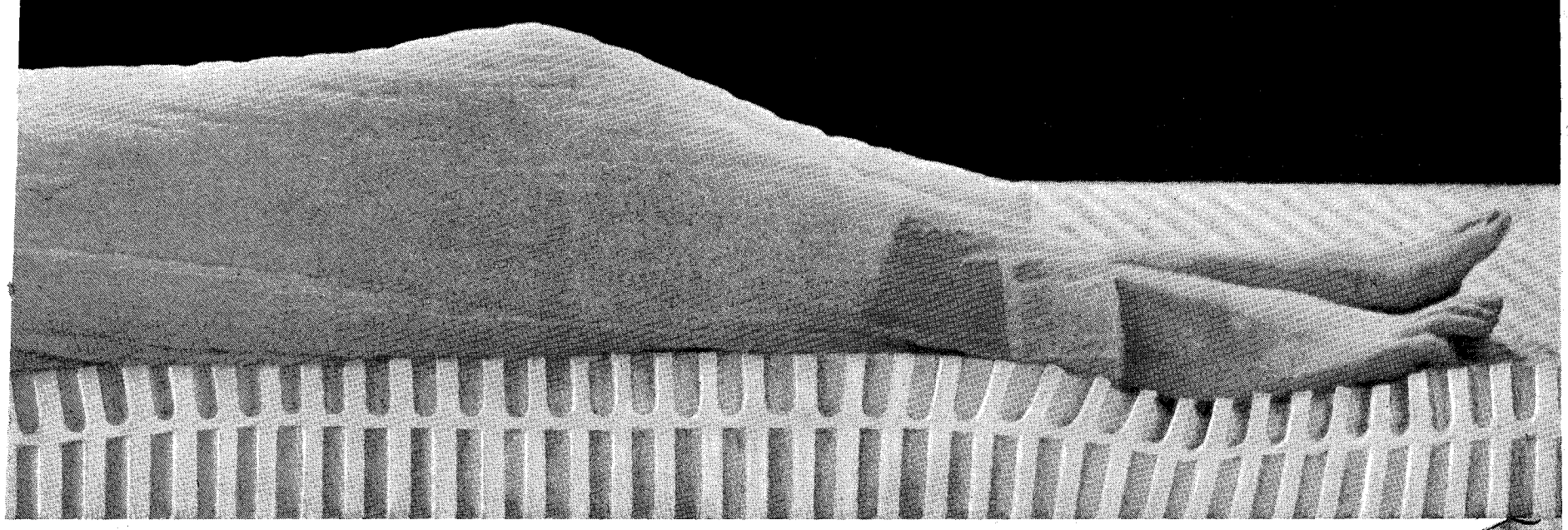
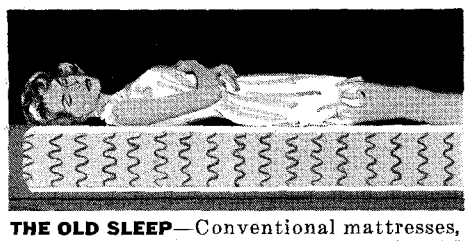
Horse & Buggy" bed!



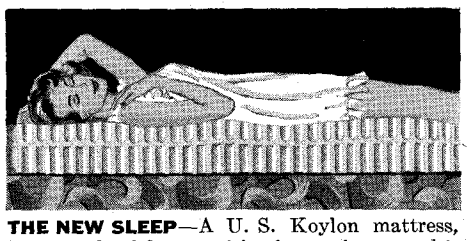
THE NEW SLEEP



world's most modern mattress

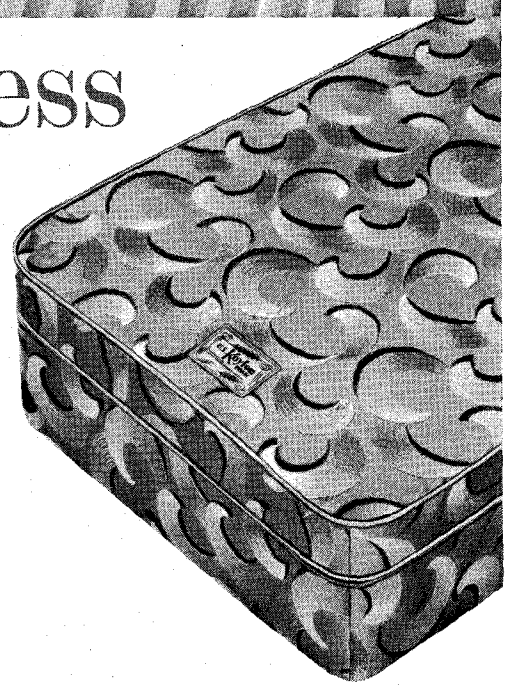


THE OLD SLEEP—Conventional mattresses, being made of rigid materials, give only *partial* support. They make parts of your body—head, shoulders, hips, knees—serve as bridge-points to help support your weight. These outmoded mattresses disturb sleep, make you wake up tired.



THE NEW SLEEP—A U. S. Koylon mattress, being made of fine, sensitive foam, gives *complete* support. Its unique double-core foam flows to your body, molding itself gently but firmly to every contour in unending, unbroken support that rests you, helps you wake totally refreshed.

Platinum Label
U.S. Koylon® FOAM



United States Rubber
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

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...wonder how they

make it so

Good!

so good . . . So Good . . . SO GOOD . . .

That's what you will say as the smooth, rich, maple-y flavor of KARO® WAFFLE Syrup flows its delicious way onto waffles, pancakes, French toast, biscuits, ice cream, puddings. All these good things taste their best with KARO . . . the smoothest, most flavorful Syrup in the whole wide world!

Why don't you try some . . . right now?

Corn Products Refining Co.

Try all 3...

- **Karo Waffle Syrup** is maple-y . . . really special
- **Karo Blue Label** is dark and delicious, a rich, hearty syrup
- **Karo Red Label** is lighter, sweeter, great for both cooking and pour on

New Idea... Hot KARO Butter

Place 1 cup KARO Waffle Syrup or KARO Blue Label, and 1/4 cup butter or margarine in a saucepan. Bring it to a boil and stir until syrup is well blended. Serve hot over French toast, pancakes, waffles or fritters. Makes 1 1/4 cups.

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Seattle, Wash.: Nautilus on the night of its secrecy-shrouded departure last June 8. At sea, soon after, Anderson ordered the sub's telltale number painted over.

We Made History in the Nautilus

The commanding officer of the first atom sub presents his own exciting account of last month's epochal voyage from the Pacific to the Atlantic beneath the Arctic icecap.

By CMDR. WILLIAM R. ANDERSON, U.S.N., with Clay Blair, Jr.

Part One

The day was August 3, 1958. The hour by Nautilus clocks, which were set on Seattle time, was 1900. Our nuclear engine, which up to then had pushed Nautilus more than 124,000 miles, was purring smoothly. Our electronic log, or speedometer, needle was hovering above twenty knots; the depth-gauge needle about 400 feet. Our sonar, which is so sensitive that it is able to detect a small bird sitting in the water half a mile away, indicated that, overhead, the endless polar icecap was running between eight and eighty feet thick.

A few miles ahead, due north, lay the North Pole. No man had ever approached this challenging point in such comfortable circumstance. Above the ice, we imagined, the polar wind was howling across its trackless, barren stamping ground, grinding massive floes one upon the other. Far below this scene, in the Nautilus, we noted the temperature as 72 degrees, relative humidity 46 per cent. Warm coffee was flowing freely; the juke box in the crew's mess played incessantly. Our shirt-sleeved sailors were getting set to celebrate another milestone of history, so easily achieved by the Nautilus.

When we crossed the Pole, of course, no bells would ring, nor should we feel a bump. Only our instruments could tell us how close

Portland, England: The author at the Nautilus' destination on August 12, nine days after the polar crossing.

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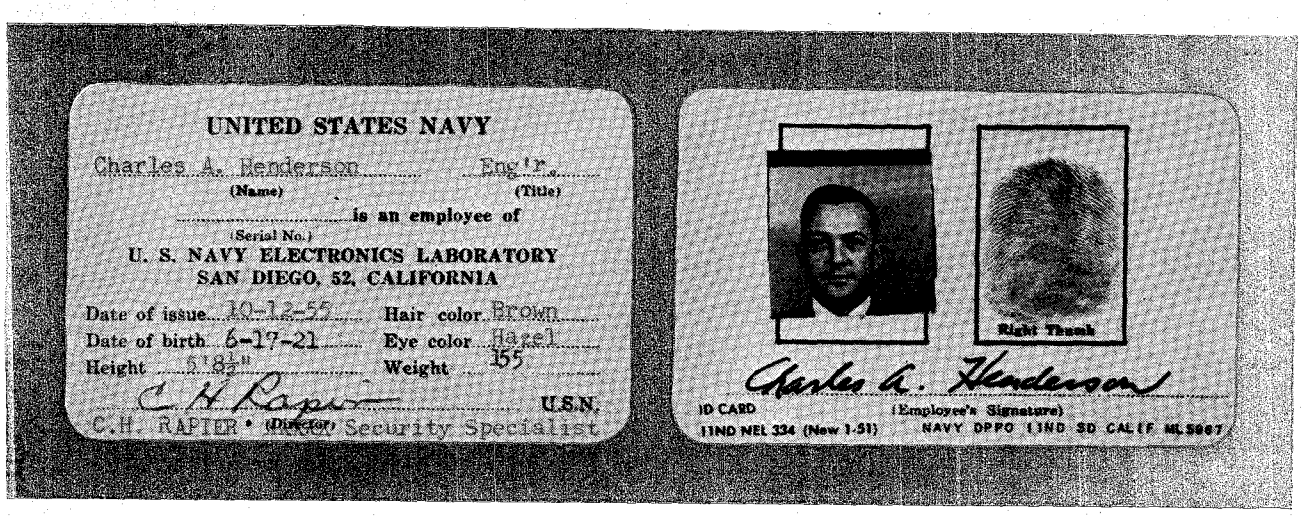

UNITED STATES NAVY

Charles A. Henderson (Name) Engr. (Title)

.....(Serial No.)..... is an employee of

U. S. NAVY ELECTRONICS LABORATORY
SAN DIEGO, 52, CALIFORNIA

Date of issue 10-12-55 Hair color Brown
Date of birth 6-17-21 Eye color Hazel
Height 5'8½" Weight 155

C. H. Rapier U.S.N.
C.H. RAPIER • (Director) Security Specialist

Right Thumb

Charles A. Henderson (Employee's Signature)

ID CARD
1 IND NEL 334 (New 1-51) NAVY DPPO 1 IND SD CAL (F ML 5967

This is the special identification card the author used as a cover when he left Seattle for his last-minute aerial reconnaissance of the ice conditions at the mouth of the Bering Strait.

we had come and we were determined to hit it precisely on the nose. Along with the ship's navigators, Lieutenant Shep Jenks and Chief Petty Officer Lyle Rayl, I had stationed myself in the Attack Center, and although we were almost as far north as man can go on this planet, we were literally sweating over the charts and electronic position indicators.

We had been under ice for sixty-two hours. Obviously it had not been possible to take the usual fix on heavenly bodies to determine our position, so we were navigating primarily by dead reckoning. This means that we were spacing our speed and course on the chart, and plotting our position every half hour accordingly. We were also echo ranging on the bottom with our fathometer, which is sometimes useful as a submerged navigating device in well-charted waters. However, soundings along our route were scarce or nonexistent—most of those available were made by Russians—and unreliable. Our precision fathometer indicated differences of as much as 8000 feet from previously published reports.

Backing up our dead reckoning, we had on board a new, complex device called an inertial navigator, which is almost as sensitive and intricate as an electronic brain. It was designed by engineers of North American Aviation to guide their Navaho missile from continent to continent. It stored up information, and furnished us a continuous reading on our position. At the exact moment we crossed the Pole, we knew, the machine would give a positive indication. Tom Curtis, North American Aviation engineer, hovered over the dials and scopes as we drew near.

A mile south I told Jenks to inform me when we were four tenths of a mile from the Pole as indicated by the electronic log. The mileage indicator was revolving rapidly. It was only a matter of seconds.

On Jenks' mark, I stepped to the mike of the ship's public-address system: "All hands. This is the captain speaking. Four tenths of a mile ahead lies the North Pole. I would like to suggest at this time that just prior to crossing we observe a period of silence—first to Him who has guided us so truly, secondly for the hope of peace in the world, and thirdly in honor of those brave men who have preceded us here, whether in victory or defeat."

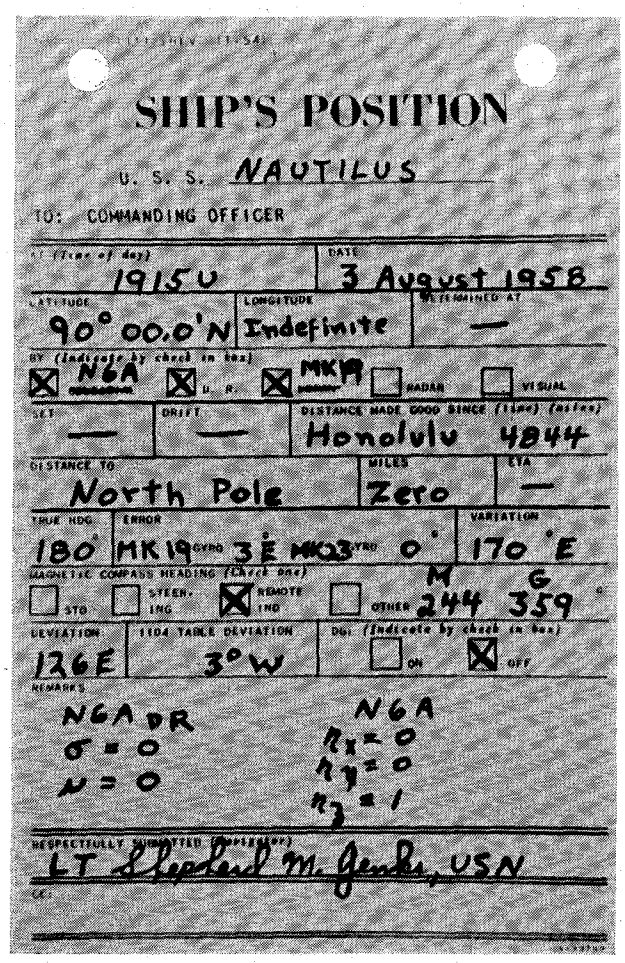
The jukebox was shut off, and at that moment a hush fell over the ship. The only sound was the steady staccato of pinging from our thirteen sonar devices, steadily watching the bottom, the ice and the dark waters ahead.

I glanced again at the distance indicator, and gave a brief countdown to the crew: "8 . . . 6 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . Mark!" I added: "August 3, 1958. Time, 2315 [11:15 P.M.] Eastern daylight-saving time. For the United States and the U. S. Navy, the North Pole." I could hear cheers in the crew's mess.

I looked anxiously at Tom Curtis. He was smiling. The inertial navigator had switched precisely as expected, positively confirming that we had crossed the exact North Pole. Curtis sang out: "As a matter of fact, captain, you might say we came so close we pierced the Pole."

I stood for a moment in silence, awe-struck at what Nautilus had achieved. She had blazed a new submerged Northwest Passage vastly decreasing the sea-travel distance from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Nautilus had opened a new era, completely conquered the vast, inhospitable Arctic. Our vast array of scientific instruments was for the first time compiling an accurate picture of this unknown area. For the first time in history a ship had actually reached the North Pole. And never had so many men—116—been gathered at the Pole at one time.

(Continued on Page 78)


SHIP'S POSITION

U. S. S. NAUTILUS

TO: COMMANDING OFFICER

(Time of day) 1915 U — DATE 3 August 1958

LATITUDE 90° 00.0' N — LONGITUDE Indefinite — DETERMINED AT —

BY (Indicate by check in box) ☒ N6A ☒ U. ☒ MK19 ☐ RADAR ☐ VISUAL

SET — DRIFT — DISTANCE MADE GOOD SINCE (Time) (Date) Honolulu 4044

DISTANCE TO North Pole — MILES Zero — ETA —

TRUE HDG. 180° — ERROR MK 19 GYRO 3 E MK 23 GYRO 0° — VARIATION 170° E

MAGNETIC COMPASS HEADING (Circle One) ☐ STD ☐ SPERRY ☒ REMOTE IND ☐ OTHER M 244 G 359

DEVIATION 12 E — 1104 TABLE DEVIATION 3° W — DGC (Indicate by check in box) ☐ ON ☒ OFF

REMARKS

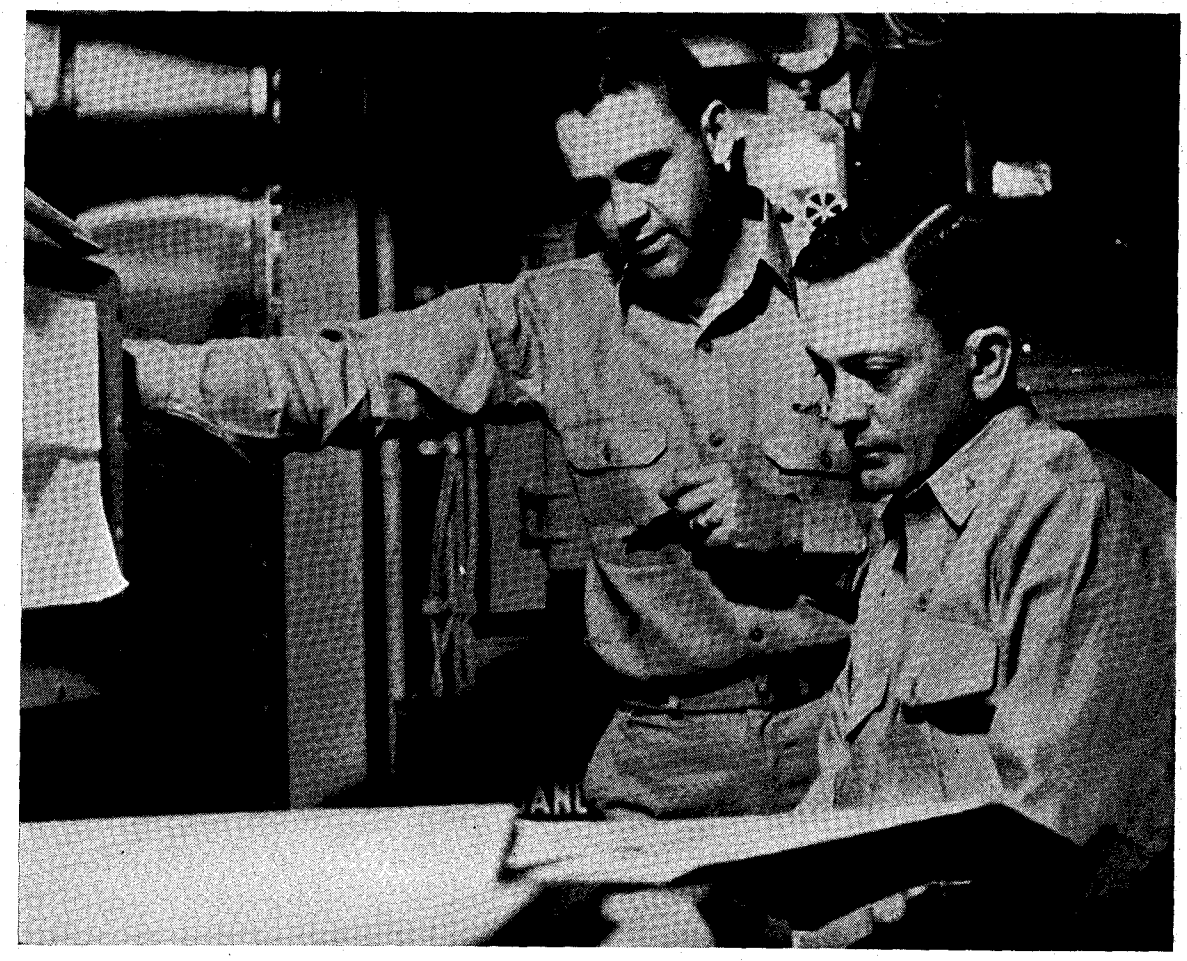
N6A DR
σ = 0
ν = 0

N6A
R1 = 0
R2 = 0
R3 = 1

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED (Signature)

LT Sheperd M. Jenks, USN

"Nautilus Ninety North." Above is Navigator Jenks' official report of the historic moment the A-sub reached the Pole.


Anderson (right) with Lieut. Jenks, who brought Nautilus out of the ice within less than ten miles of predicted position. "In my opinion it was the most remarkable piece of ship navigation ever accomplished," says the author.

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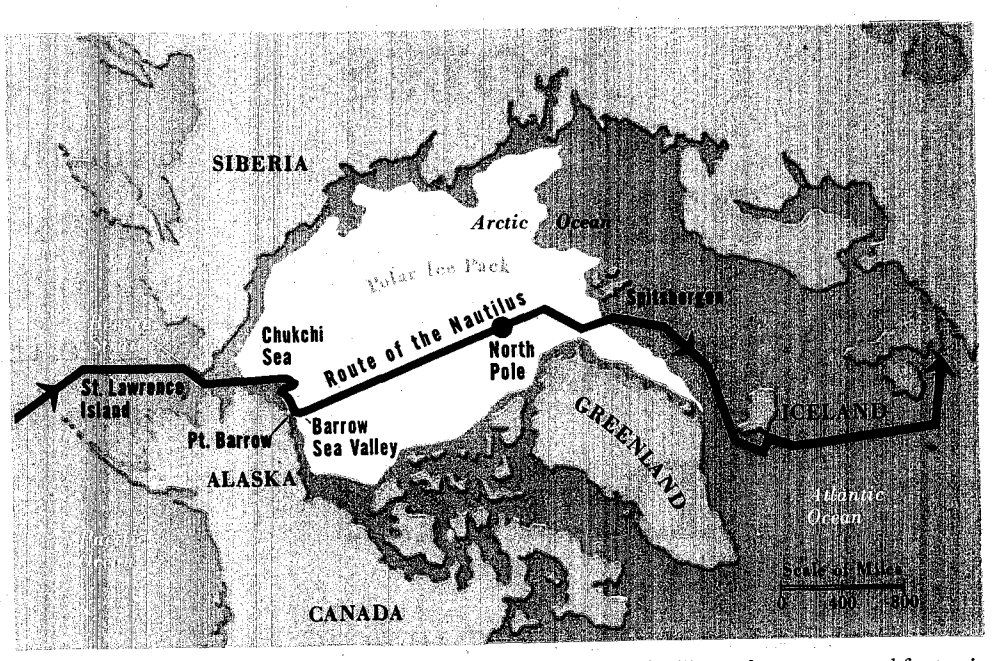
From the A-sub's bridge the author (right) and his officers search for a "valley" deep enough for the Nautilus to make a submerged entry into the ice pack.

August 8: The President awarded Cmdr. Anderson the Legion of Merit. The Nautilus and crew won the first peacetime Presidential Unit Citation.



Course of the Nautilus across the top of the earth on "the most thrilling, adventurous and fantastic cruise any sailor ever embarked upon." The sub traveled 1830 miles under the ice in 96 hours.

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Botts and the Daredevil Driver

Even the supersalesman couldn't cope with a tractor hot-rodder.

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Friday, January 31, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
EARTHWORM TRACTOR AGENCY
SAN ANGELO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Botts: I need your help. While you are in San Angelo, I want you to call on Mrs. Hortense Pettibone, president of the Pettibone Manufacturing Company, and persuade her to sign the enclosed contract. This is a matter of vital importance to our company. The facts follow.

You are, of course, aware that we have recently shipped to a number of our dealers advance pilot models of Earthworm tractors equipped with our recently developed system of electric finger-tip controls. You have received complete descriptions of these controls,

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"You're fired," Botts yelled at the operator.

and you have been advised that our production department has promised an ample supply in the very near future.

It now appears that a serious bottleneck has developed. The new controls require a very special type of patented small-size planetary gears made only by the Pettibone Manufacturing Company of San Angelo. We had understood that we could acquire exclusive rights for these gears. But last week Mrs. Hortense Pettibone, who has recently inherited control of the company from her late husband, wrote me an angry letter accusing the Earthworm Company of being dishonest and untrustworthy, and threatening not only to break off relations with us but also to sign an exclusive contract with our competitors, the Behemoth Tractor Company, who are also developing a system of finger-tip controls in direct imitation of our own.

Nobody here at the factory has any idea as to what may be the cause for Mrs. Pettibone's astonishing outburst. But we all agree that if she carries out her threats it will give the Behemoth Company a considerable advantage over us.

Under the circumstances, I feel that a personal interview with Mrs. Pettibone is indicated. The chief engineer of the testing division of our experimental department, Mr. Cornelius Northcraft, who has been working on these controls, plans to fly out to San Angelo within a few days. When he arrives, I want the two of you to call on Mrs. Pettibone and make every effort to persuade her to sign the contract—which gives us exclusive rights to the special gears for five years. Mr. Northcraft is not much of a public-relations man, but I want him with you to discuss any technical points that may come up.

With all best wishes,

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

San Angelo, California
Monday, February 3, 1958

Dear Henderson: Ever since I arrived in town this morning I have been so busy I have hardly had time to read my mail or catch my breath. When I called on Ted Smith, our local dealer, I found him in a state of such complete despair that I had to bend every effort to cheer him up.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.

He took me over to the window of his office, and we looked out. On his lot were parked dozens of Earthworm tractors, scrapers, graders and even power shovels.

"From your reports," I said, "I had gathered you have a big inventory—mostly equipment you had to repossess."

"That's right, Mr. Botts. Two thirds of what you see there is what I had to take back from a contractor who went busted. From this distance it looks like new, but that's just because I've put it in shape and painted it up."

"It is always distressing," I said, "to have to repossess stuff. But there is no sense in crying over milk that has spilled over the dam. You'll just have to sell this equipment to somebody else. Do you have any good prospects?"

(Continued on Page 119)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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The Lessons of the Past

By EDITH HAMILTON

Is there an ever-present past? Are there permanent truths which are forever important for the present? Today we are facing a future more strange and untried than any other generation has faced. The new world Columbus opened seems small indeed beside the illimitable distances of space before us, and the possibilities of destruction are immeasurably greater than ever. In such a position can we afford to spend time on the past? That is the question I am often asked. Am I urging the study of the Greeks and Romans and their civilizations for the atomic age?

Yes; that is just what I am doing. I urge it without qualifications. We have a great civilization to save—or to lose. The greatest civilization before ours was the Greek. They challenge us and we need the challenge. They, too, lived in a dangerous world. They were a little, highly civilized people, the only civilized people in the west, surrounded by barbarous tribes and with the greatest Asiatic power, Persia, always threatening them. In the end they succumbed, but the reason they did was not that the enemies outside were so strong, but that their own strength, their spiritual strength, had given way. While they had it they kept Greece unconquered and they left behind a record in art and thought which in all the centuries of human effort since has not been surpassed.

The point which I want to make is not that their taste was superior to ours, not that the Parthenon was their idea of church architecture nor that Sophocles was the great drawing card in the theaters nor any of the familiar comparisons between fifth-century Athens and twentieth-century America, but that Socrates found on every street corner and in every Athenian equivalent of the baseball field people who were caught up by his questions into the world of thought. To be able to be caught up into the world of thought—that is to be educated.

How is that great aim to be reached? For years we have eagerly discussed ways and means of education and the discussion still goes on. William James once said that there were two subjects which if mentioned made other conversation stop and directed all eyes to the speaker. Religion was one and education the other. Today *CONTINUED ON PAGE 114*

About the Author

Miss Edith Hamilton is among the world's leading authorities on the Graeco-Roman civilization, a study which has occupied her for more than half her 91 years. Her books, The Greek Way and The Roman Way, have become classics in the field. She received her advanced education at Bryn Mawr College and the Universities of Leipzig and Munich. She was headmistress of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore from 1896 to 1922. Last year, in recognition of her devotion and scholarship, the Greek Government made her an honorary citizen of Athens. Her latest book is The Echo of Greece.—Photograph by Ollie Atkins

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"I'll take mine now,"
he said bluntly, grinning.

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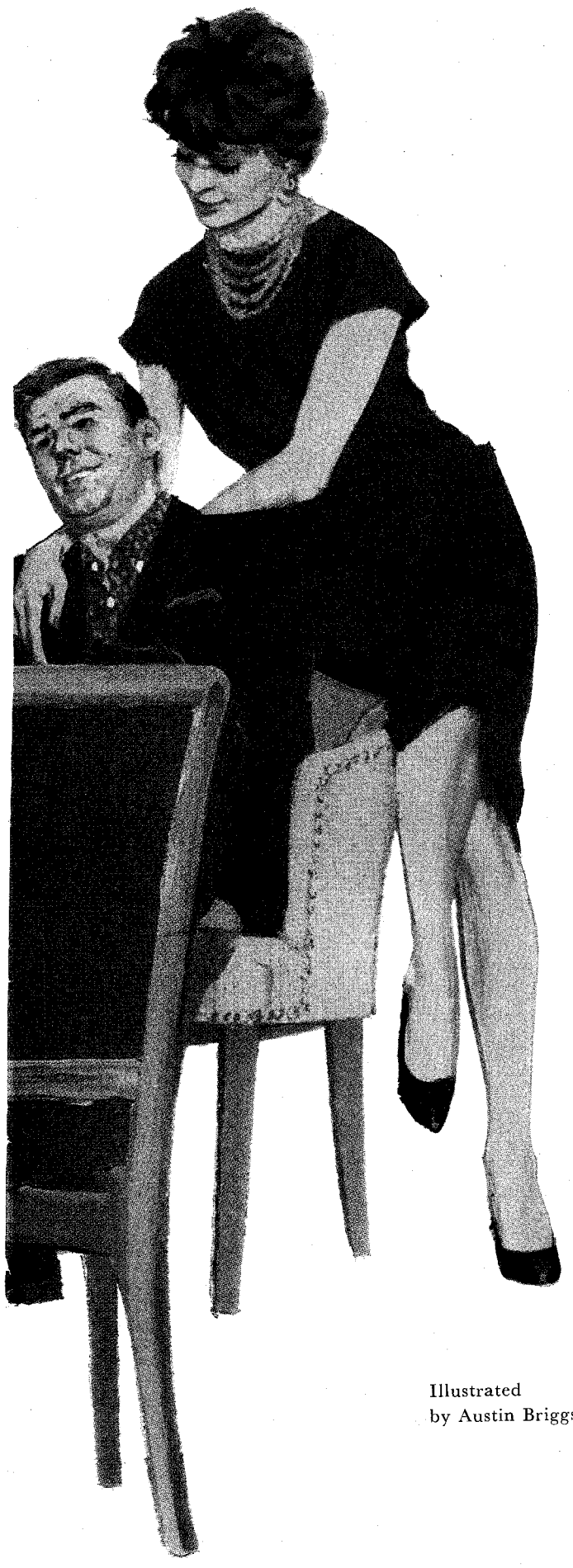
The Legacy

Where does a man draw the line between what he owes his sons and what he owes himself?

By WILLIAMS FORREST



Illustrated by Austin Briggs

Lassiter took his jug of coffee and went out to his "office annex," an old square truck that had been in the yard of the meat commission and jobbing house for many long years. He walked with a troubled step, and slid behind the big hard-rubber wheel with a sigh. He lighted one of the fat cigars that Gretchen, his wife, called tar and rope. He felt a momentary contentment in the warmth of the cab, and the hot coffee and deep brown cigar gave him satisfaction.

All this was soon dispelled as he saw his youngest of three sons approaching, accompanied by Big Tony, one of the drivers who had worked for Lassiter since the business began. The two had an incongruous resemblance, although Tony stood a foot taller than young Tommy. They shuffled and had a strangely belligerent manner that Lassiter felt was challenging and reproving. Both of them had been laid off a week ago, and both divided their time between nearby bars, the unemployment office and haunting the meat-house area. Tommy was quite a few years younger than Big Tony, but they bumped shoulders in childish rough play as if they were equals, and the stains of their recent calling, delivering fresh meat and provisions, were still in their shirts and dungarees.

"Hello, boss," said Tony in that deep, grating voice.

"Hi, pop, what makes?" asked Tommy.

"Can't I come out here and get some peace and quiet?" said Lassiter. "Take off."

"We just wanted to see if we're still laid off," said Big Tony.

"You know damn well you're still laid off!" Lassiter replied with more asperity than he really wanted to use. He was so sorry when he saw the sadness on Tony's face that he relented and invited Tony into the cab for coffee and a cigar. "Tommy," he said, "beat it home and get fixed up. Get out and find a job. Hear?"

"I'm not deaf," said the lad.

He was twenty-five years old and had always been a trial to his father. His two older brothers were proper business and professional men, but Tommy's greatest achievement had been to attain a pfc-ship in the Army, which he proudly held for a week, until a fist fight put him in the stockade. Lassiter watched him walk away with that cocky walk, his right hand in his rear pocket and his shoulders awkwardly slanted. He shook his head. Tommy had even married wrong. The girl meant well enough, but her harsh New York accent and startling frankness were a continuous source of embarrassment to the family.

"Don't you worry," said Big Tony. "Tommy's a good kid. He just likes to fight around, and he don't like ties and books."

Don't worry, thought Lassiter bitterly. *What do you know about anything?* He was glad that he hadn't spoken aloud. Tony was hurt enough as it was, and Lassiter had a genuine affection for him. After all, he and Tony had worked together when the business was nothing more than a shed and a sausage machine that Gretchen used to work at night. But Tony hadn't wanted to progress. Other men came in and became salesmen and managers, and gradually Tony began to call him Mr. Lassiter, and neither one of them had been able to do anything about it.

Pungent cigar smoke filled the cab. The sun came in hotly now. It felt good. How they used to welcome the sun after starting out at four in the morning with this truck loaded down, going to the far points of their route as the sun came up through the cold, and the clear roads began to shiver in the mist the morning made. And always they had had the coffee and cigars, rich times and poor times.

"Need dough, Tony?"

Lassiter had had to lay him off, as well as his own son. He didn't believe in nepotism. But Big Tony would never suffer, as long as he could help it. And he could help it, even if Lassiter, Inc., called Lassiter Ink, should be closed down.

"I'm O.K., boss," said Tony. "But I don't know

(Continued on Page 105)

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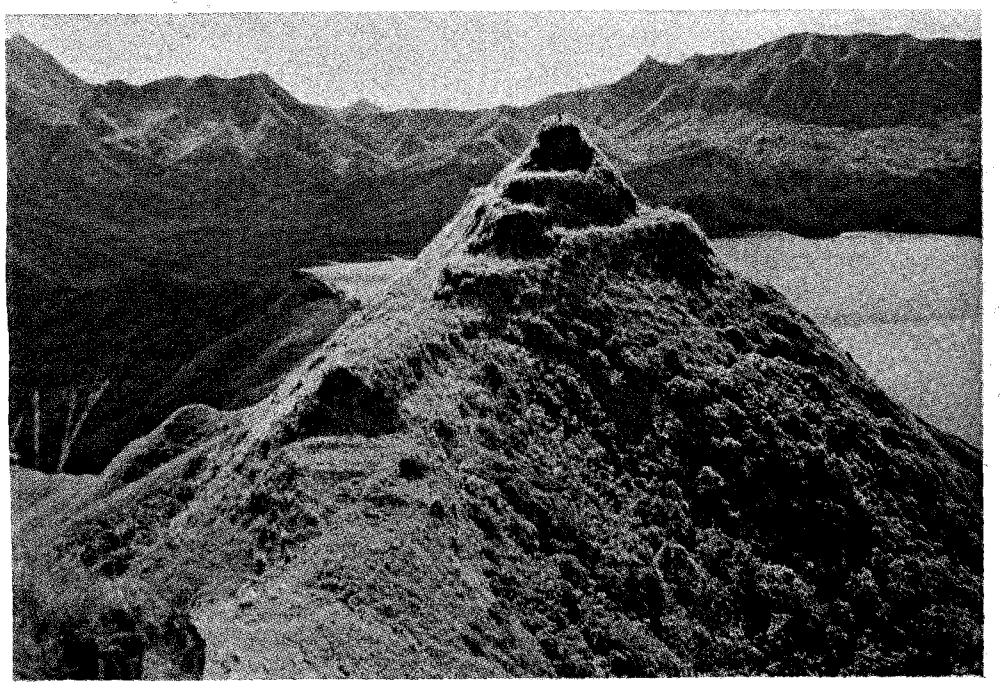
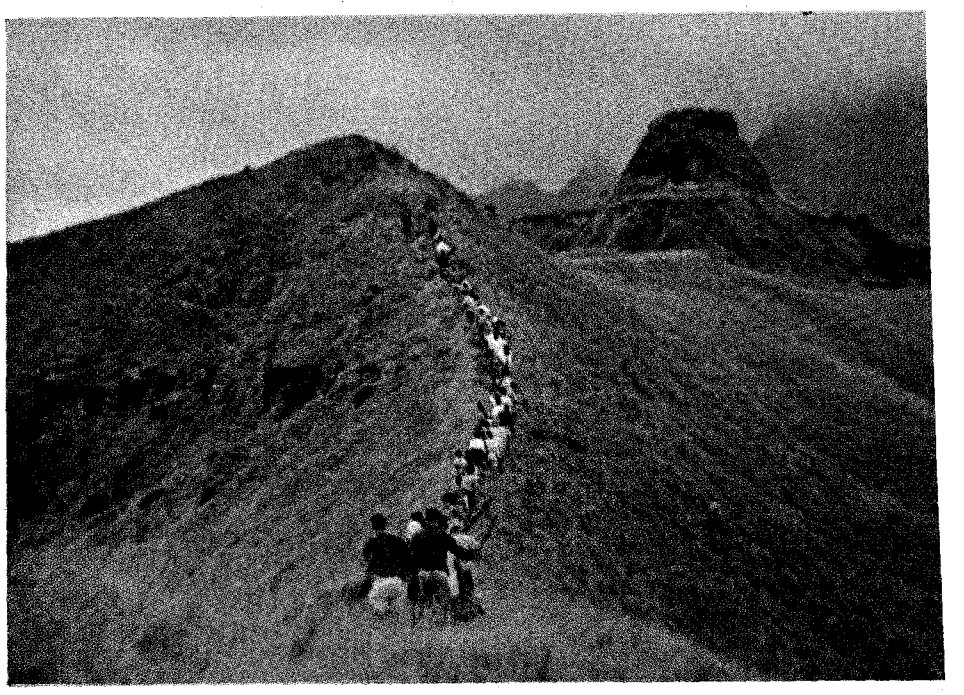
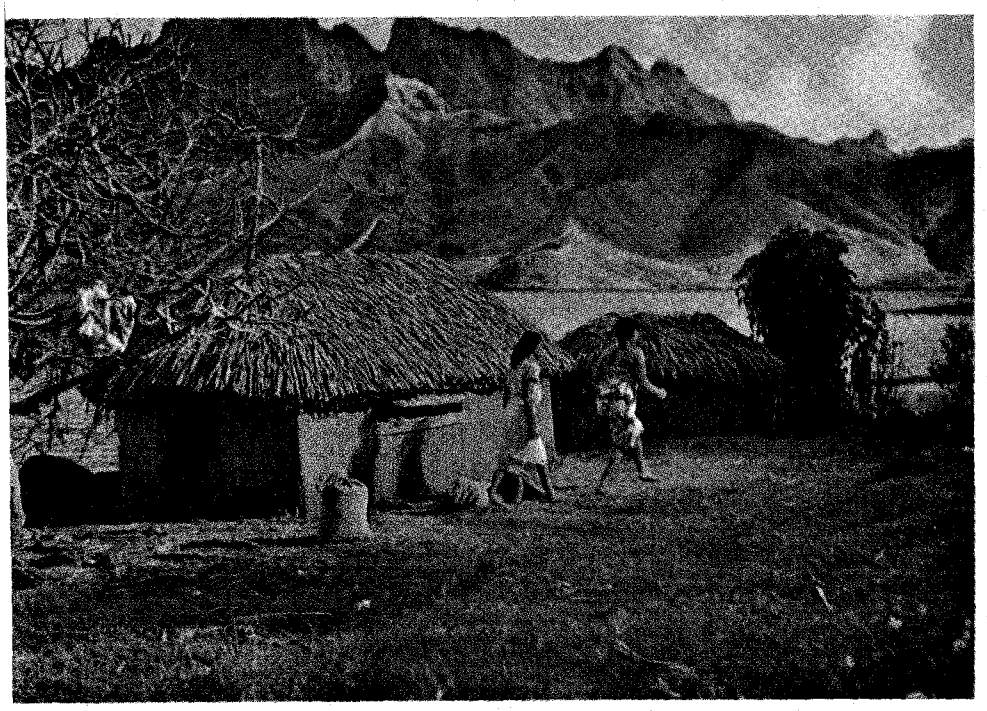


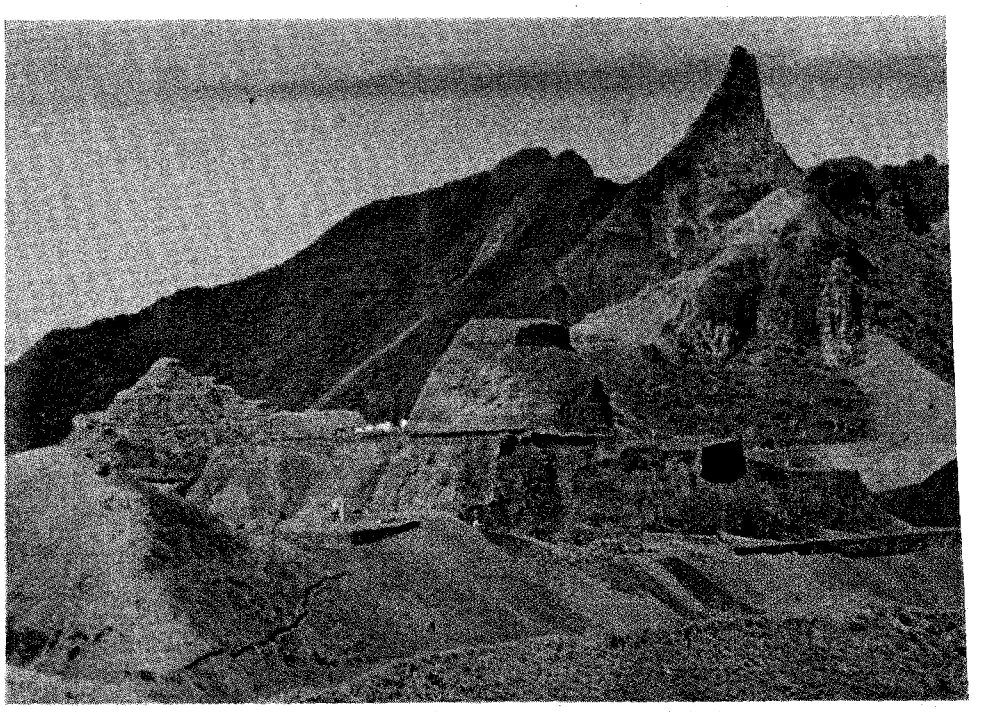
Most early explorers thought the terraced hilltops of Rapa Iti were natural formations. Heyerdahl was convinced that they were actually buried buildings.



The work party moves out: At first, the Rapa Iti men labored hard to excavate a hilltop. Then they heard that people who work are supposed to go on strike. So they struck.



The Rapa Iti women, used to hard labor, took over the jobs—and wages—of their idle husbands. Here they march out to dig for the expedition.



The excavation revealed an entire village, built by an ancient culture for security from invasion. Above is the largest single building ever found in all of Polynesia.

Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island

By THOR HEYERDAHL

The MYSTERY CASTLES of MORONGO UTA

On the peaks of a remote island mountain, the expedition uncovered the startling answers to some long-unanswered questions.

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"The women worked better than the men," says the author. When the wives went to work, they kept their wages for themselves, despite their husbands' complaints. Then the men worked too. Above, "vahines" use their strong muscles to uncover the ruins of a hilltop village.

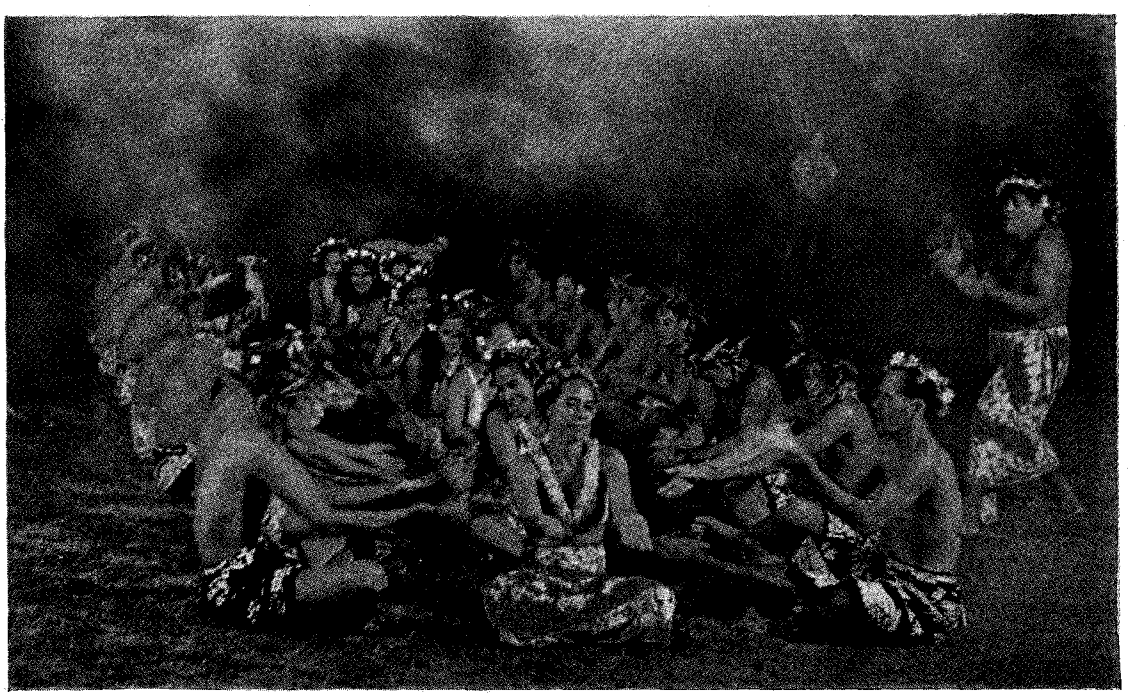
Conclusion

In the ancient Norse fairy tale, you must travel far and wide beyond seven seas and seven billowing ridges to reach the golden castle of your dreams. But who believes in fairy tales nowadays? We did when we breasted the last ridge on the island of Rapa Iti and looked at the peak of Morongo Uta.

We had sailed far west of Easter Island. From a high peak we looked down on the trawler which had brought us here from Norway, on the other side of the world. On the next summit ahead of us lay the fairy-tale castle, its towers and walls overgrown with brushwood.

Considering that Easter Island is the world's loneliest bit of land, it is hardly remarkable that Rapa Iti is one of its nearest neighbors; yet it is a little farther away than Panama is from New York. This must be the most secluded corner of the Pacific. (Continued on Page 84)

Copyright © 1958 by Thor Heyerdahl



A grunting pig dance in the Taipi Valley of Nuku Hiva, a small island of the Marquesas group. The Heyerdahl archaeological expedition spent a year digging into the enigmatic past of the remote East Pacific islands.

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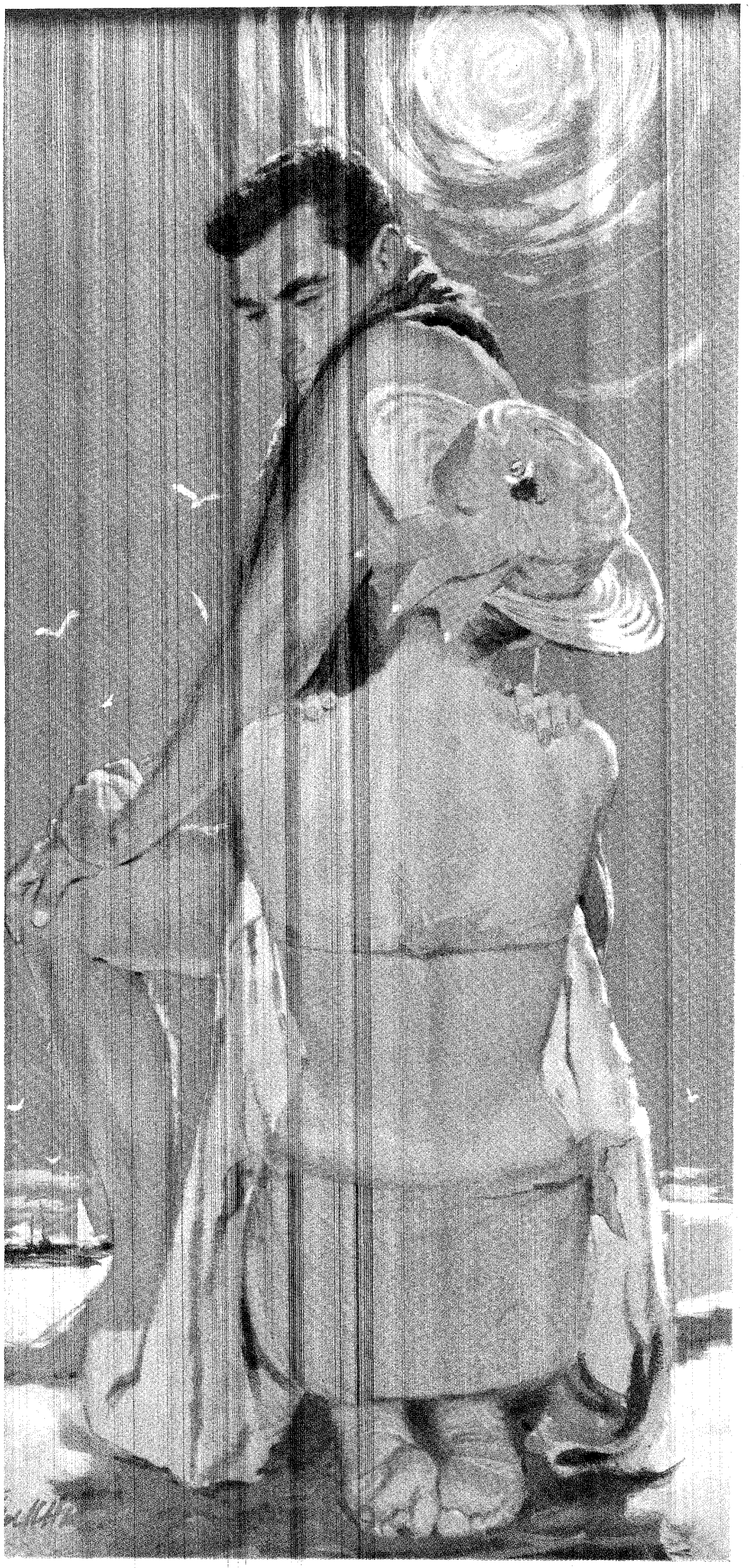

"Go ahead and propose," she said, "just for the record. I'll turn you down anyway."

The Eighteenth Bachelor

By STEVE McNEIL

She came to the beach to get away from marriage proposals and built her hideaway on the property of a man who enjoyed being single. . . .

It was Sunday afternoon—seven minutes of three, to be exact—and Patrick J. McCutcheon was sprawled on the beach, the back of his neck resting against a log. His eyes were closed, and he was temporarily at peace with the world.

He was a black-haired, butch-cut, bony young man with deeply set gray eyes, was wearing a faded pair of swimming trunks and was a fugitive from a Sunday-afternoon party given by his sister, Theresa. She was a nice enough sister, Pat conceded, albeit a bit touched in the head about getting Pat married, so that he could "settle down." In the past few years, Theresa had paraded a succession of young ladies in front of Pat via cocktail parties, beach parties, golf games, theater parties and dinner parties. He had minded his manners; he had been polite and vaguely interested. He had even taken some of them home and dutifully kissed them good night. But on this last one he had rebelled and had fled to the beach.

Pat knew that retribution for his escape would come, as surely as the chick follows the egg, and that it would take several forms. Theresa would be as cold as a package of frozen asparagus, his mother would point out that he wasn't a very good marriage prospect anyway, his father would tell him that the gin was all gone, and the current mantrap which Theresa had brought down would sniff disdainfully.

Pat was troubled by none of this. He sighed and opened his eyes. The surf was rolling in, as white as a vanilla milk shake, hitting hard and then flattening out and sluicing the sands. The gulls wheeled and cried and, beyond the surf, fishing boats bobbed up and down like bits of driftwood. On the horizon, freighters made their way in and out of the Columbia River. Children built sand castles, boys and girls walked the beach, young men did handstands to impress girls, and a few hardy souls were in the water.

Pat smiled inwardly and closed his eyes again. Presently he heard a voice say, "Pardon me."

He opened his eyes, then shook his head to clear the cobwebs. The girl was (Continued on Page 46)

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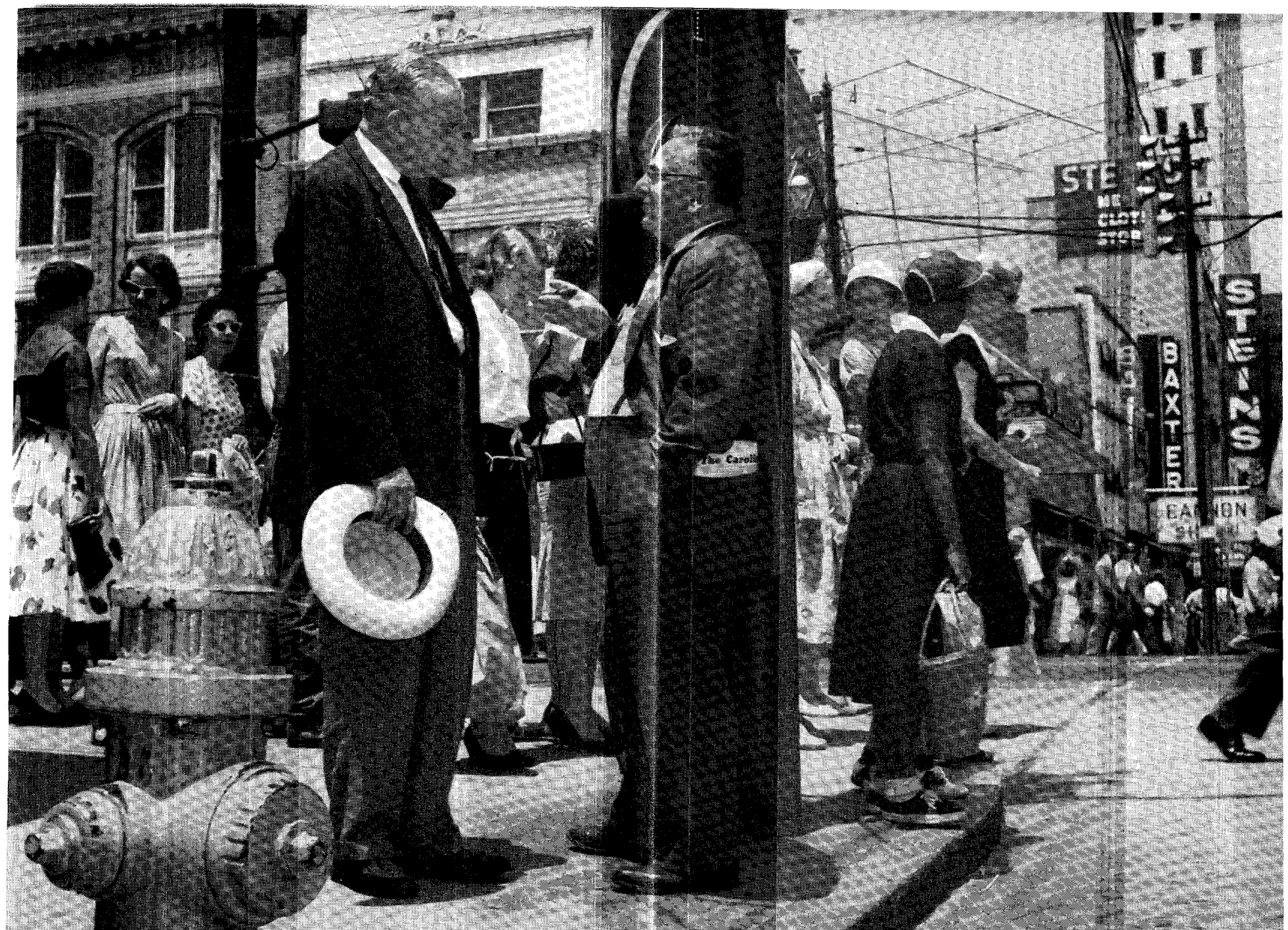


Golden (center) in Charlotte, N.C., his adopted home town, with Chief of Police Frank Littlejohn. After Golden's house burned, the chief helped put him back in business.

Why They Don't Hate Harry

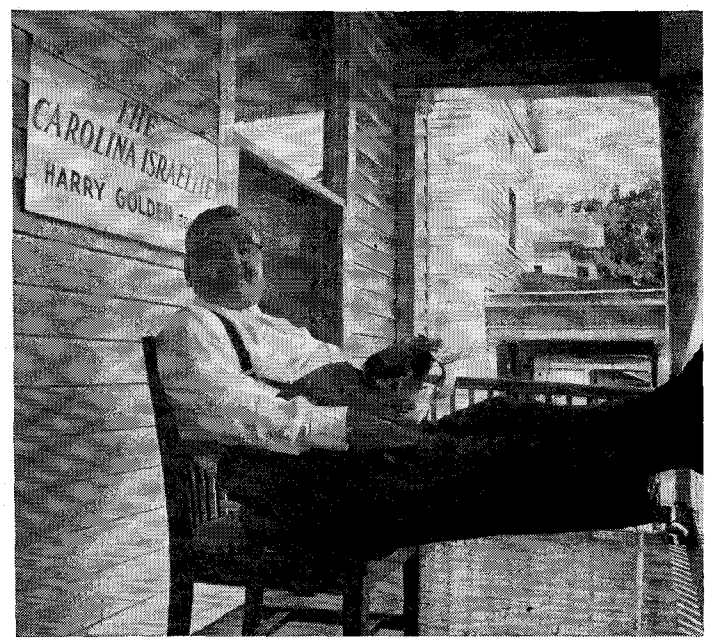
Right down in Dixie, Harry Golden runs a witty one-man newspaper which regularly stumps for integration. The surprising result: They love him.

By John Kobler

An arresting paradox of the South today is the widespread popularity of a professional humorist from the North, Harry Golden by name, who pokes fun, in a saucy periodical called the Carolina Israelite, at sacrosanct Southern traditions, with special attention to race relations. On every count it would seem that Golden, a resident of Charlotte, North Carolina, must long ago have been scorched by the fires of public indignation. Of Austrian-Jewish parentage, he operates in a state which until recently boasted that 99.6 per cent of its population was native born. He styles himself a radical, and advocates immediate, total desegregation. Yet the wondrous fact remains that he enjoys the esteem of Southerners representing every shade of opinion, from N.A.A.C.P. officials to the most rabid racists. "Harry Golden," observed North Carolina's Gov. Luther H. Hodges during a recent press conference, "is one of our most valuable citizens." He later appointed him "Ambassador of Good Will."

The explanation lies perhaps in Golden's gifts, both conversational and journalistic, for making all parties to a controversy chuckle at themselves as well as at the opposition, and in the process

(Continued on Page 124)



Taking his ease on his porch, Editor Golden goes over galley proofs. He has 16,000 subscribers.

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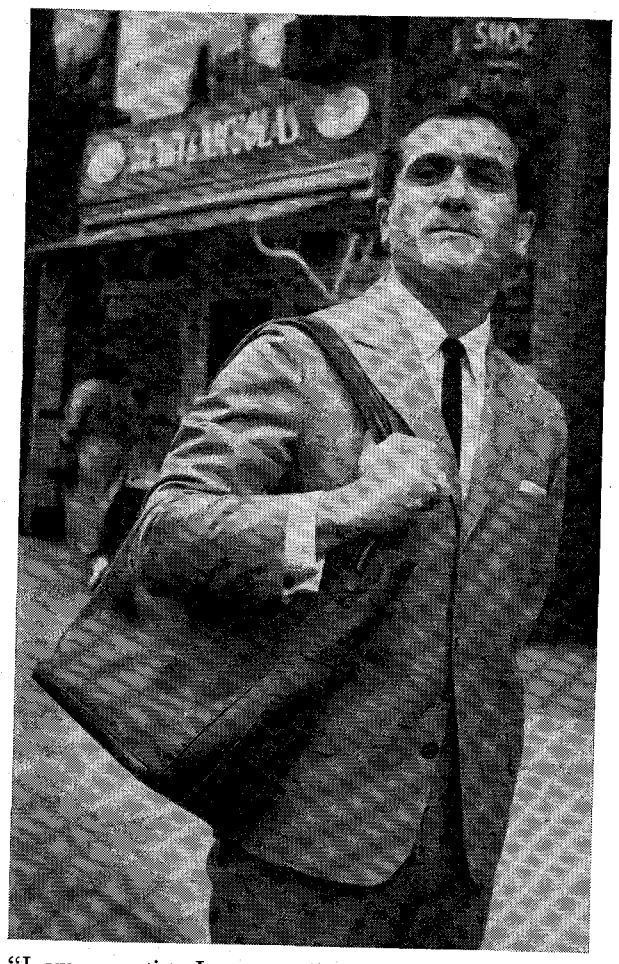
By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Hairdresser to the Stars

Ernest Adler sometimes charges $100 for 15 minutes' work. One famous actress considered him so indispensable that she even took him on her honeymoon.



"I am an artist. I am a sculptor of the head," Adler says. The kit he carries is his portable beauty salon.

Above: Adler at work on Teresa Brewer's hair in a TV rehearsal room. He has no shop of his own.

During her TV show, Patti Page often has Adler restyle her hair 4 or 5 times—"to fit the song she's singing."

Faye Emerson, whose Adler-created chignon started a national fad, has her hair done at home in New York.

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Ernest Adler, a swaggering little man who looks like Napoleon and sometimes acts like him, too, is one of the most influential hairdressers in the world today. There are about 500,000 hairdressers in the United States, ranging from small-town beauty-parlor operators to the virtuosos of the elegant Fifth Avenue salons. Adler is in a class all by himself. He does not practice his arts on the general public. He does not operate in a salon. He does not even have an office.

Adler works almost exclusively for the stars of the Broadway theater, television and night clubs, and he performs his miracles in dressing rooms and studios. He is personal hairdresser to Judy Garland, Patrice Munsel, Patti Page, Polly Bergen and Faye Emerson. He styled the elegant coiffures worn by the leading lady and the beautiful dancing girls of My Fair Lady. Until a few years ago when Adler convinced Broadway producers of the importance of professional hair styling, their actresses had to do their own hair for each performance. But now each season Adler is hired to coif the females in about fifteen new shows, for which he charges flat fees ranging from $250 to $1500. Among the shows he combed and brushed last season were Oh Captain!; The Body Beautiful; Romanoff and Juliet; Jamaica; Li'l Abner; Look Homeward, Angel; The Dark at the Top of the Stairs; and Fair Game.

While preparing this article, I talked to many glamorous girls, whose talents range through the show-business spectrum. I found in all these lovely creatures an admiration for Adler's craft that verged on the ecstatic. It was hard to understand what they were all so excited about. I asked Faye Emerson for an explanation.

"Like most stage actresses," she told me, "I had always done my hair myself. But as soon as Ernie Adler touched my hair—I knew he was a genius."

And Dorothy Lamour, the dark lady of the sarongs, used almost identical words in describing her rapture: "I guess I've had at least twenty of the best hairdressers in Hollywood doing me for one picture or another. I heard about Adler a few years ago when I was preparing my first night-club act. I asked him to do me. He came to the dressing room. He first looked at my face. Then he placed his fingers on my head. Well, honestly, I knew right away that he was a master. I never know what he's going to do with my hair, but I trust him. Sometimes he shocks me with his effects, but when I get over the shock I'm excited and pleased. You see, Adler has this one great thing: He can make a star really look like a star. And all he needs is a comb, a brush and a few pins. That's all. The effect is marvelous—not just for the audience but for my ego."

Perhaps in this ego-bolstering may lie the clue. Miss Emerson says, "Every woman knows the therapeutic value of washing her hair and changing its style when she's feeling moody and depressed."

Once, in an interview with Antoinette Donnelly, beauty editor of the New York Daily News, Adler flatly stated: "The psychological effect of a new and becoming hairdo is equal to six visits to a psychoanalyst."

Adler is a short, stocky man, who carries himself with muscular hauteur, speaks with arrogance and is bursting with vitality. He is exactly five feet tall and weighs 140 pounds. He makes his own rules. He will not cut hair, wash hair or bleach hair. He is in favor of all these things, especially bleaching and dyeing, but considers himself above such menial chores. (Continued on Page 96)

FOUR FASHIONS BY ADLER—TWO VIEWS OF EACH

Bubble Cut. "Good here but ridiculous on a large and round face."

To the Empire, a classic, formal style, Adler has here added twin pony tails.

Wave Bouffante. In this case, Adler has retained the Empire style for the back.

The Gamine Bouffante. It gives a "well-groomed, windblown" effect.

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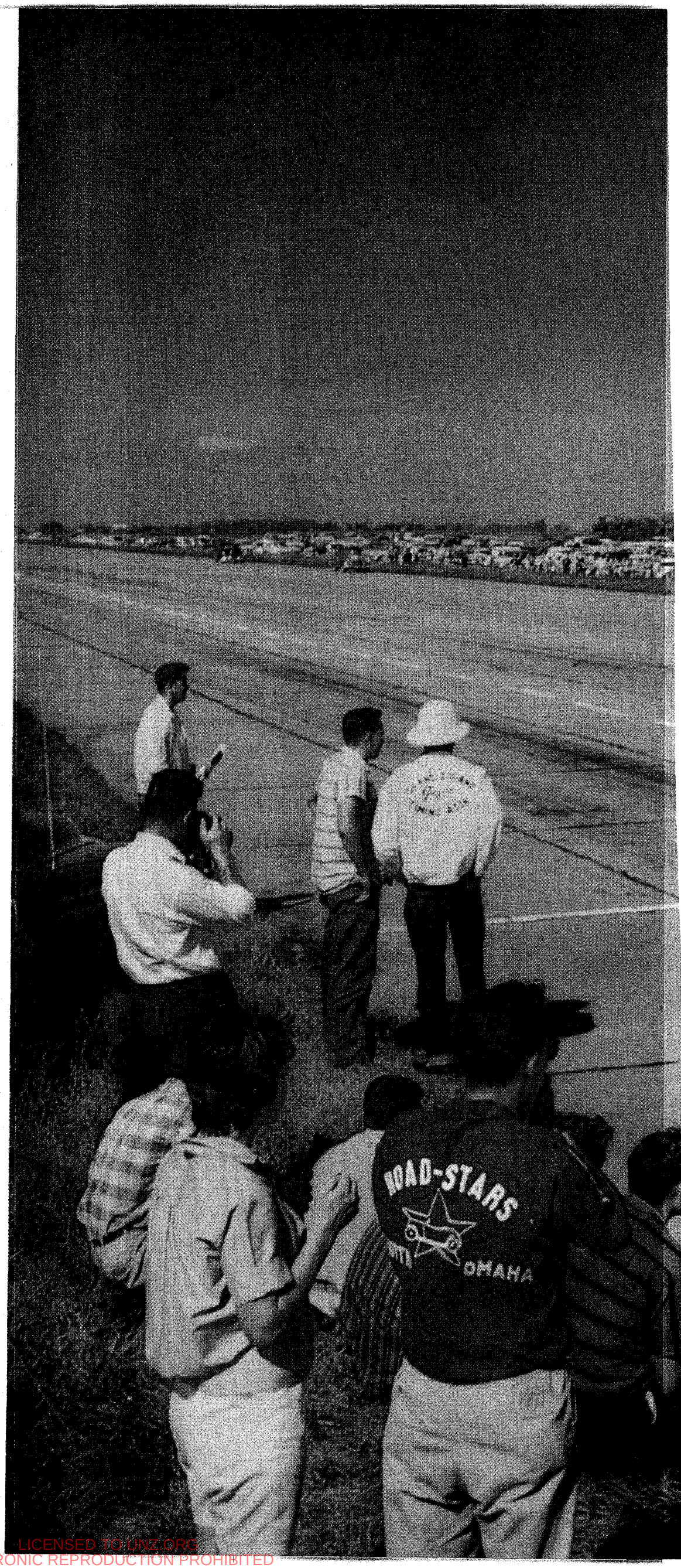
The Face of AMERICA

Drag Race

In front of the two curious-looking cars poised on the starting line lies a measured straightaway exactly 1320 feet (a quarter mile) long. The starter stands spraddle-legged to sweep his arms down in the "go" signal. In an instant, the two contestants will be off in a surge of acceleration that will bring them to speeds well over a hundred miles an hour in the short run. That's all there is to a drag race, but the preparations and execution are astonishingly complex. In this one, held at the Grand Island, Nebraska, Municipal Airport last July 13th, 113 automobiles participated. Nearly 2000 spectators stood long hours in the sun. The timing (an exercise in precision), the orderly running-off of events (there are twenty-five available classifications, according to power, weight and vehicle type), and the safety rules (of the National Hot Rod Association) are a continuing major project of the Grand Island Junior Chamber of Commerce. Of the two contestants shown, the car at left, driven by Gene Kidder, of Omaha, came in second. Bob Elic, also of Omaha, in the car at right, won the heat and the day's top trophy. When he crossed the finish line he was going over 125 miles an hour. • Photograph by Joern Gerdts



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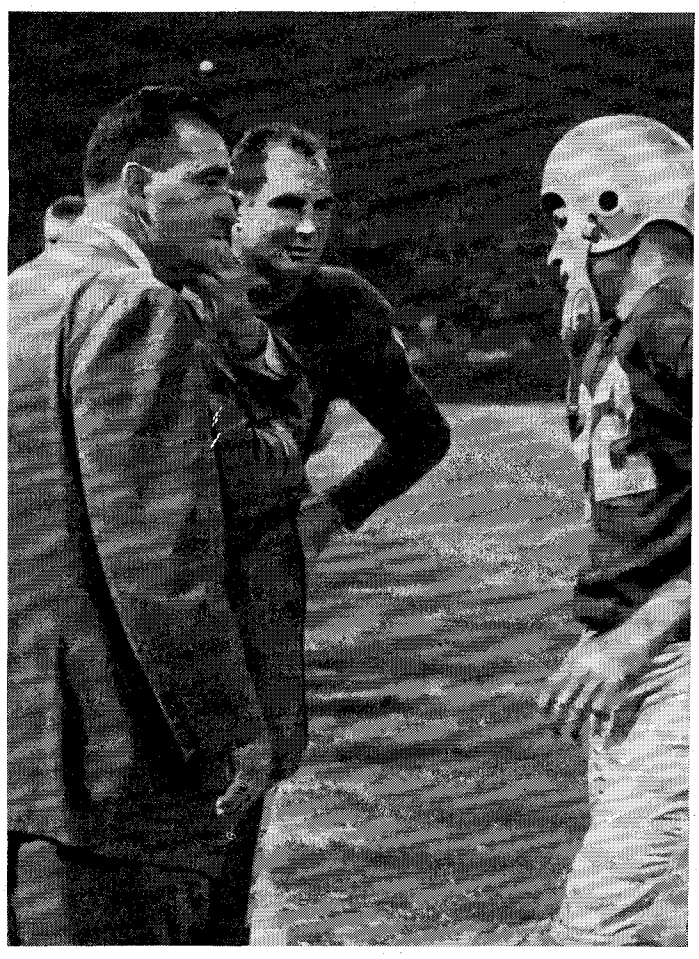


Wilson with star quarterbacks Tobin Rote (center) and Bobby Layne. They must be handled with care.

The Uneasy Coach of the Champs

By TOMMY DEVINE

Last year, George Wilson's first as coach of the Detroit Lions, he won the championship. His critics—and he has many—call it luck and predict he'll fall on his face in 1958. Can he prove them wrong?

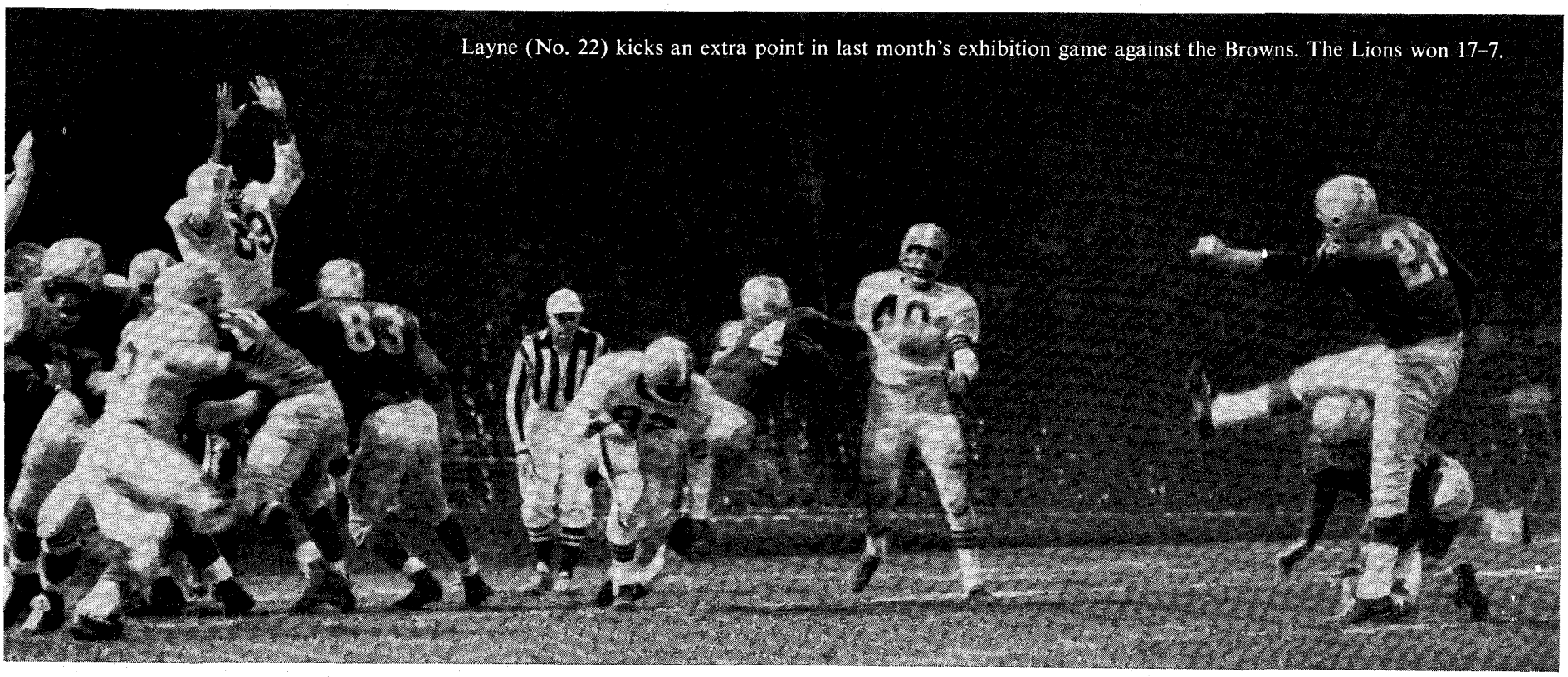
Coaching in the National Football League is a notably precarious way to turn a dollar, but one man whose position would seem secure at the moment is George Wilson, head coach of the Detroit Lions. He took over the team in a sudden emergency just before the opening exhibition game last season and came through in the most dramatic possible fashion, leading the Lions to their first league championship in four years.

In spite of this storybook start, however, Wilson will be just as much on trial when the old rat race starts up again this Sunday as he was during his first year as the Lions' head coach. In Detroit a coach has to keep producing to satisfy a widely assorted group of owners who have come to expect winning teams and bulging gate receipts.

Basic problems that existed when Wilson originally got the job still remain. There is the fact that the Lions have two big-name quarterbacks—Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote—and each of them wants to be No. 1. There is the matter of maintaining training rules and discipline on a squad which has had a playboy reputation. Above all, George Wilson has yet to sell everybody on his abilities as a coach. He must demonstrate that he did more than just inherit a championship team from Raymond K. (Buddy) Parker last year, and that his own radically different coaching approach and methods will stand up over the long run.

The switch from Parker to Wilson was completely unplanned and unexpected. It came about under startling circumstances. On the evening of August 12, 1957, 468 eager fans walked into the ballroom of a Detroit hotel for a ten-dollar-a-plate Meet the Lions banquet. In the course of the program Edwin J. Anderson, the brewery official who is president of the Lions, introduced the sixty players on the Detroit training roster. He lauded their qualities and expressed the belief, "We are a definite contender for the championship."

(Continued on Page 93)



Layne (No. 22) kicks an extra point in last month's exhibition game against the Browns. The Lions won 17–7.

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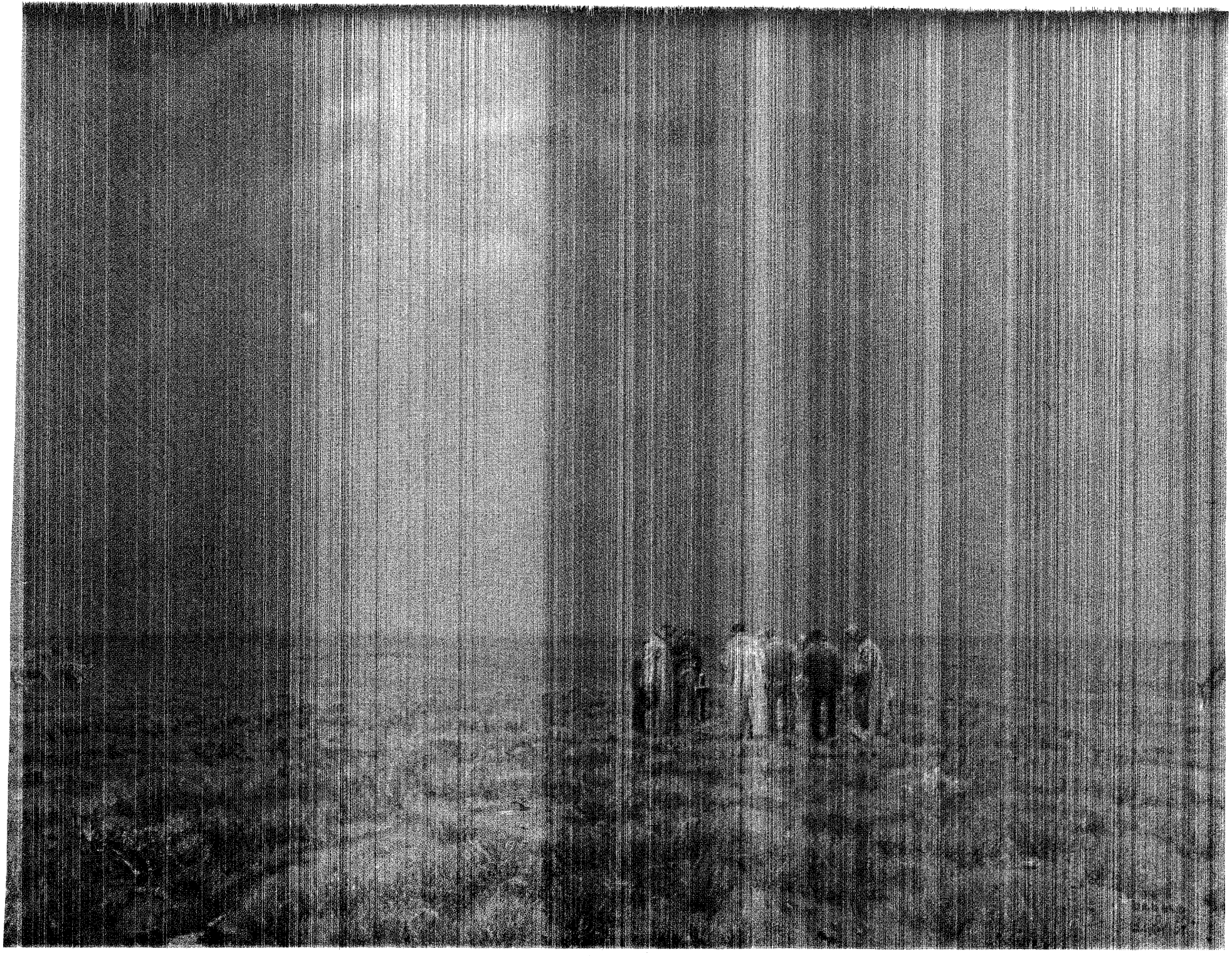

Incident on the Trail

By JACK SCHAEFER

Small and alone in the big land they stood around the grave, seven riders and an old man and a boy . . .

The trail herd was bedded on a wide flat finger of plain stretching between long low hills. To the east, out of the hills, the plain spread vast and open into limitless distances. To the west, between the hills, it dropped imperceptibly across the miles to the lower level of an ancient long-dried lake bed.

Large and luminous in the clean depth of sky, an incredible number of stars looked down on the land and on the dark speckling blotch of the bedded herd and on Monte Walsh riding slowly around the rim, serene in saddle atop a sturdy short-coupled dun.

"Keep amoving," murmured Monte. "Want me to fall asleep astraddle your knobby backbone?"

The dun swiveled an ear back toward him and ambled on. It felt him slumping lower into the saddle and slowed to a stop, head drooping.

Monte pulled himself awake. "Keep agitating those legs," he said, "or I'll give you a leathering. Personal." The dun sighed and raised its head and ambled on.

Monte stretched erect in saddle and looked around. Off to the left he could see the compact blotch of the cavvy in its rope corral and the dirty-gray blob of the chuck-wagon canvas and the small individual dark blobs on the ground that were others of the trail crew sweetly sleeping. Faintly he could make out the glimmer of the remains of the cook fire.

Off to the right, across the big speckling blotch of the herd, he could see the slow-moving small blur that was Chet Rollins atop a chunky gray. A soft breeze stirred and Chet's voice drifted to him, a melancholy tuneless monotone:

(Continued on Page 100)

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SO LOVE RETURNS

By ROBERT NATHAN

She was sent to take the place of one gone from his side. But she was forbidden to love him.

Until Kathleen came out of nowhere into his life, Lenny had ached for his dead wife, Trina. Kathleen was like Trina, and Lenny felt that his wife was with him again. But the mystifying Kathleen vanished, and Lenny could hardly believe she was real.

When business took Lenny away from his children, Chris and Trisha, for the day, he left them alone in their house by the sea. Driving home—after having too much to drink—Lenny suddenly saw Trina—or was it Kathleen?—beside him. At home, he found Kathleen nursing a feverish Trisha. The little girl claimed that her mother had been with her before Kathleen came. Then Lenny remembered what Kathleen had said—that love can go beyond even death.

CONCLUSION

There is no place in a child's book for a love story; everything is motion and adventure. That's why it's possible to write two or three children's books a year. There are only a few love stories in any man's life, and how many have a beginning and an end?

Kathleen and I walked on the beach together in the summer night. The half-moon hung above us clear and lemon-silver in the sky, and the waves broke like breaking crystal on the shore. There was a land wind, warm and smelling of sweetgrass. She wore a scarf of Trisha's around her hair, and an old jacket of mine over her shoulders.

"It's beautiful, Lenny," she said. "I had no idea how beautiful everything is."

In the half-moon light she seemed to drift along beside me like a wraith. I, too, felt shadowy; I couldn't see that either of us cast a shadow on the sand.

"Kathleen," I said, half as a question, half in reassurance, and she put her hand in mine. It was firm and cool, and we walked that way together for a while.

"Did Chris really swim that far out with you?" I asked after a time, and I could see her smile.

"It wasn't really so far," she said; "he only thought it was."

"It must have been far," I said; "he only swims a few strokes."

She stopped and looked at me steadily. "You don't believe in me, do you?" she said.

"No," I said.

She turned as though to leave me, but I held her hand. "I don't know what to think," I said.

She seemed sad, and a little weary. "Why do you have to think so much?" she asked.

"Because I love you," I said.

She sighed and stood staring at me for a long time. I had a feeling that she hadn't wanted this to happen, and that she dreaded what was to come. But a man knows when he is accepted or rejected—though not always why. I opened my arms, and she came into them slowly, searching my face. Her mouth was sweet and fresh, and seemed to melt into mine.

She pushed me away after a while, like any mortal girl, and I saw that she was crying. I kissed her tears; they were salty, like all mortal tears.

"Listen," I said; "I love you. Is that so bad?"

She laughed a little shakily and passed the back of her hand across her eyes. "Yes," she said, "it is."

I drew her down beside me on some dry sedge grass at the edge of the sand. I wanted to comfort her, to make it easy for her. "It doesn't have to be anything more than this," I said. "One summer night, but so lovely."

"Yes," she said, "so lovely."

We sat in silence for a moment, looking up at the darkness and the stars, and she leaned her head against my shoulder. "This isn't real, Lenny," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

"This moment is real," I said, "because we've made it so."

"You don't know who I am." (Continued on Page 60)

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Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith

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MICKEY COHEN:

PART TWO

The Private Life of a Hood

"I have a way of life and I can't change it now," says Mickey, who has 1500 pairs of socks in his $20,000 wardrobe. Here's what that "way of life" is like.

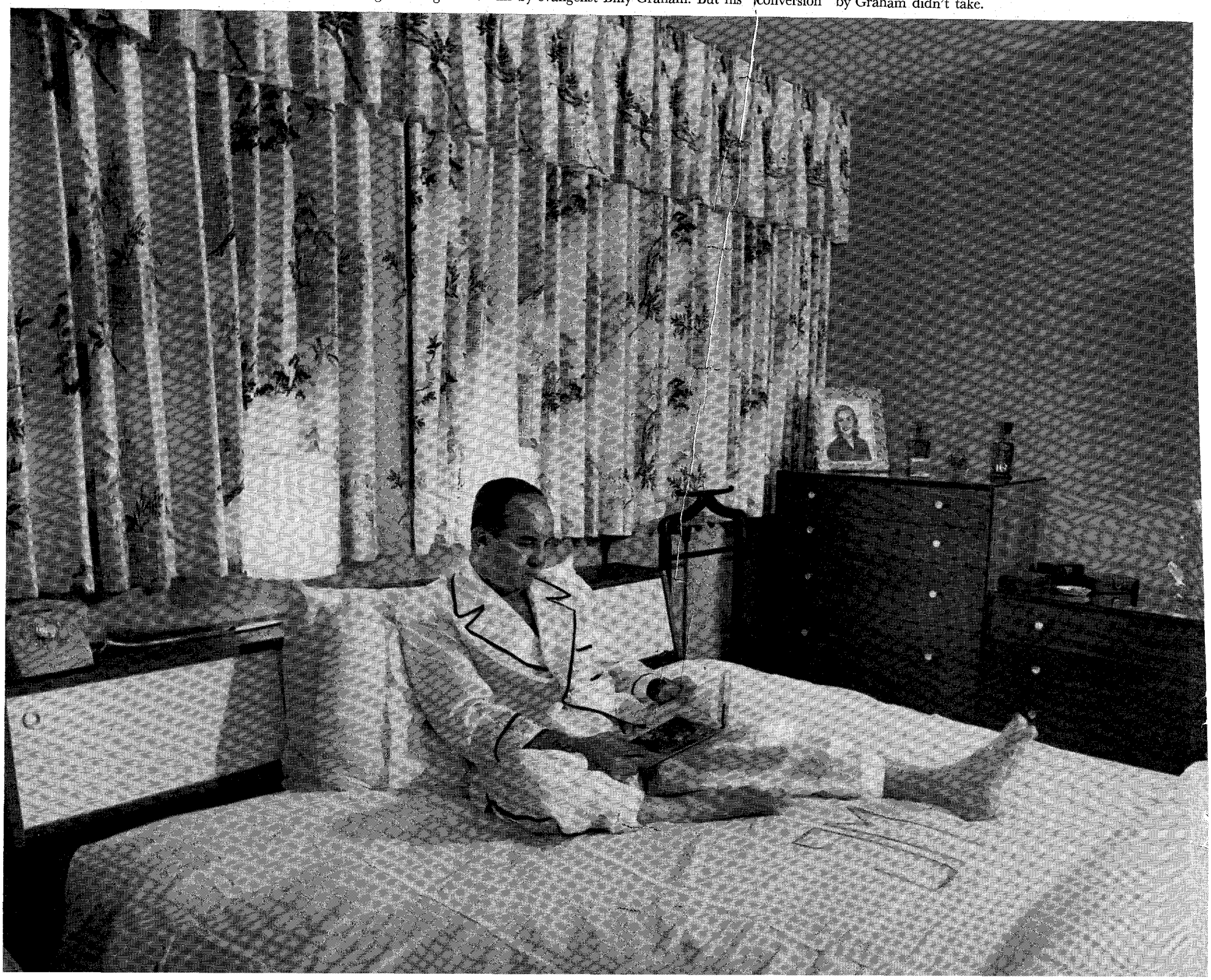
By Dean Jennings

One day last spring Mrs. Jane Falsetti, a pretty young widow with two babies, became the first tenant in a new apartment house at 705 Barrington Avenue in West Los Angeles.

Mrs. Falsetti had come from San Francisco to take a job as a legal secretary in Beverly Hills and purposely chose this dignified neighborhood because, as she says, "It was the quiet kind of place where nothing ever happens."

Shortly afterward a mysterious "Mr. Jones," as she then called him, moved into the top-story apartment just above her. In a matter of days strange things began to happen, as

Cohen, 5'6", sleeps in a specially built bed that is 8 feet square. For the photographer's benefit, he is here reading a book given to him by evangelist Billy Graham. But his "conversion" by Graham didn't take.



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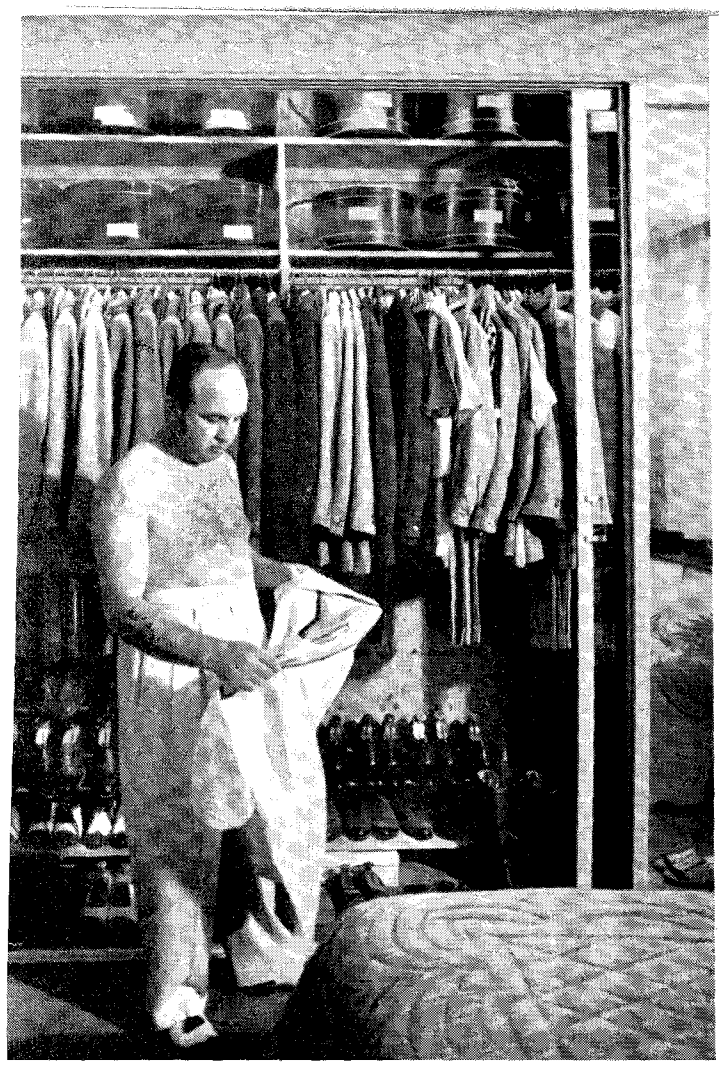
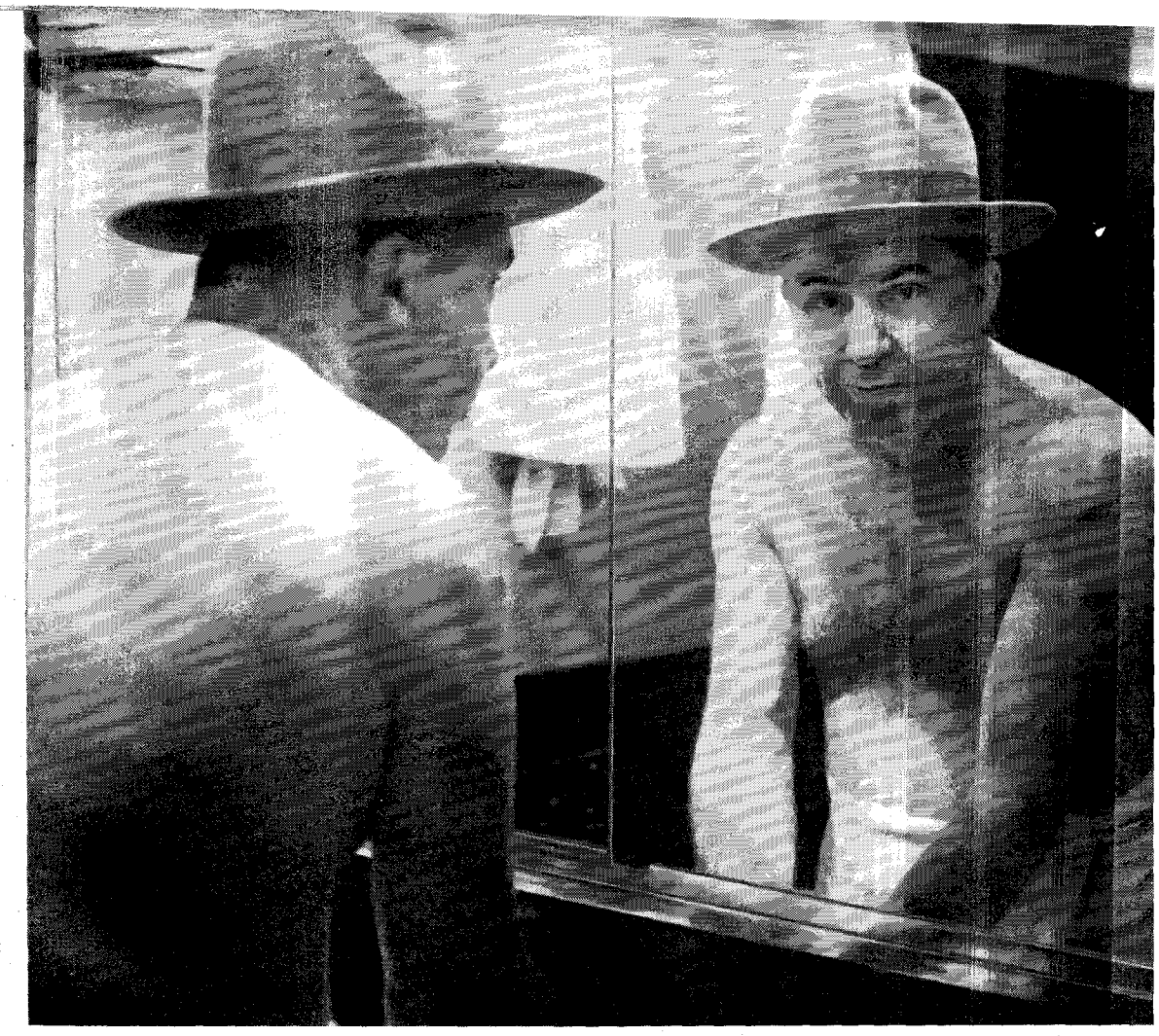


In his heyday, he discarded a suit if it needed cleaning. Now he's more frugal, but he paid $350 for the bedspread shown.



Wearing a white $50 hat, Mickey protects his balding head from an after-shower dusting with baby powder. He has a phobia about germs and takes 1½ hours to shower, 2 or 3 hours to get dressed.

though a poltergeist were holding court and summoning weird little creatures for the fun. There were scraping and shuffling sounds on her ceiling, and now and then bursts of wild laughter. Beautiful mink-coated girls went up and down the outside stairs at night. So did scowling, swarthy men who looked like extras from an old Humphrey Bogart picture. Sleek automobiles were strung out along the curb, and occasionally a police prowl car, nosing around like a hound dog sniffing a skunk, slowly drove past, paused and went on. Once or twice during the darkest hours Mr. Jones cat-footed down to the street in his pajamas, got into a car waiting there without lights on, drove around the block and just as furtively crept back up the stairs.

Toward dawn during this period, about the time she was getting up for the day, the strange sounds would die out, and the building would be quiet once again. Eventually, black-and-white name plates appeared on the mailbox and on the upper apartment door, and it was then that Mrs. Falsetti discovered that her shadowy Mr. Jones was actually Mr. Michael Mickey Cohen, leading citizen of the underworld. An unhappy discovery it was, too, and after some indecision Mrs. Falsetti reluctantly phoned the building manager.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I wish to move out. Mr. Cohen is probably a charming man, but he's up at odd hours and has strange company, and the noise keeps my babies awake. And anyway, I don't want to be around if any of Mr. Cohen's business rivals should serenade him with a machine gun some night."

The manager didn't quibble and graciously canceled her lease. By coincidence I happened to know Mrs. Falsetti, and at that critical point I got a plaintive phone call from Mickey. "Hey," he said, "you know this woman. I understand she's uncomfortable living down there. What's the beef?"

"She says she can hear voices and footsteps in your place," I said.

"What?" Mickey blurted. "With those big rugs I've got on the floor?"

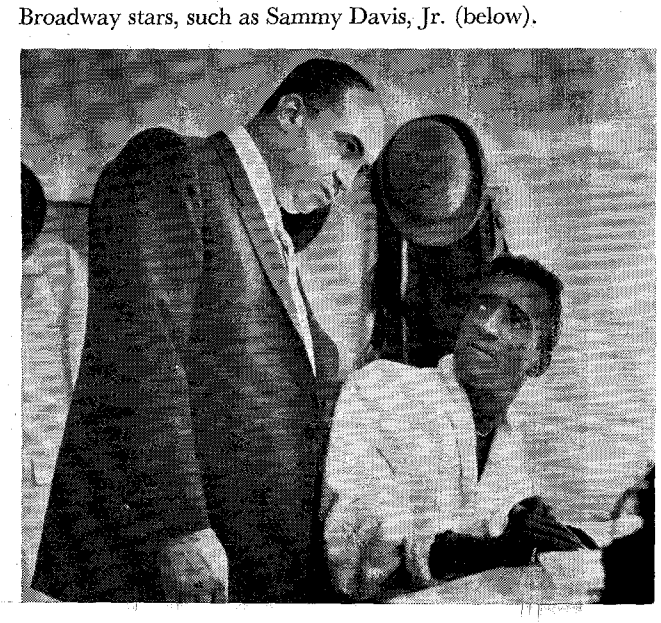
"Yes. Even with the big rugs."

Mickey was probably wondering just how much she had overheard. "Dammit!" he exploded. "They put up this building like it was made out of paper. You know, I never went near her. I'm terribly sorry about this. If there's anything I can do for her, you just let me know."

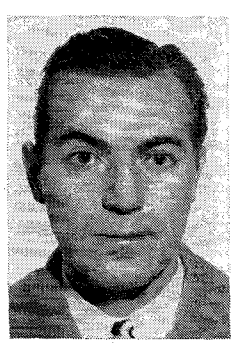
"Well, Mick," I said, "the noise was too much. People coming in and out at all hours. I don't suppose you (Continued on Page 110)

Cohen with Abe Phillips (right), his bail bondsman, and Abe's wife, Helen, one of the few people who dare make fun of Mickey to his face. Once she teased him, "Go out and kill me a couple of people."

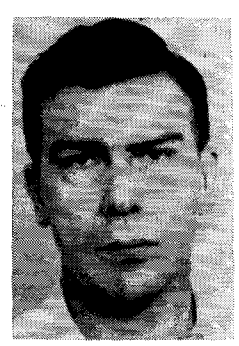
Cohen is friendly with many Hollywood and Broadway stars, such as Sammy Davis, Jr. (below).



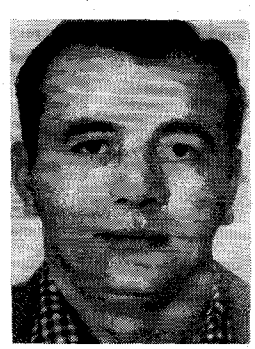
SOME OF COHEN'S EX-CON RETAINERS



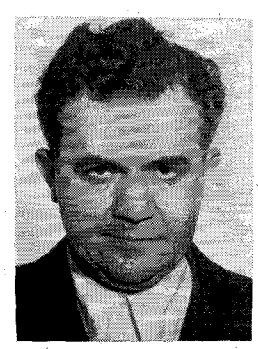
Max Tannenbaum is in constant attendance.



William K. Howard was Cohen's prison pal.



Hard-boiled Fred Sica now walks Cohen's dog.



Harold Meltzer's police record is 25 years long.

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Post Scripts

False Emphasis

When bathing beauties on parade
  Display their various types of dimple,
Why is such rapt attention paid
  To measurements, just pure and simple?

For who expects our breath to stop
  When we're informed that Miss Decatur
Is 36 around the top
  And 32 at the equator?

I doubt there's ever been an eye
  Enchanted by a cold statistic.
Statistics sometimes even lie,
  But figures—man, they're realistic!

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

No Mixed Green Salad for Me, Thanks

I'll just take my greenery
As scenery.
I often speak harshly
Of parshley.
I won't make a fetish
Of lettish.
I'm disgustard with mustard
Esparshly.

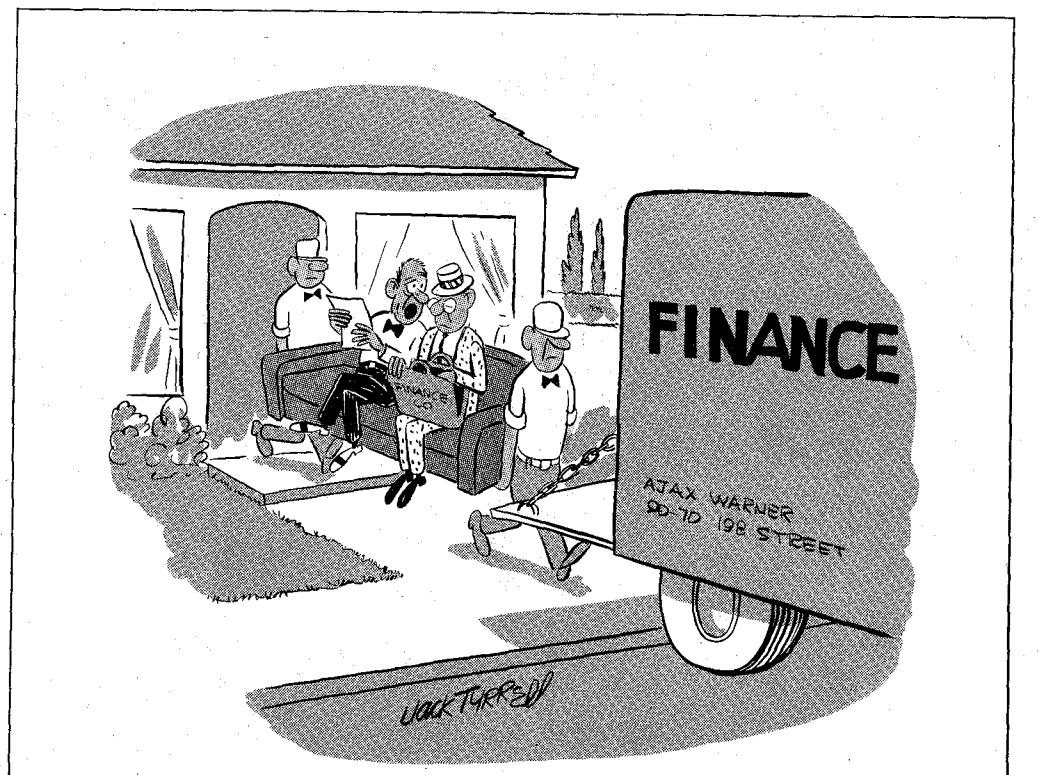
Oh, hickory-chickory, into the discard!
Cabbage and water cress, spinach and Swiss
  chard:
These I bequeath to the Order Rodentia,
And emphasize loudly, beyond peradventia,

The gist of this trivia
I givia:
Food rife with chlorophyll
Is orophyl!

PENNY PENNINGTON

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mother writes she's decided to give up her city apartment and come and live (keep your shirt on) with an old school chum of hers in town."



"I don't suppose it would do any good to ask for more time, would it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We're a Little Late Again, Folks, So —

"Well, Miss Allure, that seems to be that. We really didn't think our panel tonight would guess your middle name so quickly, but—well, I guess our panel was just a little too smart for us after all."

"I guess so. I certainly had a lot of fun, though, trying to stump the panel, even if I wasn't successful. Thanks very much for asking me to be here tonight."

"Our pleasure, Miss Allure. By the way, I assume you're in town to plug your new movie, The Flamboyant Tree, which opens at the Upstreet Theater in a few days."

"That's right. We think it's a wonderful picture, and, as you say, it opens at the Upstreet Theater in a few days."

"I want to take a moment to say, Miss Allure, that I was one of the lucky ones who saw a sneak preview of the picture last week, and I must say that you're simply magnificent in the role of Dulcie Slatkin."

"Well, thank you! Nice of you to say so. Incidentally, I might add that the picture introduces Jeff Brinkley and was produced by Farnsworth-National Pictures."

"The Flamboyant Tree is the first picture you've made in nearly three years, isn't it, Miss Allure?"

"Yes, it is; and you know something? I almost hate to admit to myself that I was away from the screen for that long. It's certainly good to be back."

"Well, I know the public is happy to have you back, Miss Allure. Once again, I'm sorry that the panel was able to guess your middle name so quickly, but—well, as I said, we have some pretty smart panel members."

"You certainly have. And I'm highly honored to have been here and to have had the chance to try to stump them."

"Thanks for visiting with us tonight, Miss Allure."

"Well, thank you for inviting me."

"Will you say good night to the panel, Miss Allure?"

"I certainly will. Good night, panel."

"Good night, Miss Allure."

"Now, then, panel, our next contestant with a middle name—and here he comes—is ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD

Demon Housekeeper

Of disorder there's never a trace
  In her beautifully organized house!
She keeps everything in its place,
  Particularly her spouse.

ETHEL JACOBSON

The Gentle Brush

"Chuck old man, I heartily agree that your loyal, faithful, efficient service to our company deserves a higher monetary reward than you are getting from us at present. Now, if business continues to increase, I think perhaps by next year we may be in a position to promise you . . ."

"'Course we want you to pitch on our Little League team, Howie. But you're just not quite big enough yet, see? Now, quit bawlin' and I'll tell you what. If you promise not to chicken to mom about us not letting you play, by next summer we'll name you our *head* pitcher—or anyway by the summer after next."

Dearest Nancy,
  Thinking over what you said last night about "marriage bringing the only true happiness" etc., etc., it gets across to me now that I've been a really weird character not to have thought of that during all these months I've been dating you.
  You are really the greatest, Nancy, and you deserve the best, so I'm canceling out. Now you'll have a chance to circulate and meet some really great guy who . . .

My Dear Mrs. Paddlebury,
  In answer to your charming note requesting that I come to Middleton to give a concert at your Woman's Club (all proceeds to be used to build a "Lovebird Aviary" in the club's indoor patio), I am flattered to be asked. As you pointed out, my playing before so many of Middleton's prominent music lovers would "help a worthy cause" and, at the same time, "appreciably further" my career as a pianist.
  Believe me, dear lady, nothing could give me greater happiness than to do both. However, the agent who books my concerts . . .

"I'd honestly rather bowl with *you*, honey, but this is strictly an all-male team."

MM PORTERFIELD

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IT'S HERE!
A far-reaching advance in filter smoking!

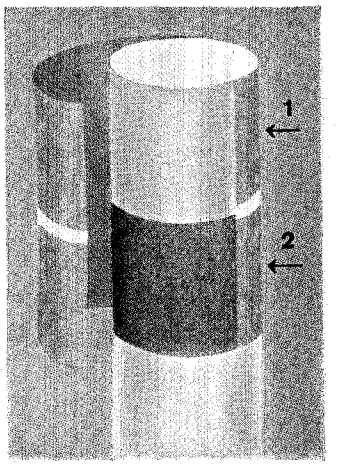
NEW DUAL FILTER *Tareyton*

THE REAL THING IN MILDNESS...THE REAL THING IN FINE TOBACCO TASTE

You'll discover smoking that's really to your liking when you light your first *Dual* Filter Tareyton! For the *Dual* Filter does *more* than just give you high filtration. Because of the remarkable filtering properties of Activated Charcoal in the exclusive inner filter, it actually brings out the *best* in fine tobacco taste—selects and balances the flavor elements in the smoke—as never before possible.

You get the full range of flavor—plus a special kind of *mildness* that makes a wonderful difference, pack after pack, day after day. For the smoothest, most satisfying smoking you've ever known, ask for new *Dual* Filter Tareyton—in the bright new pack!

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name" (© A. T. Co.)



THE TAREYTON DUAL FILTER
filters as no single filter can, because—

1. It provides the efficient filtering action of cellulose-acetate in a pure white outer filter...

2. plus the additional filtering properties of **ACTIVATED CHARCOAL** in a unique inner filter. The extraordinary purifying ability of Activated Charcoal is widely known to science. It has been definitely proved that it makes the smoke of a cigarette milder and smoother.

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PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
Kellogg High School, Kellogg, Idaho
Architects: Culler, Gale, Martell & Norrie
and Perkins & Will

WITH THEIR CHILDREN'S FUTURE IN MIND, a community of 2,000 families built striking Kellogg High School—a model of modern school architecture and an inspiration to school planning boards everywhere. PPG glass curtain-walls open every classroom to the surrounding grandeur of Idaho's rugged Bitteroot Mountains.

Wonderful things happen when PPG goes to school

In forward-looking communities across the land, students find new interest in bright, modern schools like Idaho's Kellogg High. Daylight floods their classrooms through whole walls of PPG glass. PPG paints and Color Dynamics provide cheerful interiors that reduce eyestrain and fatigue and heighten the interest of young minds. Even the floors are brighter, easier to maintain, because of vinyl tile made with Columbia-Southern chemicals. At school or at home, almost everything your family sees and uses is better because of glass or paints made by PPG, or chemicals made by Columbia-Southern, subsidiary of PPG. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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School Bazaar

Ted Key

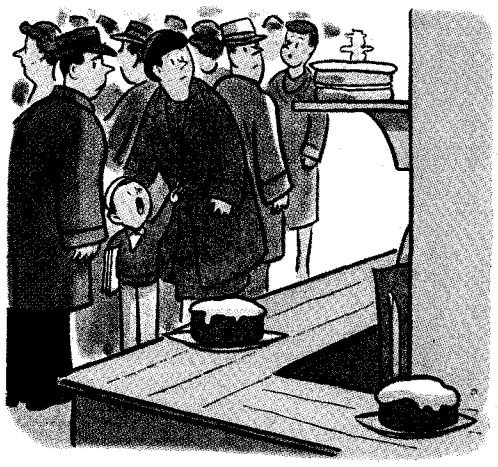
"We're using the money, you know, to repair all the bicycle racks. Put those in the car, George. Last year's bazaar raised more than . . ."

"Up. If *I* can go, *you* can go."

"Your cake's still here, mom."

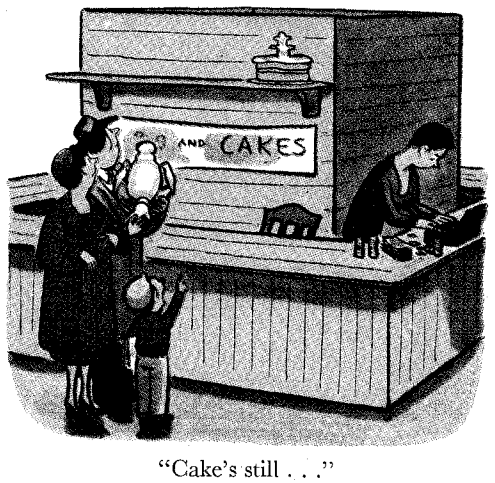
"Fifty cents for the *whole* evening, and *no* more!"

"Look, mom—dad!"



"Cake's still here, mom!"

"The winner of this lovely vase . . .!"



"Cake's still . . ."

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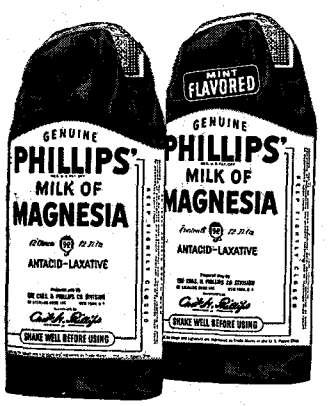
Feeling "HALF-THERE" due to Upset Stomach?

Settle Your Stomach in Seconds with Milk of Magnesia!

Scientific tests show that Phillips' Milk of Magnesia actually settles your stomach in *seconds!* That's because Phillips' is one of the *fastest, most effective* stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered!

So whenever upset stomach, gas, heartburn or other symptoms of acid indigestion have you feeling only "half-there", take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia right away. In almost no time at all you'll be back to normal—feeling bright and chipper again. Get Phillips'—either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing.



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
REGULAR · FLAVORED

The Eighteenth Bachelor (Continued from Page 30)

wearing a swimming suit which covered a negligible percentage of skin. The uncovered portion was fawn-colored and as devoid of flaws as a newly printed twenty-dollar bill. She was a wheat-colored blonde, with a tip-tilted nose, brown eyes and a little cleft in her chin. She made the other girls on the beach look like lady wrestlers.

"Did I wake you up?" she said.

Wake him up, indeed! She'd wake up a mummy. He made a convulsive movement with one hand, and then suspicion reared its ugly head. He peered at her. "Do you know my sister, Theresa?"

She shook her head and smiled. Pat peered at the third finger of her left hand. He wondered why he was so happy about seeing no ring, engagement or otherwise. Now see here, McCutcheon, he told himself, this dame is not walking around unattached, ring or no ring.

"I don't know about the tides," she said, "and I was wondering whether it's safe to go swimming."

He started to say that it was very dangerous to go in the surf alone, that he wouldn't consider it for a minute, and that he'd go with her to be sure she didn't drown. But in retrospect he changed his mind. Why get involved? She's just a tourist—here yesterday, gone today.

"It's all right," he said negligently; "the tide's still coming in. I'll keep an eye on you."

She lifted an eyebrow, looked at him queerly for a moment, then said, "Thank you" and walked away.

He watched her go toward the surf. She moved as easily as a panther. He sighed inwardly. Then he sat upright. What's the matter with you, McCutcheon? You haven't yet resigned from the human race, even if you don't want to get married. And so she has a boy friend or maybe a husband. It's a free ocean.

He got to his feet and trotted down toward the water. When he caught up with her, he said, "I was going to let you go swimming by yourself, and then I started thinking."

The corners of her eyes crinkled when she smiled. "You were afraid that I'd drown?"

"Not at all. I merely decided that there is nothing wrong in going swimming with a girl."

"Has there ever been?"

"Not to my knowledge. It's just that I know you must have a boy friend or a husband around somewhere. I decided that going swimming with you would be a waste of time. Then I changed my mind."

"I see. Well, it isn't much fun being picked up by a man with such a defeatist attitude."

"All right. I'll take my business elsewhere."

"But you seem to be the only one around, so I guess I'm stuck with you."

It wasn't, Pat decided, the supreme compliment. Feeling somewhat like a second cousin who has muscled into a family for a week's stay, he walked with her into the surf. The breakers, with heavy-handed slaps, knocked them around for half an hour, and then they walked out, cold, tingling and laughing. They walked up to the dry sand, rubbed themselves down with towels and lighted cigarettes.

"By the way," Pat said, "my name is McCutcheon—Pat McCutcheon."

"I'm Kitty Crandall," she said.

"Vacationing?"

She shook her head. "I live here. Since three days ago."

Pat brightened. Things seemed to be picking up a bit. "You live here? Where?"

"In Surf Pines. Dad just finished building a home. He sent me down here for my health."

Pat squinted his eyes. She looked about as sick as an Olympic Games champion. "You don't look sick to me."

"You're seeing only the shell. Underneath, according to dad, I'm a broken woman."

"Hardly seems possible," Pat mumbled.

"Look at me—twenty-five years old and not yet married." She ran her hands through her hair. "Father and mother tried. They gave it the old college try. They even built a barbecue out in the back patio where I could trap men with charcoal-broiled steaks this thick." She measured with her thumb and forefinger. "They paraded a succession of eligible young men through the patio. Doctors, attorneys, young businessmen, professors, truck drivers. And what happened?"

"I dunno," Pat said. "What happened?"

"I had seventeen proposals. Father was impressed, but mother said that anyone who looks sexy can get seventeen proposals."

Pat began to wonder about this dame. She seemed to have all her marbles, and yet ——

She sighed. "I suppose mother was right."

"She had a point anyway," Pat said. "I can see that from here."

"Every time one of them proposed, I'd look forward to the next twenty years or so, and I came up with the same picture. P.T.A. on Tuesday nights, bridge on Friday, country-club dance on Saturday, church on Sunday, washing Monday, movies Wednesday. You see what I mean?"

"What about Thursday?"

"Thursday is saved for rest and rehabilitation. Father said that I was jaded and that what I needed was a sabbatical—from men, I mean. He said that after six months down here anything in pants would start looking like Gregory Peck. So here I am." She tossed her cigarette away. "Well, thanks for the use of your ear, Pat. If I start following you around, it'll be a sure sign that I've been here long enough." She turned and walked away.

Pat, with a corrugated brow, watched her make her way up through the beach grass. A fine thing, McCutcheon! The most beautiful girl you have seen in years and she turns out to be a screwball, keeping a box score of her proposals. Well, she can be certain of one thing—Patrick J. McCutcheon isn't going to be the eighteenth.

"Well, here you are."

Pat turned. His sister, Theresa, was standing behind (*Continued on Page 50*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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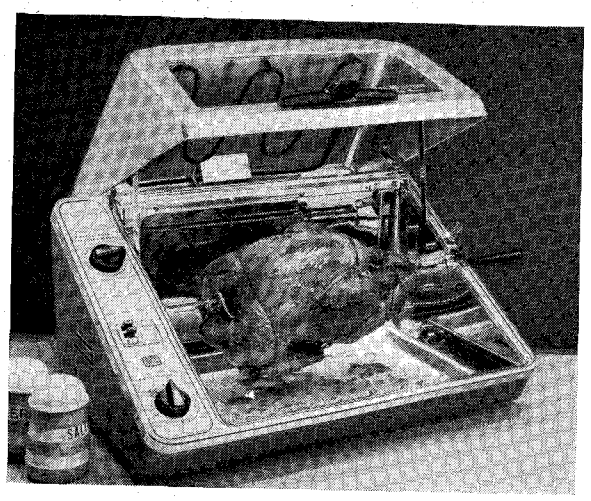
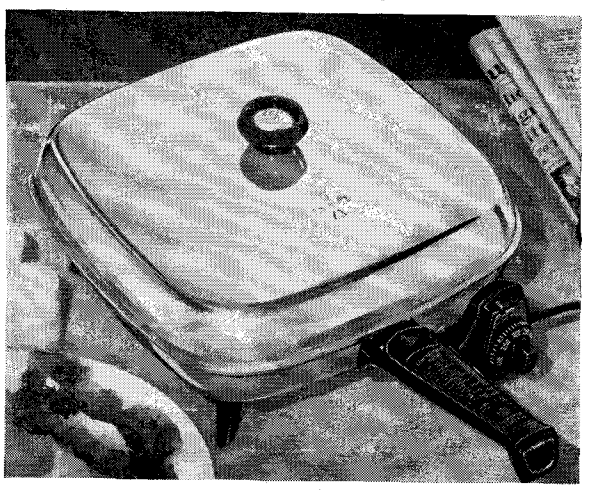


It's a rotisserie!
PLUS it's a second oven, too!

New General Electric Rotisserie Oven gives you the baking accuracy of a fine range oven! Rotisserizes, roasts, broils, and bakes like a *second* oven. New tilt-top design for easy access, easy cleaning.



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PLUS completely immersible!

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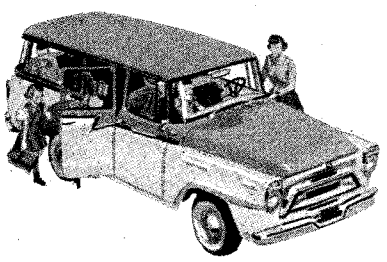
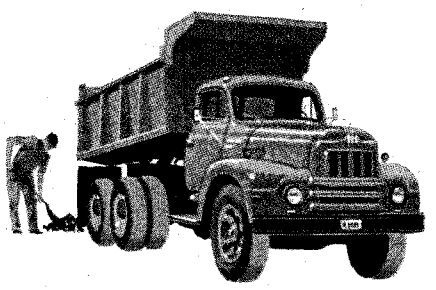
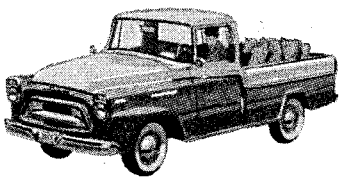


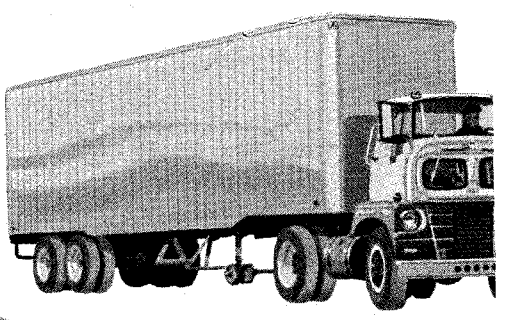
Travelall® rides eight, hauls cargo.



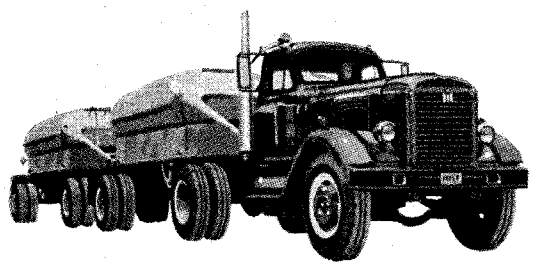
Powerful, dependable six-wheelers.



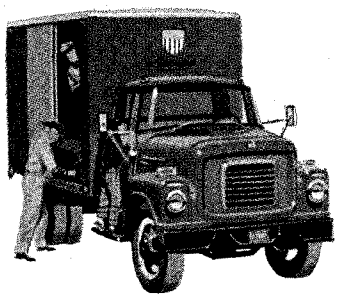
Roomiest pickup going.



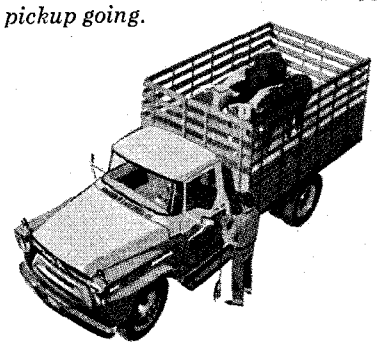
48-in. Sightliner for extra pay



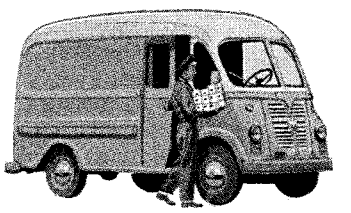
Conventional tractors for biggest jobs.



Compact-design for delivery work.



Stake or platform-body models.



Metro® multi-stop models.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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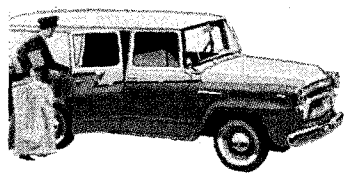
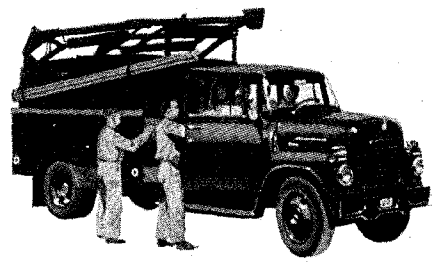
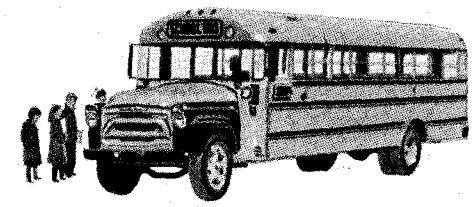


xtra door speeds panel deliveries.

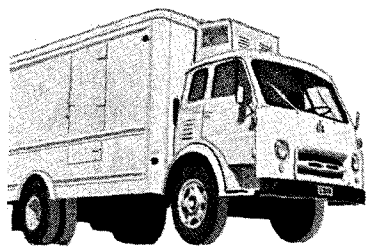


Travel-Crew cab seats six.

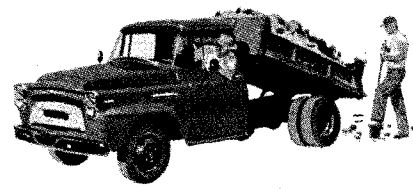


School bus chassis for every need

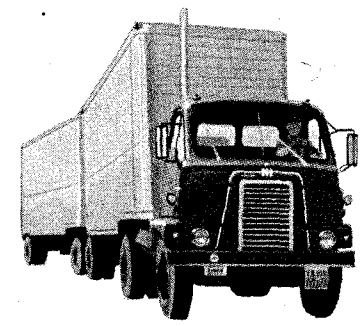
Six-passenger pickup – the Travelette.



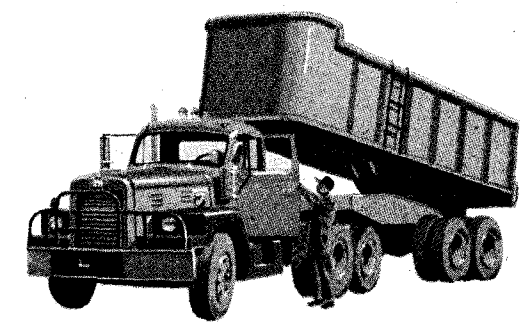
COE's for short overall length.



Roomy, rugged, easy to handle.



Multi-Million-Mile diesels.



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McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

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(*Continued from Page 46*) him, dressed in a sun tan and an off-the-shoulder cotton. He patted the sand beside him. "Sit down, Theresa." He waved a hand toward the ocean. "Did you ever see such a beautiful sight?"

"You weren't looking at the ocean a minute ago," Theresa said. "Who is she?"

"Why, that's Kitty. And don't get that matchmaking glint in your eyes."

"Why not? From what I saw, and I saw plenty, the girl looked sensational."

"She's nuts," Pat said. "She says that she's had seventeen proposals and, from what I can gather, is going to stay down here until men start looking good to her again. She also said that if she starts following me around it'll be a sure sign that she's been here long enough. So she's nuts. I can't be that bad."

"Let's face it—you're no dreamboat either."

"Is that so? What's the matter with me?"

Theresa sat down. "This will take a little time. Your nose is crooked, you sing off key, you wear clothes as if you had slept in them, your feet are too big and you are completely devoid of ambition."

"You mean because I refuse to go up to the city and let your father-in-law make me rich? Look, you married Pete Underwood. Let him get rich. Leave me out of it."

"You idiot!" Theresa screamed. "At the time you left, Horace Underwood was going to make you sales manager of the new subdivision, with a percentage of every unit sold. So what happened?"

"I got beach fever," Pat said. "Besides, my conscience was starting to jiggle."

"So you give up the opportunity of a lifetime to come down here to the beach to sit on the back of your neck."

"Look, Theresa, I'm not broke. I have a car only two years old, several pairs of shoes, five suits, slacks, sports coats, golf clubs. Besides, there's that lot I inherited from granddad on which I intend to build a house, not a crackerbox."

"What are you doing, taking inventory?"

"I have seven hundred and forty-three dollars in a checking account, and stocks worth, according to Friday's quotations, nine thousand, two hundred and fifty-three dollars. Besides, I have a job."

Theresa peered at her brother. "You sound as if you have just finished building an empire."

"I have. How much of an empire does a man need? Look out there. You'll see it."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Theresa said. "Every time you see this beach you get like this. What's this job you have?"

"Golf course," Pat said.

"Doing what on the golf course?"

"Selling greens fees, giving lessons, serving coffee and sandwiches, mowing greens. You name it; I'll do it."

"Oh, no!" Theresa moaned.

"Now don't build up a head of steam," Pat said. "I've got it all figured out. Gordon McGregor is going to sell out. I made a deal with him. I'm putting in nine thousand and I get a percentage of the profits and a salary for the next two years. Then I take it over, he carries the contract until I have enough in it to get a bank loan, and before you can say 'Horace Underwood Subdivision,' I'll own it. Catch?"

"You're insane," Theresa said.

"That isn't all. I have clear title to that lot granddad left me. It's a big lot. I'm getting a G.I. loan to build a house on it, with no neighbors closer than two hundred yards. That fruitcake subdivision of Horace Underwood's was giving me claustrophobia. I want some room."

"You must be out of your mind."

Pat smiled at his sister. "Relax, Theresa. You're a success. You married the boss's son, and he'll be a millionaire someday—poor guy. But I don't want to be a millionaire. All I want is some elbowroom and privacy. All I want is to be able to look out my window and see nothing but surf, sand and sky. I'm tired of looking into patios and fences."

Pat's sister got to her feet. "I'll have to apologize to Brenda for bringing her down here."

"While you're at it, you might as well apologize to Doris, Jennifer, Ruth, Mary Ann, Katherine and Judith too. I may have forgotten a few, but that's a representative list."

"I'll apologize to them all. I also turn in my suit."

"You mean," Pat said, "that you will no longer parade any sweet young things here and there, hoping to catch me in a weak moment and thus trap me into marriage? I can hardly believe it. Where's the old fighting heart? Where's the resolute McCutcheon spirit? I never thought you'd give up so easily."

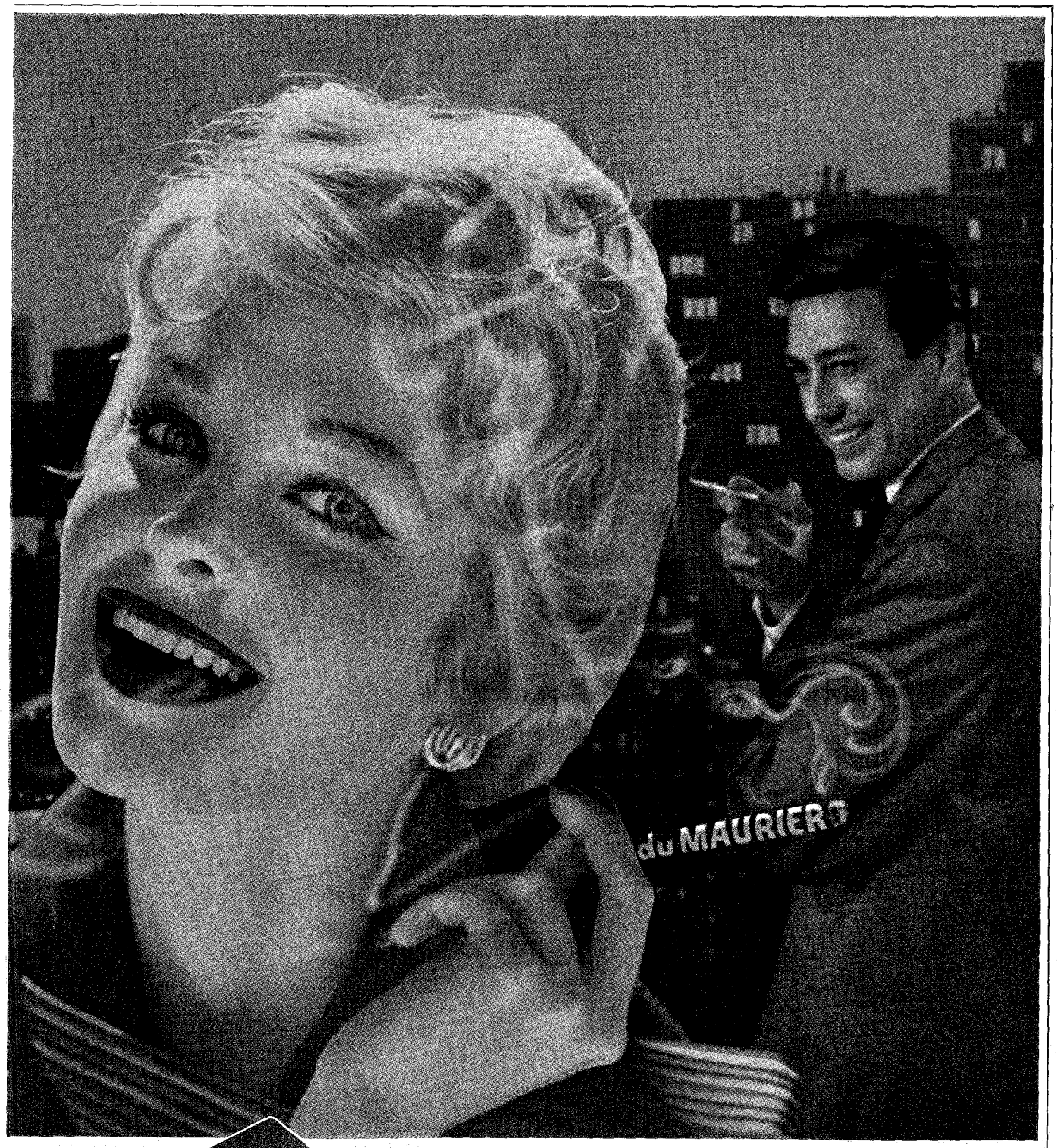
"The loyalty to my sex has suddenly become greater than the loyalty to my family. I find that I wouldn't want to be responsible for saddling some poor girl with my brother."

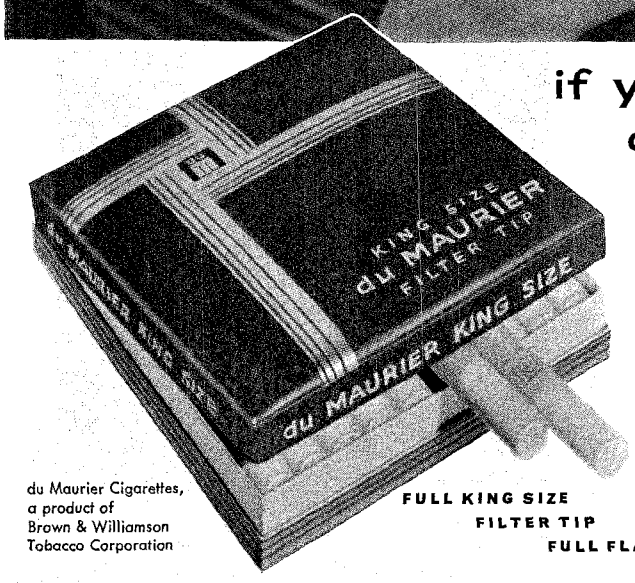
"If I could get this in writing," Pat muttered, "I'd feel better."

They walked back up to the McCutcheon beach house. "Where did you find him?" Mr. McCutcheon asked. "Under a rock?"

"Flattery," Pat said to his father, "will get you nowhere."

"Billy Wilcox came by," Pat's mother said, "and Brenda went golfing with him. She didn't think you'd mind. I told her that she was out of her head if she didn't prefer Billy to you."





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"What is this?" Pat said. "You people trying to give me an inferiority complex?"

"If we only could!" Mrs. McCutcheon said fervently.

"You people going back to town today?" Pat said. "I hope."

"I suppose my dear demented brother told his parents about his golf-course scheme," Theresa said.

"Uh-huh," Mr. McCutcheon said. "Very sound idea. I estimate that I'll save a minimum of fifty dollars a year on greens fees alone. I am assuming, of course, that he will extend the courtesies of the course to his poor old father."

"Poor old father, my eye," Pat said. "Of course, if I can stay here at your place until I get my house built, I might cut the greens fees in half."

"Very well," Pat's father said, "provided you pay half the taxes on the house."

"That's my family," Pat said bitterly; "co-operative to the last."

After a while they all went home. Pat went out to dinner, saw a movie and went to bed.

In the morning he drove over to Oceancrest to see his friend, Elmer Carlson, who could build a house the way a house should be built. In Pat's hands was a set of plans drawn by Bob Leighty, an architect friend of his, who could draw a set of plans the way a set of plans should be drawn.

Elmer looked at the plans. He wrinkled his brow, lighted a cigarette, squinted through the smoke. "Looks all right, Pat. When you want me to start?"

"I'll let you know as soon as my G.I. loan goes through. Shouldn't be more than a week or so, they tell me. I applied three months ago."

Now, feeling somewhat like a youngster who has a promise from his father to buy the new pair of skates in the hardware store window, he drove over to Surf Pines for another look at his lot—for the first time in three months.

He pulled off the road, ran his car up on the beach grass, stopped—and nearly fell out of the car. His lot was there, but encroaching on it was a low, shake-roofed, board-and-batten structure which was almost the exact duplicate of the one which Bob Leighty had designed for him. Pat had been over his lot so many times that he knew every inch of it. He walked up to the house. There was a patio with an outdoor fireplace on the south side. Pat took a sight on Tillamook Rock. The house itself seemed to be right on the property line. But the patio was indubitably on his property.

Seething, he walked up to the house and leaned on the doorbell. The door opened and he said, "What in the name of heaven do you mean by ——"

He stopped speaking and stared. She was out of her swimming suit and in Bermuda shorts, with cable-knit white socks and a white blouse.

"Well, good morning, Pat McCutcheon," Kitty Crandall said. "If you came by to propose, I can tell you that it's too early in the day for that sort of thing, and anyway ——"

"You're proposal happy," Pat yelped.

"If I am, don't blame me. I didn't have anything to do with it." She opened the door wide. "Come in and pass the time of day while I pass the coffee."

"I don't want to pass the time of day. I want you to get your patio off my lot."

"My what off your which?"

He waved a hand. "Your patio. It's on my lot."

"It is? Well, don't blow a fuse over it. I don't mind sharing it with you. I'll take Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and you can ——"

"Hundreds of acres around here," Pat moaned, "and you have to plunk on my property. I came down here for some privacy."

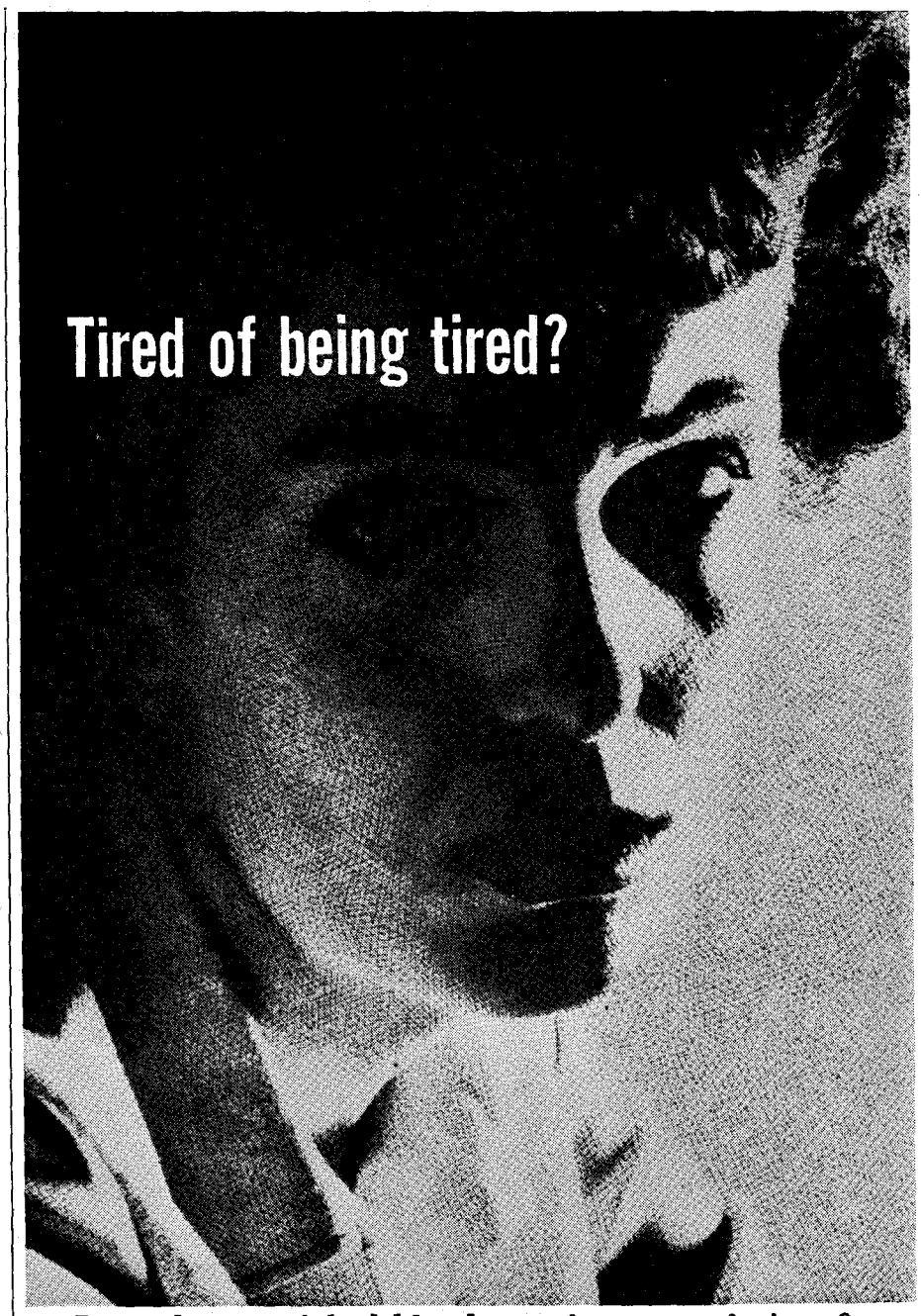
"Oh, for heaven's sake," she said, "why don't you build your house over on the other side of your lot and forget the whole thing? In six months, as I said, you'll probably start looking good to me, I can go back to the city and you can have my patio."

"I don't want your patio. I merely want my lot—one hundred per cent of it."

"Well, you can't have it. I read somewhere that possession is nine points of the law, and you still have to prove that I've stolen a few feet of sand from you. And now, if (*Continued on Page 56*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This just doesn't seem to be his day."



Is undernourished blood causing your fatigue?

FOR BETTER HEALTH

Bexel guarantees vitamin insurance

Bexel Special Formula Capsules contain five times the daily requirement of iron you must have to build rich, red blood. This is a high potency formula—packed with vitamins and minerals you need every day for better health. So play safe!

Take Bexel vitamins every day. It's a sensible way to help insure bountiful living, abundant vitality, not only for yourself, but for every member of your family. Bexel works around the clock to help you feel fit—costs only pennies a day.

Decide now! Try Bexel Special Formula Vitamin-Mineral Capsules for one month. It could be the most important decision of your life! If you don't feel better—look better—a "new person"—your money will be refunded. If your trouble is functional, organic, or due to other causes see your doctor. Ask your druggist for Bexel Special Formula.

SPECIAL FORMULA VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BETTER . . . BY McKESSON

Bexel

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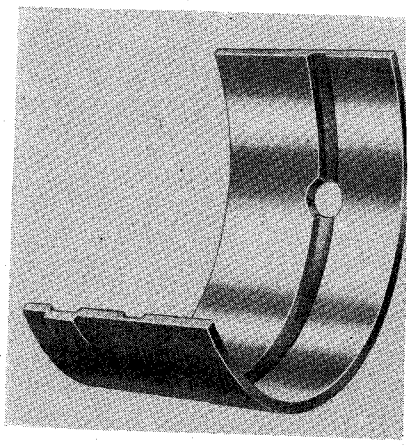
Your Problems are you

the N·A·P·A



Monmouth Engine Bearings

MICRO AND CLEVITE 77

Designed Right—by the engineers who desig most original equipment.

Made Right—by the world's largest bea ing manufacturer.

Sold Right—N·A·P·A service.

CLEVITE SERVICE DIV. • CLEVELAND, OHI

FOR YOUR SAFETY

Puritan Super 60 Brake Fluid

Modern braking systems generate high temperatures. Don't run unnecessary risks. Have your fluid level checked regularly and be sure that Puritan Super 60 is added. It's the fluid that protects best under all driving conditions.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

N·A·P·A

National Automotive Parts Association

Assurance of Quality

Nationally Advertised Parts and Supplies of Genuine Quality

Wherever You See this Yellow and Black Sign You Can Be Sure of Genuine Quality Parts, Quickly Available

● **How? . . . Well, it works this way:**

When you have trouble with your car, and take it to your repairman, he first has to locate the cause. Often a part must be replaced—and he has to get this part before he can use his skill to remedy the situation and get your car back to you.

You want *your* car back as quickly as possible . . . But you're not the *only* customer. There are others, with different makes of cars. *These* may need parts, too.

The quickest place for your repairman to get *all* of these parts, for *all* of these cars, is the local N·A·P·A Jobber . . . Your repairman knows these nationally advertised brands well—knows that he can trust them implicitly. The genuine quality of these products is doubly confirmed—by the maker's integrity and the N·A·P·A "Assurance of Quality" Seal—symbol of the nation's largest independent parts organization.

The N·A·P·A Parade of Parts never stops. It is constantly saving time for *both* you and your repairman. It goes on night and day—from Manufacturers to N·A·P·A's 45 Warehouses and 2700 Jobbers across the nation, and then to *your* repairman. So whenever you see the N·A·P·A Seal—at home or away—remember that it identifies only products of genuine quality, for all makes of cars, trucks and tractors.

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

N·A·P·A

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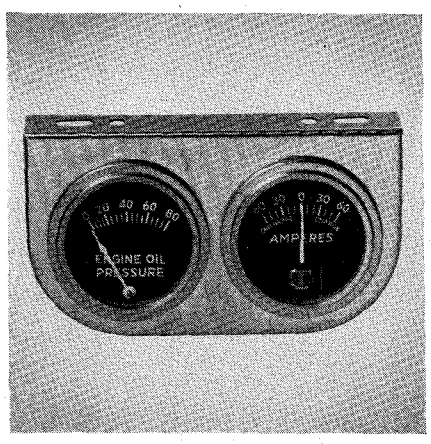
Repairman's Problems...

'Parade of Parts" helps you both!

Look for this sign

The red and yellow Soundmaster sign is your best guide to expert muffler service. Where you see it, you'll get a free—and thorough—exhaust system inspection. If replacements are needed, they'll be *Soundmaster*, the only muffler backed by the N·A·P·A Assurance of Quality.

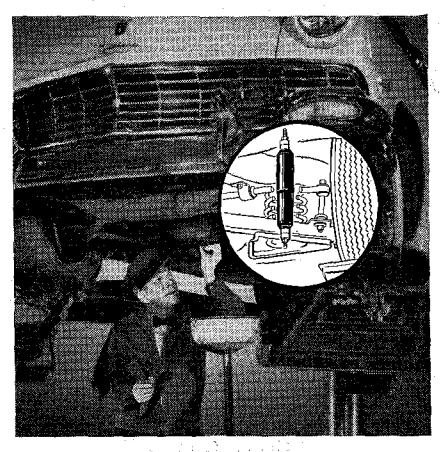
DeKOVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN



For the driver who "wants to know"

You can easily have *accurate* oil pressure and ammeter readings instead of the red light emergency signal so many cars use. Balkamp's universal hammered aluminum gauge panel is quickly installed under the dash. Ammeter reads 60-0-60, oil pressure to 80 lbs.

BALKAMP, INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



...don't forget your shocks!

Vacation over? How many miles did you put on your car? Better have it checked, especially the shock absorbers. If they're leaky or worn, replace them with Briggs—the double-acting shocks that give you *new* riding comfort and *safe* driving control.

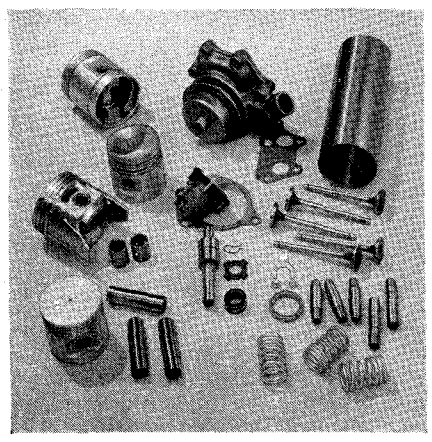
THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics choose for Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial repairs and services.

• • •

THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT



Allied Engine Parts

When your engine needs new parts—pistons, pins, valves, valve springs, or water pump, you can depend on *Allied!* Behind every Allied Engine Part are specialized engineering experience, production facilities and manufacturing capacity unsurpassed in the industry.

ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO

MILLIONS USE THEM— EXPERTS CHOOSE THEM

Nothing will do more to give you smoother and better motor performance than to install new ECHLIN Ignition Contacts and Condenser every 5000 miles.

ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT

1959 Car Colors Available Now

For "touch-ups" or complete refinishing assure your customers new car beauty and brightness—ask for famous-quality Martin-Senour products. Every color, for every car . . . factory-packaged or custom-mixed, ready for immediate delivery. Insist upon Martin-Senour for all automotive and home painting needs.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENUE
CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

B★K Plastic Aluminum & Rubber

Both of these B★K materials apply in "putty" form, directly from the tube. The aluminum seals, solders, and repairs. Can be burnished, drilled or tapped. The black rubber waterproofs, rustproofs, insulates and caulks. Hundreds of uses for both in homes and shops.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

... "Parade of Parts" the greatest in the industry!

TURN THE PAGE

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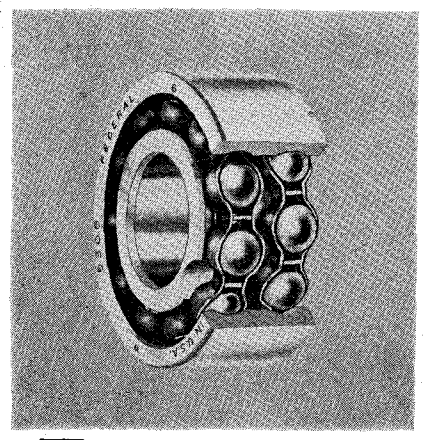
N·A·P·A

N·A·P·A "Parade



Federal Ball Bearings

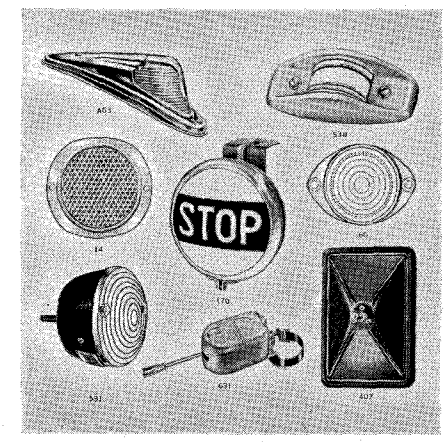
The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Allied Chassis Parts

Tire wear, riding ease, and safe steering depend on "chassis parts." You and your family are safe with Allied Wheel Suspension and Steering Parts, Coil Springs, King Bolt Sets and Shackles—all engineered and built to original equipment standards.

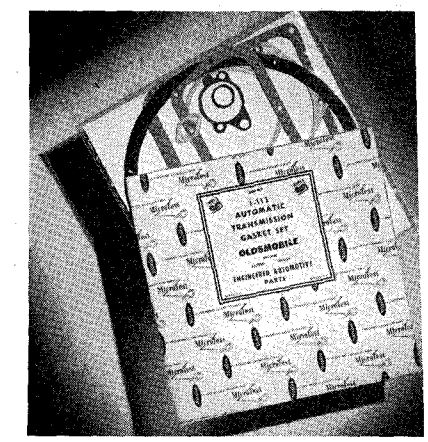
ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Visall Safety Products

Quality material—skilled engineering—and know-how manufacturing mark Visall Safety Equipment for all vehicles. Turn Signals and Switches; Fog, Driving, Backup, Utility, Emergency, Stop and Tail Lights. Mirrors, Arms and Heads for Cars and Trucks; Reflectors, Liquid and Reflector Flares.

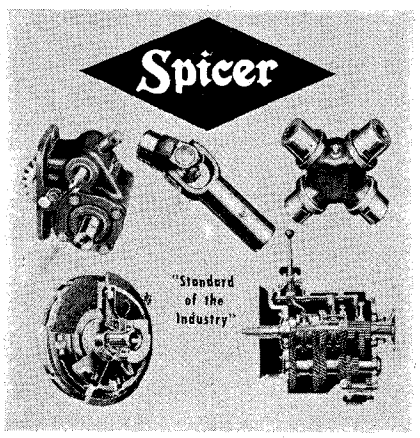
VEHICLE PRODUCTS CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



MicroTest Transmission Part

Automatic transmissions sometimes need on adjustment; other times *new parts.* If ne parts *are* needed, your repairman can depe on his N·A·P·A Jobber for MicroTest, t nationally advertised line of genuine quali automatic transmission parts for all ca

MICROTEST GEAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Dana Products

Just as practically all vehicle makers depend on DANA-made Products, you can depend on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal Joint Kits; Spicer Transmission; Spicer Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth Clutch Plates.

DANA CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Puritan Penetrant

Its quick, amazing action makes it possible to separate almost any metal pieces no matter how badly rusted or corroded. You can count on Puritan Penetrant to cut through the rust that "freezes" nuts, bolts and pipe. Puritan Penetrant is non-flammable and odorless . . .

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

DITTMER

Transmission & Overdrive Parts

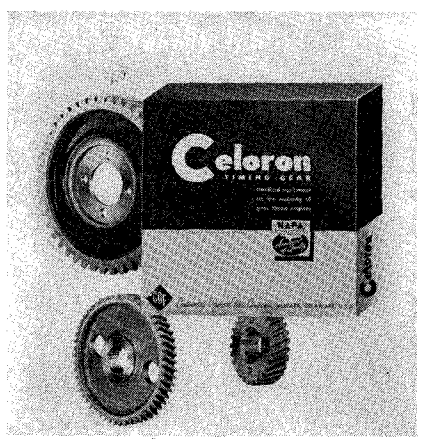
Complete service for all Overdrive Units—Dittmer's newest addition to the N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts." Since 1919 Dittmer Standard Transmission Gears and Shafts for cars and trucks have been known the world over as "Second to None." Ask for Dittmer—your password to quality.

DITTMER GEAR DIVISION • AUBURN, INDIANA

Soundmaster Mufflers

With Soundmaster, you get up to 300% longer muffler life. Soundmaster design, with complete drainage, special premium coated materials. Open-Flo passage and "asbestosized" shells wherever needed, resists rust inside and out. Advanced acoustic engineering assures full-range sound control without power loss.

DeKOVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN



CELORON

- Timing Gears
- Matched Metal Gear Sets for Heavy Duty Engines
- Timing Chain SPROCKETS

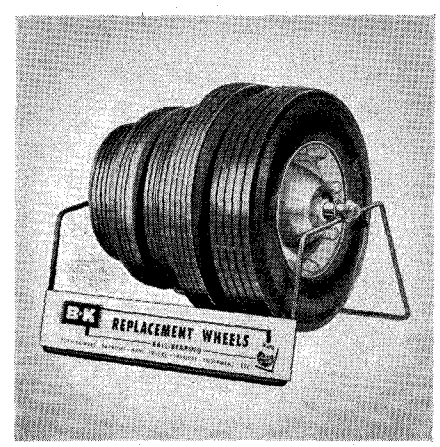
"There is no substitute for Quality"

CONTINENTAL-DIAMOND FIBRE, CLEVELAND, O.

Quick Way to Restore Vision

For safe driving vision replace your wiper blades at least once a year. Trico's soft-rubber blades fit ALL windshields on ALL cars up to 20 years old. See how much better they wipe the rain and clean off traffic film. They snap on—in a hurry.

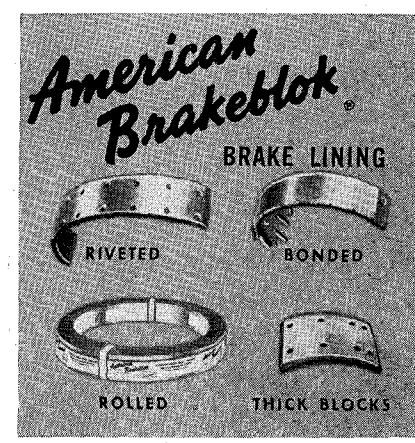
TRICO PRODUCTS CORP. • BUFFAFO, N.Y.



B★K Replacement Wheels

Wheels, like any parts, wear out—on lawn mowers, wheel barrows, garden carts, lawn sweepers, and many other types of equipment. If *you* need a wheel for equipment like this, take the *old* wheel to your repairman. He can get a *new* one from his N·A·P·A Jobber.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS • INDIANAPOLIS



FRICTIONEERED...

- *for power or standard brakes*
- for safer, smoother stops
- for thousands of extra miles of service!

Play it safe! Get a complete American Brakeblok brake inspection today!

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK • BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

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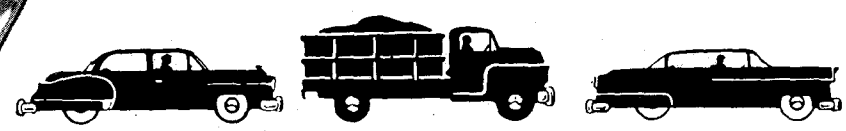
# of Parts"



***nationally advertised brands for* CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS • ALL MAKES • ALL AGES!**

Get New Car Performance

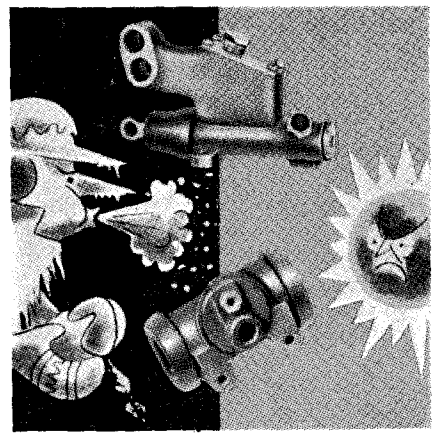
o tune-up job is complete unless your Con-
icts, Condenser, Coil, Distributor Cover,
otor and Voltage Regulator are thoroughly
ıecked and replaced when needed. Insist
n the best, ask for ECHLIN.

ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT

QUICK WARMUP?...Check the Stat

It's the thermostat which gives you quick heating in winter, and efficient engine performance the year 'round. In modern *pressurized* cooling systems the superiority of the reverse-action "pellet" stat developed by Thomson is confirmed by its use in most cars now in production.

STANDARD-THOMSON CORPORATION
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



UNITED

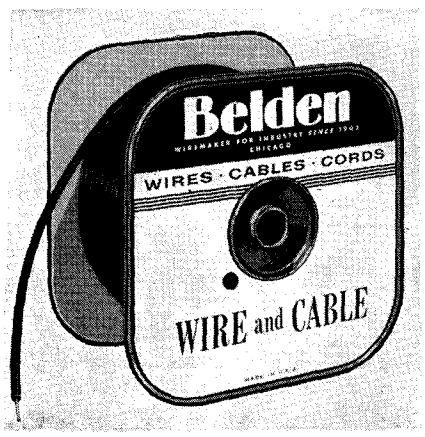
UNITED brake parts CAN take it! All parts that make up UNITED cylinder repair kits and/or master and wheel cylinder assemblies are periodically operated, alternately, in cold chambers and high temperature ovens in accord with S.A.E. & A.S.T.M. specifications.

UNITED PARTS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

B★K Flashlights and Batteries

Here are flashlights and long-lived batteries for every use. A rubber covered model is ideal for shop use, and fishermen say it's better than standard models. Resistant to breakage, as well as oil, grease and water. Four other flashlights from junior to searchlight, five sizes of batteries.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

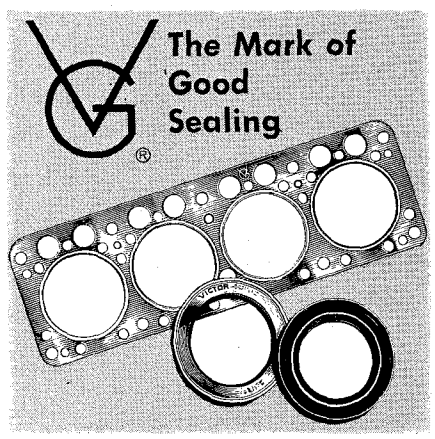


BUY SAFE WIRE

- BATTERY CABLES
- LIGHTING WIRES
- SPARK PLUG WIRES

WIRING KITS • TERMINALS • ACCESSORIES

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



VICTOR Gaskets and Oil Seals

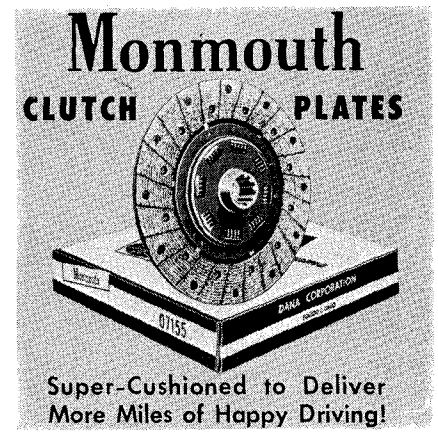
Recommended by your service shop because they prevent power loss . . . stop leakage of oil, grease, water, antifreeze . . . and for your safety, keep dirt and grease out of brakes. More cars, trucks and tractors are built with Victor sealing parts than with any other make.

VICTOR MANUFACTURING & GASKET CO.
P.O. BOX 1333 CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Easy to Apply, Quick Drying!

Just press the button and paint! Famous Martin-Senour quality paints spray on quickly, easily . . . leave a hard, high-gloss finish. For both automotive and home refinishing jobs. King-size 16-oz. spray cans. Also —6-oz. lacquer touch-up cans in late model passenger car colors. See nearest dealer.

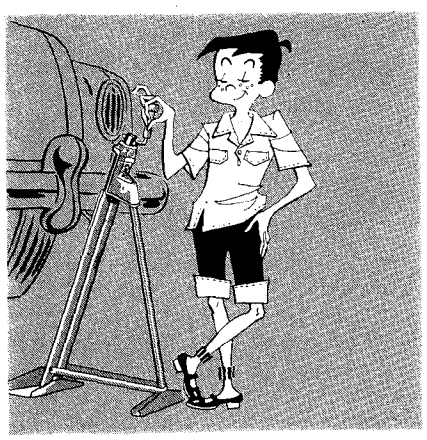
MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Monmouth Clutch Plates

Monmouth Clutch Plates have long been famous in the automotive industry for their patented super-cushion action . . . their precision manufacture . . . and their excellent performance record. They are typical in quality and engineered performance of the complete line of DANA products.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, OHIO



FLEET Bumper Jacks

You can send a boy to do a man's job when you change tires with a FLEET bipod bumper jack. There are no parts to assemble or get lost . . . just set it up and go to work. When you're through, fold it up, neat as an umbrella.

EDGEWATER AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

Other N·A·P·A Lines

BRIDGEPORT Tire Valves and Accessories
Bridgeport Brass Company • Bridgeport 2, Conn.

CLEVELAND Universal Joints
Cleveland Steel Products Corp. • Cleveland, Ohio

DETROIT Universal Joints and Kits
Detroit Universal Division • Dearborn, Michigan

DUCKWORTH Timing Chains
Chain Belt Company • Springfield, Mass.

HAARTZ-MASON *Friction Tape*
Haartz-Mason, Inc. • Watertown, Massachusetts

MICROTEST Axle Shafts
MicroTest Gear Company • Pottstown, Pennsylvania

MICROTEST Drive and Pinion Gears
Flywheel Gears
Balkamp, Inc. • Indianapolis, Indiana

MODAC Auto Mats
Wooster Rubber Company • Wooster, Ohio

MODAC Fan Belts and Radiator Hose
Haywood Industries • Waynesville, N. C.

MODAC Service Hose and Splash Guards
B. F. Goodrich Company • Akron, Ohio

PROSPECT Contour Floor Mats
Prospect Rubber Co. • Cleveland, Ohio

RARITAN Roller Bearings
Raritan Bearings • West Trenton, N. J.

ROCKFORD Fasteners, Screws, Bolts and Nuts
Rockford Screw Products Company • Rockford, Ill.

SKIL Power Tools
Skil Corporation • Chicago 30, Illinois

ZOLLNER Heavy-Duty Pistons
Zollner Corporation • Fort Wayne, Indiana

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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new idea!

Write your own Health and Accident plan

New idea! You take pen in hand . . . write in the benefits you want, in the amounts you want, choosing from six benefit categories in a wide range of coverages.

Guided by an AHM expert, you "custom" a plan that should meet your needs. It's a great new idea! Call an American Hardware Mutual man soon.

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

(*Continued from Page 51*) you'll excuse me, I have some ironing to do. I absolutely loathe ironing, so you know how I feel about you." She slammed the door.

Pat stared at the door for a few seconds, then turned, got into his car and tore over to Oceancrest. He burst into Tom Chave's office and started waving his arms and shouting.

Tom held up his hand. "Hey! Fall back and regroup. As an attorney, I need a few facts. Would you mind giving them to me slowly?"

Pat gave Tom the facts.

Tom leaned back in his chair. "Well, that property out there was surveyed about the time Lewis and Clark spent the winter here on the coast. I can get the county surveyor to run out the lines, but he went fishing and won't be back for a week or ten days. Why don't you forget the whole thing and build on the other side of your lot? If the survey shows that this dame's patio is on your property, you can be compensated."

"That isn't the point," Pat yelped. "She's going to have to put her patio on the other side of her house. Besides, the dame is nuts. She says she came down here to get away from all the men who're proposing to her."

Tom's eyebrows lifted. "Is that so? What does this land-grabber look like?"

Pat described her. Tom's eyebrows lifted even more as the description gave him a detailed picture. "If she's that good," he said, when Pat finished, "I'd go park on that patio until she married me because of propinquity."

"Speak English, Blackstone."

"Propinquity," Tom said. "Nearness of place, time or relationship."

"You're a big help," Pat said. "I don't know why I came to you."

"I'm the only lawyer in town, buster—that's why you came to me. Well, I'll look into it when the county surveyor gets back."

"Gee, thanks."

"I'll send you a bill."

"Yeah, it'll probably get home before I do."

He left the lawyer's office and drove over to Surf Pines Golf Course. He walked into the clubhouse. Gordon McGregor, a tall, gaunt Scotsman with twinkling blue eyes, said, "Well, me lad, are you agoin' to do a wee bit o' work around here sometime?"

"Don't give me that old-country stuff, Gordon. I have a few things to do first."

Gordon McGregor grinned. "All right, dad," he said. "Don't give me that jazz about things to do. Just tell me when you're going to put on your overalls."

"As soon as I get a dame's patio off my lot."

"Say again, man. I don't think I heard what I think I heard."

"You heard." Pat told Gordon what had happened. Gordon started grinning. "And it isn't funny!" Pat yelled.

"Depends on the extent of your sense of humor," Gordon said. "I think it's amusing right now, and it could get hilarious."

"Yeah? Well, I hope you don't get delirious."

"Go into the surf and cool off," Gordon said. "Then come back and I'll take you on for eighteen holes. Business has been slow and I need the money."

Pat went back to the house, got into his swimming trunks and went down to the beach. He left his beach towel, sunglasses, moccasins and a sweat shirt behind a log and went into the surf. When he came out, she was sun-bathing beside his gear.

"Do you own the beach, too," she said, "or is it all right if I sun-bathe on this small plot of sand?"

"The beach," he said stiffly, "is owned by the state."

"Well, that certainly takes a load off my mind. I was afraid you were going to order me to sun-bathe up by the Peter Iredale, and it's a long walk—about twelve miles, they tell me." She peered at him. "You know, this beach-therapy idea of dad's is really working. Even you look a little better than you did yesterday. Six months of this and the first man who whistles at me will find himself in a little church around the corner."

"And in another six months he'll find himself on a psychiatrist's couch."

She patted his arm. "Don't resist so hard. Go ahead and propose, just for the record. I'll turn you down anyway."

"I'm afraid to take the chance," Pat said. He picked up his sunglasses, slipped on his sweat shirt and slid his feet into his moccasins.

"Good-by," she said. "As usual, it was absolutely ghastly seeing you again."

Evergreen, Northwest

By Richard Bryan

Soft ferns of autumn awareness
Move gently by laughing
freshets in northern forests
And swift canoes of longing
cleave young rivers
Through whispered clearings.

Strife-worn hours, begrimed
With the city's clamorous toil,
recede to a murmur;
A muskrat plash implies
pellucid depths
Far under the burdened heart.

O proud cool pines,
Succor me with green gift of
darkening ease;
As silent canoes glide under
arching trees.

He went back to the golf course after changing clothes and played eighteen holes with Gordon McGregor. His mind was on other things and, when they finished, he reluctantly handed Gordon four dollars.

Gordon smiled as he put the money in his pocket. "Come around tomorrow, Pat. In your present frame of mind, you're the fattest pigeon I've seen around here in months. I should give that dame half my winnings just to keep your mind off your golf game, although if I were you and if she's as good-looking as you said, I think I'd pitch a tent on that patio. It's yours, isn't it?"

Pat left the golf course, and the thought of pitching a tent on the patio, and of Kitty Crandall's probable reaction, was enough to make him smile. As he drove home, he frowned thoughtfully, and then, instead of turning into his own garage, drove over to Oceancrest.

An hour later the sun was starting its slide down into the horizon. Pat pulled up into Kitty Crandall's driveway, took a carton out of his trunk and carried it around to Kitty's patio. He put the carton down and took out certain items. The first was a sack of charcoal. He dumped some in the charcoal broiler, saturated the charcoal with lighter fluid and put a match to it. Then he took out a bottle of gin and some vermouth, a sack of ice and two martini glasses. After that came a package containing two New York-cut steaks, plates, knives, forks, spoons. A package of salad and a vacuum bottle full of coffee were the last to appear. He whistled happily as he set the table.

Presently the door opened and Kitty came out on the patio. She took a short look and then said, "And what do you think you're doing?"

"Why, I'm fixing dinner on my patio."

"Your patio!"

"Certainly, my patio. You say it's yours, I say it's mine, and as you said, possession is nine points of the law. Care for a martini?"

"No, I do not care for a martini, and you either get yourself and your food off my patio or I'll call the police."

"That's where we have a slight area of disagreement. I might have the police put you off my patio."

"You just try!"

Pat shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose it's up to the police." He was unworried. Dave Heinrich, the one-man Surf Pines police force, was an old friend of Pat's.

Kitty turned abruptly, went back into the house and slammed the door.

When Pat heard the car drive into the driveway, he was just taking his steak off the broiler. He put it on a plate, sat down, picked up his knife and fork.

He heard them walk onto the patio. "There he is, officer. Throw him out."

Pat grinned and cut into the steak. Without looking, he said, "Hi, Dave."

A strange voice said, "All right, mister. Let's go."

Pat spun his head around like a top. It wasn't Dave Heinrich. It was a state policeman, who looked about nine feet tall and as wide as a barn door. Pat gulped and stood up. "Now wait a minute, officer," he said. "This is a simple dispute over boundaries, and I ——"

"You can argue it out in court. The lady filed a trespassing complaint. You want to go quietly or ——"

Pat estimated that the state policeman was six feet five. In his socks he would weigh two hundred and thirty pounds. "My steak," Pat said. "I was just getting ready to eat."

The state cop jerked a thumb the size of a banana. As Pat left the patio, one last tortured glimpse over his shoulder let him see Kitty sitting down, picking up his knife and fork and cutting gently into his steak.

"I'll sue you for five thousand dollars!" he screamed. "Plus two dollars and thirteen cents for those steaks."

The state cop gently reminded Pat that he, the state cop, had more important matters to take care of than chasing steak-eating trespassers off a lady's property.

"She's no lady," Pat said. "She's a land-grabber."

"Uh-huh," the cop said. "Until the courts decide whose land belongs to who, leave us have no more of this monkey business, huh?"

They parted without affection. The state policeman got into his car and drove away. Pat got into his car and drove over to Oceancrest. He had a hamburger and a cup of coffee for dinner and bitterly contemplated the thought of Kitty dining on his steak. When he got home, the carton containing what was left of his dinner was on his front porch. There was a note:

The steak was very good, although a bit too well done for me, and I don't like coleslaw. I'm saving the other steak for tomorrow's lunch in payment for the inconvenience which you caused. Completely without love.

KITTY CRANDALL.

(*Continued on Page 58*)

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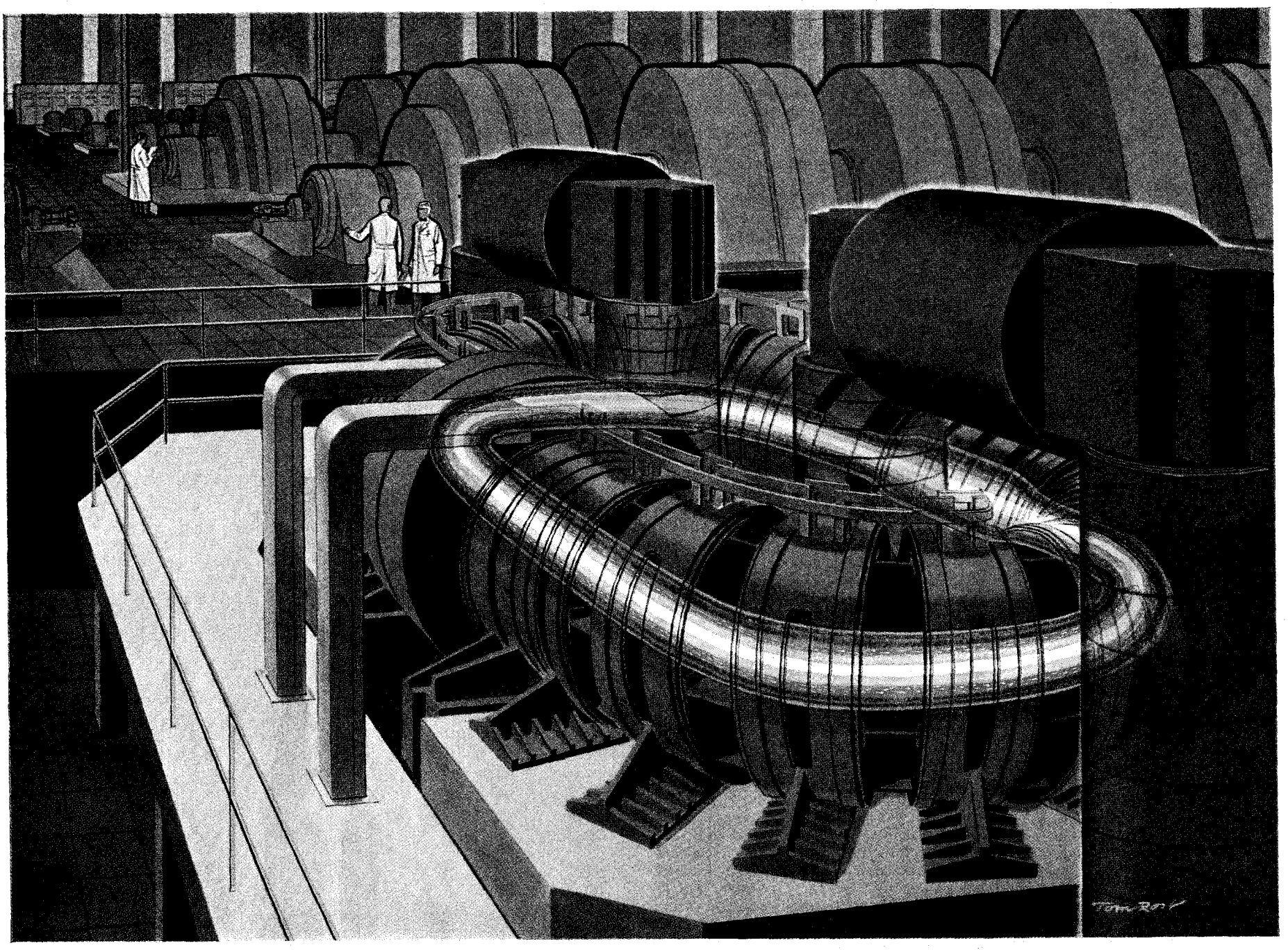
News from the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy

Test track for new research in nuclear fusion power



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. A model of this unique "test track" for nuclear fusion research is fascinating scientists here. Called the "C Stellarator," it promises to be a significant step toward the generation of useful power from controlled thermonuclear reactions. Inside the racetrack-shaped tube you see here, isotopes of hydrogen gas (derived from the waters of the world) will be confined by massive magnetic forces and heated to millions of degrees . . . to obtain knowledge for initiating and controlling nuclear fusion reactions for useful electrical power. Princeton University scientists developed this concept . . . and working with the Atomic Energy Commission, chose Allis-Chalmers and the Radio Corporation of America to engineer and build the complex equipment required for the full-scale Stellarator facility. Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from Page 56*) The thought of Kitty eating the other New York-cut steak for lunch was enough to start the wheels spinning. Pat was up early the next morning and put a scythe, brush hook and an ax into the back of his car. By eleven-thirty he had a sizable pile of Scotch broom, beach grass and pine ready and waiting. He saw her come out onto the patio and start the charcoal broiler. She went back into the house. Pat thoughtfully added an old inner tube and an old automobile tire to the pile.

At twelve-thirty she removed her steak from the broiler and sat down to eat. Pat ignited his stack of combustibles. Great clouds of smoke, carried by a gentle south wind, completely engulfed her patio and presently her house. Pat gleefully sat down to await developments. They were not long in coming.

The Surf Pines fire department, siren and all, roared up onto Pat's lot. Men hopped off the truck, hoses were pulled and water started pouring onto Pat's fire.

The fire chief walked over to Pat and pointed. "Just what is the big idea?" he said.

"Why, I'm burning brush," Pat said. "Going to build on this lot."

"Got a fire permit?"

"Fire permit!" Pat yelped. "Since when does a man need a fire permit to burn some beach grass, Scotch broom and pine?"

"Since last year. We had too many brush fires. The city auditor will take a check."

"Take a check? For what?"

"For fifty dollars' fine for burning without a permit."

Pat looked at his fire, which was now damp ashes. He looked over at Kitty's patio. She was calmly seated, eating Pat's second steak. "She's the cause of it all!" he screamed. "That dame has got to go."

The fire chief squinted at Pat. "Her? What's the matter with her?"

Pat opened his mouth and then closed it. Gloomily he said, "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

He drove down to the city hall. Wordlessly he wrote out a check for fifty dollars. Wordlessly the city auditor wrote out a receipt. Pat took the receipt and said to the fire chief, "I want a fire permit."

The fire chief shook his head. "Sorry, not issuing any right now. Too dry."

Pat drove back to his lot. He sat on a piece of ground and moodily looked over at Kitty's house. She came out on the patio, wearing a sun suit in which she would get plenty of sun. She stretched out on a glider and put on sunglasses. He put his chin in his hands and clinically admired the view as he considered various possibilities. An earthquake was too much to hope for, they were too far away for tidal-wave damage, dynamite would only get him arrested, and fire had already cost him fifty bucks.

He heard someone walking toward him through the beach grass. He turned around. It was Tom Chave, his attorney.

"How's it going?" Tom said.

Pat waved a hand toward Kitty's house. "Besides driving me nuts, that dame is getting expensive. Two dollars and thirteen cents for steaks, fifty bucks for building a fire and four dollars to Gordon McGregor because my mind wasn't on my golf game."

"Well, I got a little news for you," Tom said. "I've been checking. She doesn't own that piece of ground where her patio is."

Pat lifted his head. The sun seemed a bit brighter. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, now," Pat said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. Leave us walk over there and ask her to kindly vacate my patio." Pat started walking over to Kitty's house.

Tom followed him, protesting. "Now wait a minute, Pat. Don't jump to conclusions."

Pat kept walking. He reached the patio. Kitty took off her sunglasses and winced. "Oh, no," she said. "Not you again."

Pat turned. "This," he said, "is my attorney, Tom Chave . . . Miss Crandall. Will you tell her, Tom, what you just told me?"

Tom scratched his head. "Miss Crandall, you don't own this piece of real estate."

Pat waggled his hand. "So kindly exit the premises, Miss Crandall," Pat said.

"On the other hand," Tom said, "you don't own it, either, Pat."

"I'll give you half an hour ——" Pat said. He whirled. "I don't what?"

"Neither of you owns it," Tom said. "Right through here there's a ten-foot access strip to the beach. Nobody owns it. It's a dedicated strip."

Pat opened his mouth. He closed it. Then he said, "Then I have as much right here as she has?"

"Anybody has as much right here as anybody else," Tom said. "I suggest that you two kiss and make up. You'll get my bill tomorrow, Pat." He turned and walked away.

Pat watched Tom until the man was out of sight. Then he looked at Kitty. He had to admit that she looked as tasty as a banana split. He felt vaguely like a man who, years ago, tilted at windmills. "Uh, I'm sorry about the fire," he said.

"I'm sorry about the state policeman," Kitty said, "and calling the fire department. The steaks were really very good, though. Would you care to take your attorney's suggestion?"

Pat looked at her and had the sensation of being out in the sun too long. She looked up at him and he bent forward slightly. She kissed him, and his heart went out of phase. Presently he backed away. "Oh, no, you don't!" he yelped. "I'm not going to be Number Eighteen."

"Of course you aren't," she said. She moved close to him.

"I want that clearly understood," he said.

"Certainly, Pat," she said. "We're just following your attorney's instructions."

It was the next Sunday afternoon—seven minutes of three, to be exact. Patrick J. McCutcheon was sprawled on the beach, the back of his neck resting against a log. His eyes were closed, and he was at peace with the world. Beside him was a wheat-colored blonde with a tip-tilted nose and brown eyes.

"Well, here you are."

They both sat upright. Pat's sister, Theresa, was walking toward them. She peered at Kitty. "No ring, Kitty?"

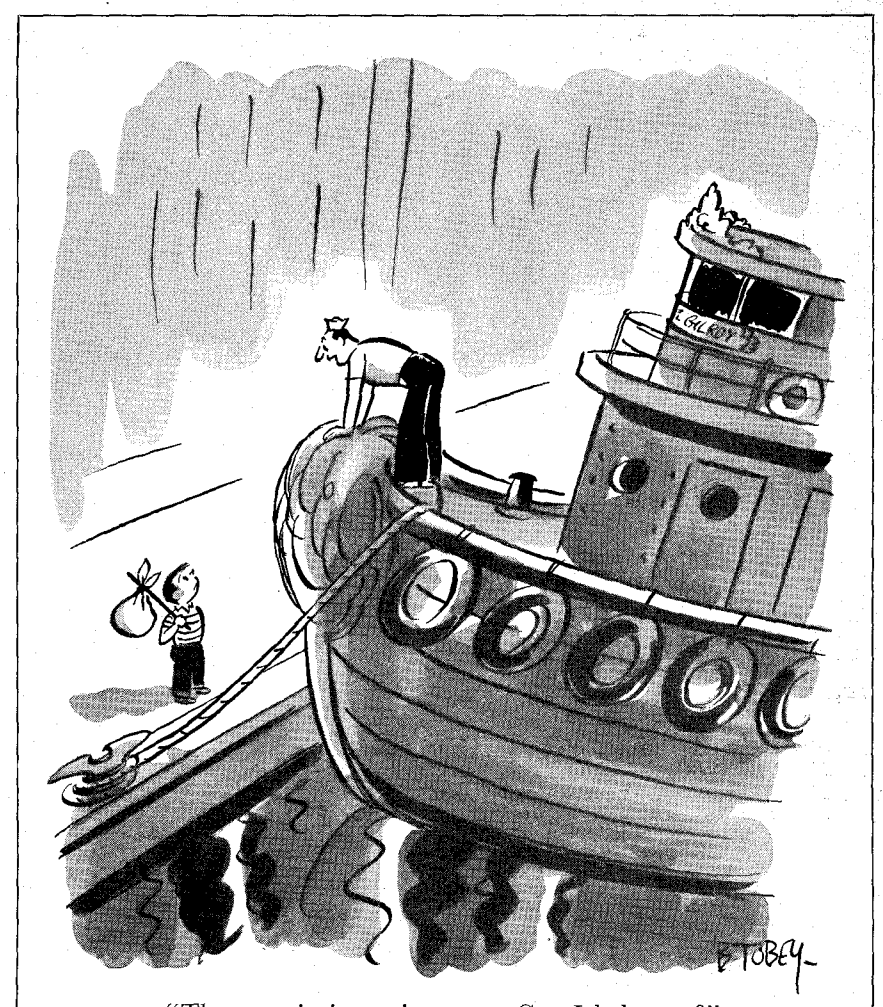
"No," Kitty said, "but that's a mere formality. Confidentially, Theresa, he's insane about me."

Pat sat quite still for a few moments, letting the awful truth seep gently into his brain. When it was there, in a more or less uncluttered state, he put his chin in his hands and stared moodily out to sea. "McCutcheon," he said out loud, "you should have known better. Your dear sister never gave up for a moment. She remained as unrelenting as the movement of a glacier, and as deadly as a female cobra. She planted this dame down here as surely as you're sitting here, never letting you know, for one moment, that they were roommates, probably, in college. These two dames caught you with your helmet off, McCutcheon, old boy, and now there isn't a thing you can do about it because, confidentially, she's right. I'm nuts about her."

Theresa looked at Kitty and nodded. "That seems to cover it. He doesn't have to be kicked by a horse to get the idea. I think one house will be enough now, don't you, Kitty?"

"For a while," Kitty said. "Later on—maybe—you know."

"I know." Theresa turned and walked back up through the grass. THE END



"The captain is out just now. Can I help you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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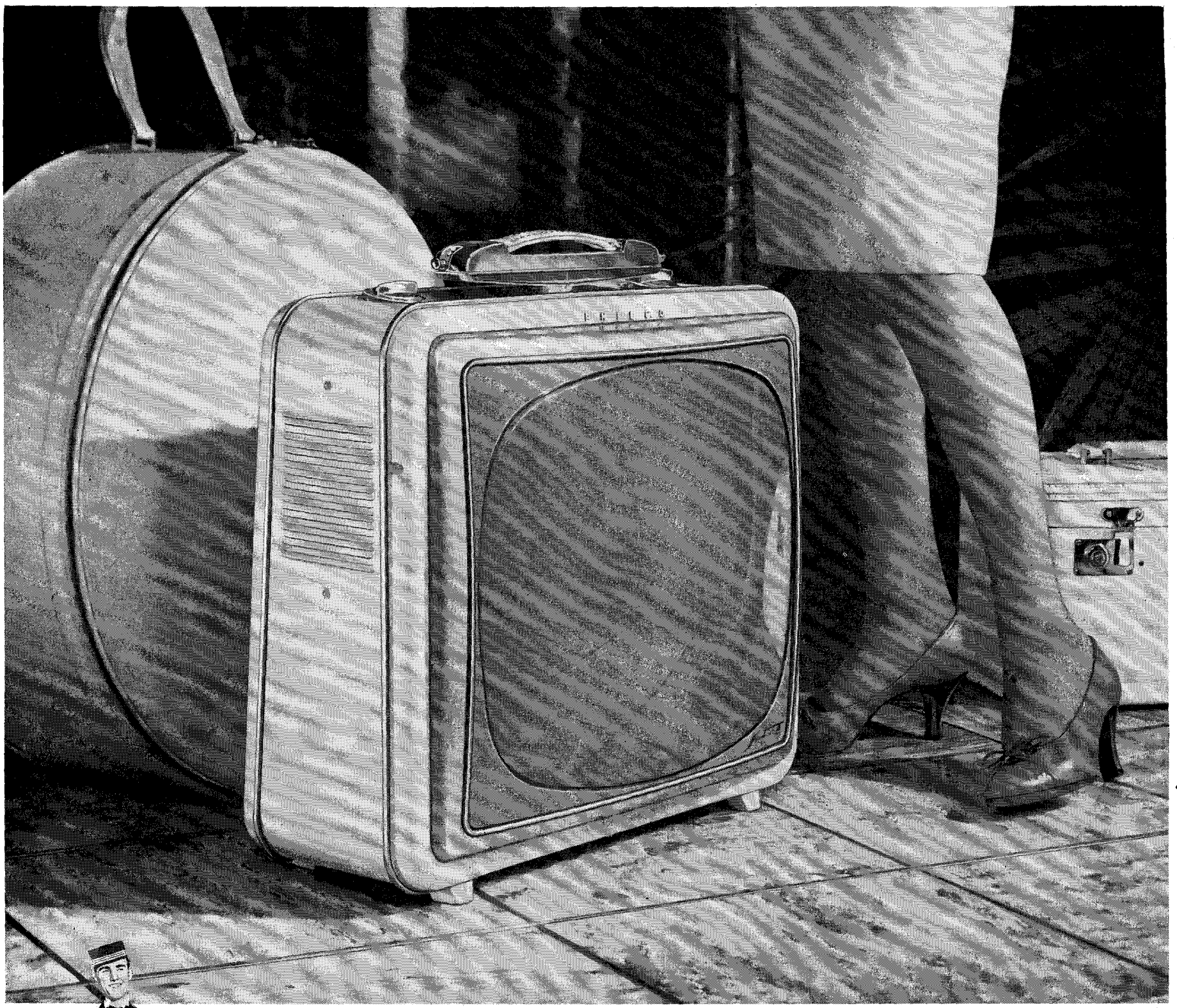

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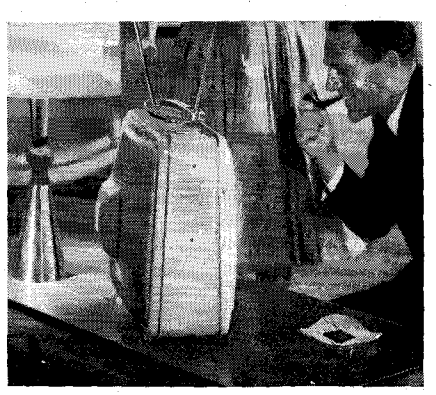

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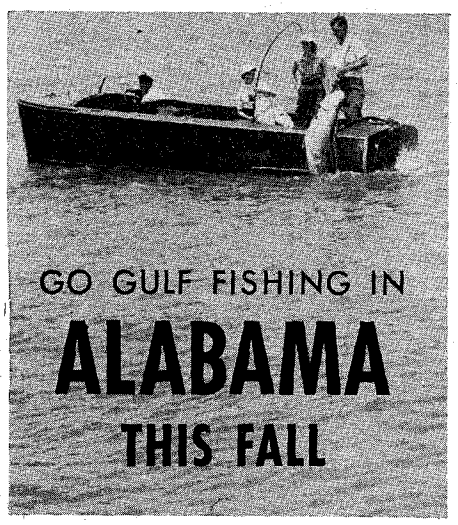

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So Love Returns

(Continued from Page 39)

I told her that it didn't matter, and at that moment I believed it. "I don't care who you are," I said, "or what you are."

"Ah, Lenny," she said, "that's bold of you. But you don't know what it's like for me."

"I only know how it is for me," I said, "when you're with me."

"You see," she said sadly, "it couldn't ever be one summer night. It wouldn't be enough. There's not time enough in it."

"I know," I said, "I keep thinking that too."

"And what time have I?" she said. "I may not have very much."

"I know that too," I said.

She put her arms around me and kissed me. "Oh, Lenny," she breathed, "what are we going to do?"

I was cold, too, and I took a deep breath because I was afraid of what I had to ask her, and afraid of what she'd answer.

"Will you marry me, Kathleen?" I asked, and waited, and held my breath.

She turned away with a gesture of despair; and when she turned back and faced me again, I knew that the answer was no.

I didn't ask her why; I think I'd known from the very first what the answer would be. There was only one thing I had to know. "Do you love me?" I asked; and she answered, "Yes." Her voice was thin and far away; she sounded lost and desolate.

I lay back and stared up at the night-blue bowl of the sky, silent and immense above me. I roused myself at last, and sat up and took her hand; it was as cold as the sea. "At least," I said, "promise me not to vanish as you did before."

"I promise," she said.

"Will you be always near me?"

"Always is such a big word," she said. "It's like forever. And who knows when forever is?"

"Forever is tomorrow," I said; "tomorrow and tomorrow."

"It's yesterday too," said Kathleen gently.

I knew that she was thinking of Trina, and it was like a cloud across the night. "Forget yesterday," I said, and my voice sounded rough and hoarse in my own ears. "There's room for more than one love in a man's life."

I thought that she looked at me strangely, and sadly too. "Is there?" she asked. "Then you haven't understood."

She stood up and drew my jacket closer around her shoulders. "All right," she said, "forget yesterday."

I glanced up at her in surprise. She was so young, standing there, erect and slender in the night, so young and so vulnerable. There was something hurt and bitter in the way she stood there.

"What about Alice?" she asked.

The question took me by surprise. "Alice who?" I asked stupidly, and she gave a light laugh, like a jealous child.

"I don't know," she said; "you didn't tell me."

"Are you serious?" I asked. "I scarcely know her."

She laughed again, but there was a little break in it. "Tomorrow and tomorrow," she said. "There's room for more than one love in a man's life. You said so yourself."

It was so absurd that I had to laugh. "Kathleen!" I cried, turning to grasp her, but my hands closed on empty air. Already she was running down the beach, flitting along like a sandpiper, and not looking back. My jacket trailed from her shoulders, and presently it fell off.

When I caught up with her, she was sitting on a rock by the water's edge, looking dejectedly out to sea. "I suppose if I hadn't caught you," I said, trying to get my breath, "you'd have vanished again."

She looked up at me and shook her head. "No," she said, "not any more."

I folded my jacket around her shoulders and she drew it tight, not so much for warmth but as though she wanted to hide in it.

"Are you angry?" she asked in a small voice. "I am so ashamed. I don't know what came over me. I was afraid. There was tomorrow, waiting for you—and I wasn't part of it."

"Lovers are like that," I told her, but she refused to believe it.

"Would any other girl be jealous so soon?" she asked. And she added decidedly: "Besides, we're not lovers."

"What else are we, then?" I asked.

"Yes," she said in a low voice, "what else? Ah, me." She bent her head and rubbed her cheek against my hand.

"I'm trying so hard to understand," I said.

"I too," she whispered. She drew a deep sigh and laid her head against my breast. "I'm very unhappy," she said.

I stroked her hair that was cold as night. "Look," I began uncertainly; "if all this makes you so unhappy ——" I stopped, because I realized suddenly that I couldn't say it. I couldn't say, "We'll not see each other any more." I couldn't even bear to think of it.

> The bitter truth is that a glance in the mirror will show exactly what the younger generation is coming to.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

I didn't have to. "It isn't that," she said; "it's only that I'm not used to being happy. And now I'm happy and unhappy too." And she added mournfully, "I've never been in love before."

There is something about sadness in love that is more real than joy, even. Whatever fears and doubts I'd had melted away; I felt suddenly light and tall and ready to undertake anything, to promise anything. It was no ghost sitting there at my side, but a young girl in her first sorrowful surrender; and if she was enchanted, then the night and I were enchanted too.

She got up slowly, and turned, holding out her hands to me in a gesture pleading and childlike. "Can't we take each other for what we are," she said, "without asking what we'll be tomorrow?"

"Tell me that you'll love me," I demanded, "at least till then."

"It may not be for very long," she said. "My shadow is light on the earth."

"Then for what it's worth," I said, "tell me."

"For what it's worth," she said, "I'll love you tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

We went slowly back to the house together, up the hill from the sea; and the low moon made a path in the water between my house and China.

We were together all night. She was new to love, and it was a glory and a wonder to her. We fell asleep in each other's arms, and woke again, and slept, and woke, and watched the dawn come up over the hills and spread itself across the sea. We breathed the cold, fresh morning air; it was a new day, a golden day. We laughed at nothing and at each other; we fried eggs on the stove in the chilled, dawn-gray kitchen, and ate them with bread and honey.

There began then, for me, a period of enchantment. I don't know what else to call it. I was happy; no longer lonely. And sometimes I had a curious feeling that Trina was happy too—happy for me and happy for herself. Perhaps, if she had lived, we might have had as much pure joy together.

The children accepted Kathleen as a natural part of their lives. Neither Chris nor Trisha ever spoke of her again in connection with their mother; they were only anxious that she shouldn't ever leave us.

"Can't she stay with us always?" Trisha asked. I could not reply.

Kathleen said nothing, now, about leaving me. She found a little house on the beach near our own and, after signing a year's lease, moved in. It had been empty for quite a long while, and dust lay all over; it had a roof which had obviously leaked during the winter rains, but Kathleen was delighted with it. I found her sweeping the floor with an old broom, and Trisha's scarf over her hair.

"See," she said happily, "it has a fireplace and a stove, and there's a room for my bed and a dresser; and it is only a little walk from here to your house."

"Do you have a bed," I asked, "and a dresser?"

Her face fell. "No," she said. "I thought maybe you would have an extra one."

We found a bed and a dresser, by letting the two children sleep together in my room, and my taking Trisha's room and giving Kathleen Chris' bed and Trisha's dresser. We carried them down to her house the next day, along with a few kitchen utensils and a blanket. She told us she had her own linen and silver.

Already the little house was transformed. She had laid mats of woven rushes on the floor, and she had brought in branches of coral, rosy shells and screens of driftwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. She had made a table of a sea-washed plank, and she had hung curtains of dyed tapa cloth at the windows. Her linen, which she showed us proudly, was very old and fine, and so was her silver, some of which showed the royal arms of Spain, and some the lion and unicorn of England. The little house glowed with her treasures, and she glowed, too, looking around her with such a childish joy that one would have thought she had never had a house of her own before.

Uncle Harry Cole came down to look it over from his own shack in Nichols Canyon in the hills above us. I could see that he was surprised.

"Well, now," he said, drawing me aside; "this looks like a real home."

"What do you think?" I said, smiling. "Shall I throw her back into the sea?"

He didn't answer right away, as I expected; instead, he looked grave and pursed his lips. "I do believe," he said at last, "I'd think twice about that."

"Aren't you afraid for me any more?" I asked.

"By heaven," he said, "I don't know. I think I'm more afraid for her, now I've had a good look at her."

We left the children to help Kathleen in the house, and walked out along the beach. "It's a funny thing," he said; "I didn't know was she real or not before, and I still don't know. But maybe it doesn't matter. There's a world of things around us we don't see for what they are. I loved a woman once that held me to be a grunion."

"I know," I said. "You told me."

"What I mean is," he said, "she was no more woman than that tussock over there. But I

(Continued on Page 63)

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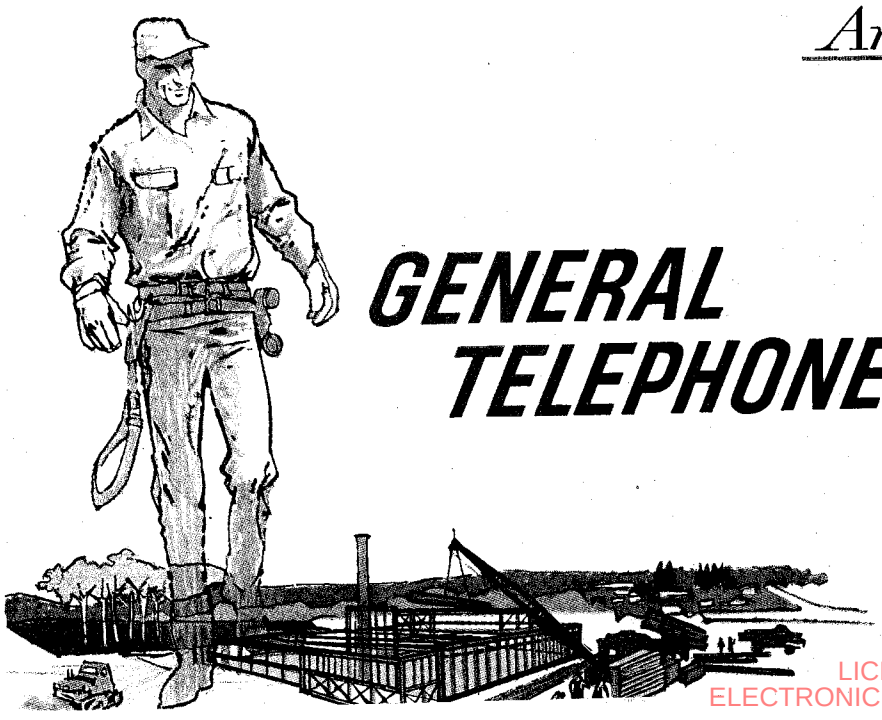

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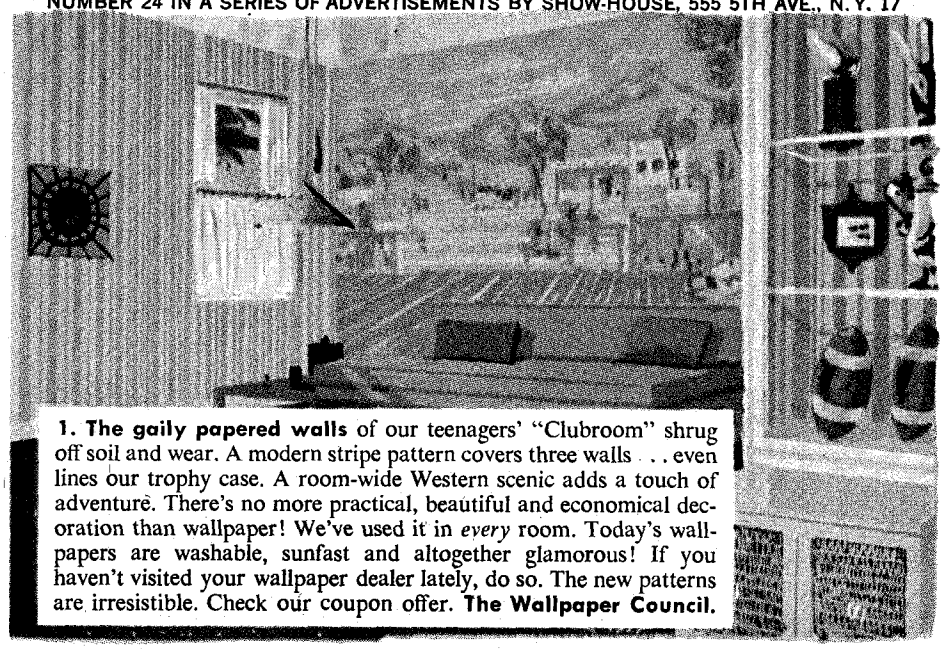
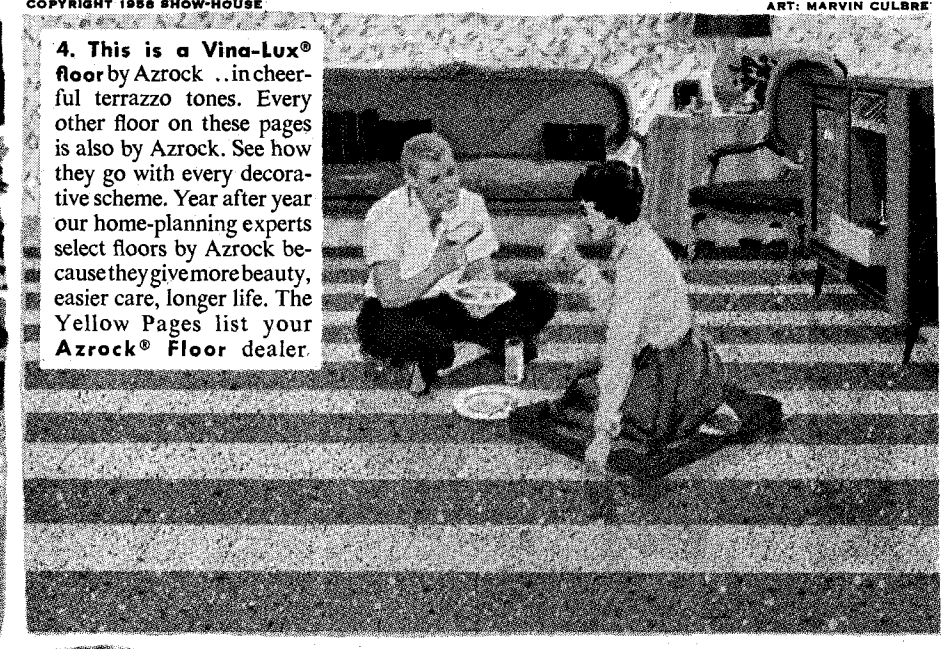
ART: MARVIN CULBRE

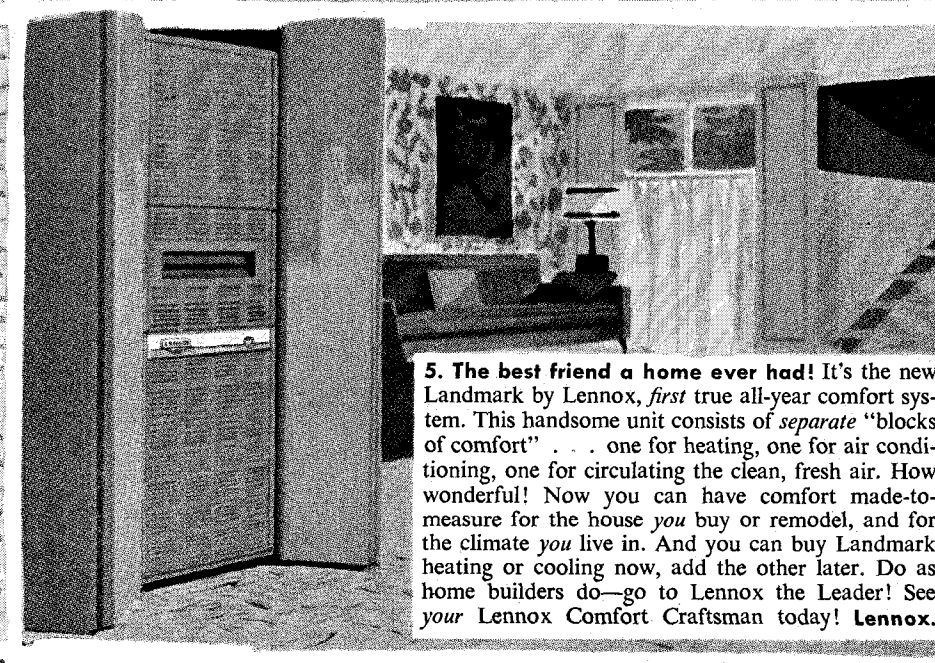


1. The gaily papered walls of our teenagers' "Clubroom" shrug off soil and wear. A modern stripe pattern covers three walls . . . even lines our trophy case. A room-wide Western scenic adds a touch of adventure. There's no more practical, beautiful and economical decoration than wallpaper! We've used it in *every* room. Today's wallpapers are washable, sunfast and altogether glamorous! If you haven't visited your wallpaper dealer lately, do so. The new patterns are irresistible. Check our coupon offer. **The Wallpaper Council.**



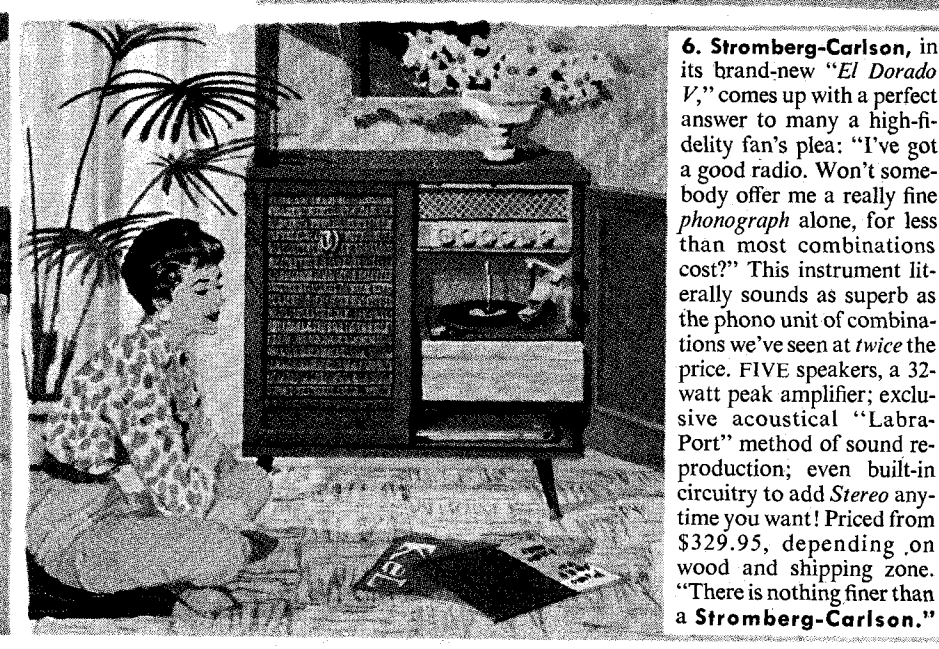
4. This is a Vina-Lux® floor by Azrock . . in cheerful terrazzo tones. Every other floor on these pages is also by Azrock. See how they go with every decorative scheme. Year after year our home-planning experts select floors by Azrock because they give more beauty, easier care, longer life. The Yellow Pages list your **Azrock® Floor** dealer.

2. You see lots of advertisements that shout about lots of home laundry appliances. Lots of confusion, we say! We specify Westinghouse Space-Mates . . . they are *sure* to please the fussiest! Each "mate" is only 25″ wide . . . a complete, space-saving laundry. The Laundromat and Clothes Dryer can be built-in vertically (right), side by side under-counter, or side by side up-in-the-wall. The Laundromat has the famous Revolving Agitator which washes cleaner, rinses better and cleans itself. In SHOW-HOUSE model homes everywhere, you will see kitchen and laundry appliances by **Westinghouse.**



5. The best friend a home ever had! It's the new Landmark by Lennox, *first* true all-year comfort system. This handsome unit consists of *separate* "blocks of comfort" . . . one for heating, one for air conditioning, one for circulating the clean, fresh air. How wonderful! Now you can have comfort made-to-measure for the house *you* buy or remodel, and for the climate *you* live in. And you can buy Landmark heating or cooling now, add the other later. Do as home builders do—go to Lennox the Leader! See *your* Lennox Comfort Craftsman today! **Lennox.**

3. Our Bilt-Well Kitchen has banks of Bilt-Well Cabinets; available in Ponderosa Pine and in birch and as handsome as fine furniture. We especially like the many practical and efficient groupings which the adaptable Bilt-Well line makes possible. We have given our SHOW-HOUSE the Bilt-Well "touch" everywhere! That's a Bilt-Well "Super-7" window above . . . indeed, *all* our windows are by Bilt-Well. See coupon for booklet offers. **Bilt-Well.**



6. Stromberg-Carlson, in its brand-new "*El Dorado V*," comes up with a perfect answer to many a high-fidelity fan's plea: "I've got a good radio. Won't somebody offer me a really fine *phonograph* alone, for less than most combinations cost?" This instrument literally sounds as superb as the phono unit of combinations we've seen at *twice* the price. FIVE speakers, a 32-watt peak amplifier; exclusive acoustical "Labra-Port" method of sound reproduction; even built-in circuitry to add *Stereo* anytime you want! Priced from $329.95, depending on wood and shipping zone. "There is nothing finer than a **Stromberg-Carlson."**

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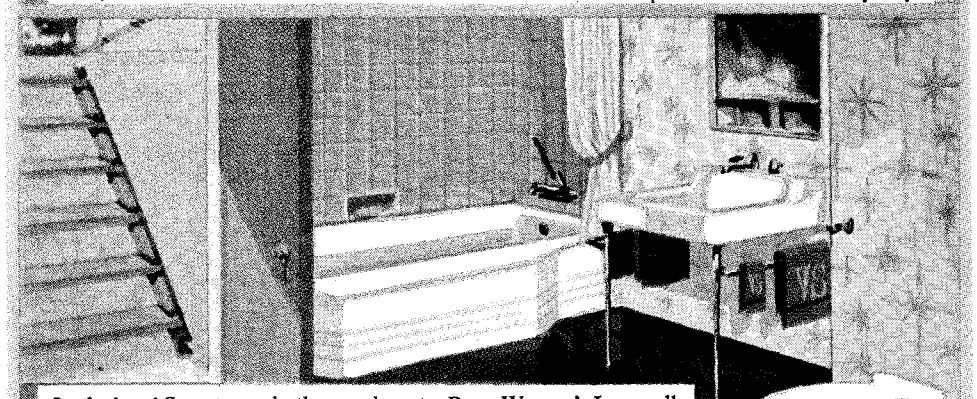
The Magic Lamp

As in Aladdin's famous story (only the *old* lamp held wealth and happiness), many an existing house, with its treasure of associations, needs but the magic "rub" of modernization and renewal to make it the *happiest house of all*. Here, on this page, is a suggestion: add a sunny, wallpapered basement room with its own Bilco door to the garden . . . a bank of Bilt-Well windows . . . Azrock floor, Lennox heating and Westinghouse kitchen.

7. Add value and new beauty to your home with an all steel, watertight Bilco Basement Door. Install it as a replacement for your worn-out, troublesome wooden door, or where no outside access now exists. Its clean lines blend with any patio plan. Provides the extra large entryway every modern basement must have. Opens at a touch; never requires repairs or replacement. At building-materials dealers. Easy do-it-yourself installation, too. *It's America's Finest Basement Door*. Send coupon. **The Bilco Company.**



8. At last! Smart new bathroom beauty: Borg-Warner's Ingersoll-Humphryes Plumbing Fixtures in HOUSE & GARDEN colors. Here in Citron Yellow, are a unique tub (with raised bottom, and wide, safe apron seat) . . . a handsome new lavatory . . . and, best of all, the sensational new wall-hung toilet! *Up, off the floor*, this space-saver (with tank concealed in the wall) is so quiet and sanitary . . . so easy to clean around and under . . . to keep clean. **Ingersoll-Humphryes Div., Borg-Warner. Since 1882.**

c l i p t h i s h e l p f u l c o u p o n . . .

SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge:

1. WALLPAPER COUNCIL: ☐ Free: Step-by-step instructions on how to hang wallpaper. Illustrated.
2. WESTINGHOUSE: ☐ Color literature on Space-Mates Laundry Twins plus 8-page booklet, "Ideas for Home Laundries," 10¢.
3. BILT-WELL: ☐ Storage ideas for family living with Bilt-Well Cabinets, 25¢. ☐ Bilt-Well "Super-7" Removable Windows, 10¢.
4. AZROCK: ☐ Free packet of floor planning folders with color charts.
5. LENNOX: ☐ Free booklet "How to Select Your Heating and Air Conditioning System."
6. STROMBERG-CARLSON: Full-color literature on ☐ Console phonographs and radio-phonographs, ☐ Components for built-in installations.
7. BILCO: ☐ Replace wooden door. ☐ Add complete basement entryway. ☐ Information for new home planners. ☐ Basement Pre-planning Booklet, 25¢.
8. BORG-WARNER CORP.: ☐ Free folder: Ingersoll-Humphryes plumbing fixtures.
9. ☐ Architect's Blue-Plan of entire house, 25¢.

This coupon good until Dec. 31, 1958. Please print name and address. (Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.)

(*Continued from Page 60*)

kept seeing her as a woman for quite a while. It was the way I thought of her. Well, by heaven, I was as far off the truth as from here to the equator."

"I don't know what the truth is, Uncle Harry," I said.

"Somebody loves you in the world," said Uncle Harry, "or out of it, and that's the truth."

What I had now from Kathleen was not only love and companionship, it was the union of a gentle spirit to mine. Except for the hours at my desk—for I still had a book to write—we were with each other most of the time. After breakfast, the children went pelting down the hill to her house to spend the morning with her, while I worked. Trisha no longer cut out her paper dolls beside me as I wrote. At noon, all three came up to lunch, and we spent the afternoons on the beach. We were together in the blue dusk of evening; sometimes she cooked our dinner for us, sometimes I did; sometimes, when the children had gone to sleep, we walked along the beach under the night sky, watching the white surf rising and falling in the darkness.

Once we heard an owl hooting in the hills behind us, and I felt Kathleen shiver and press closer to me. "It's such a lonely sound," she said.

A little later, she said, "Do you know what it is to be all alone in the world? With no one to belong to?"

Still later, she said, "How do you belong to someone? I want so terribly to belong to you."

"You do," I said, but she only shook her head.

"That isn't what I mean," she said.

At another time she asked me to tell her about Trina. "Did you love her very much?" she asked. I told her yes, very much, and she seemed pleased. "Am I like her?" she asked; and when I told her she was very much like her, it made her happy. "I feel as though I were," she said. "I think she wants me to be. She loved you very much," she said gently, "and so do I."

But often we said nothing, content merely to be together, or we said the small things that people say when they're happy.

I took Kathleen marketing at Trancas; we joined Uncle Harry Cole surf fishing along the shore. She named a strange-looking fish which Uncle Harry caught, and which no one recognized; it was, she told him, a kelp fish.

But she never wanted to go beyond Trancas or to the city itself; and so, when Mr. Goldberg, the producer, called for me to come in again, I went alone.

I met Dick at the Sportsmen's Lodge, and he had Alice with him. Only this time it was different.

"You look wonderful, Lenny," he said. "Did you find your girl?"

"Yes," I said, "I found her. And her name is Kathleen."

He slapped me fondly on the shoulder. "I'm glad," he said. Then he said simply, "Alice and I are going to be married."

I gaped at them in surprise; it was a shock to me at first. I'd never have thought that Alice was Dick's kind of woman; she struck me as being too light-headed. But after all, what did I know about her? Whatever there was in the girl, good or bad, could only be known to the man she belonged to.

"Well!" I said. "Congratulations!"

We had a drink on it, all three of us clinking our glasses, and I told them they'd have to come down to the beach to meet Kathleen. "We'll have that picnic we were talking about," I said.

Dick's eyebrows went up. "You sure she'll be there?" he asked.

"She'll be there," I said, "unless she's turned into a sandpiper."

But I felt sad. It was going to be so easy for Dick and Alice.

"Did you find out when her birthday was?" asked Alice.

I looked at her blankly. "Do you know," I said; "I forgot all about it."

"It's very important," she said seriously, "when you're going to get married, to know when your birthday is."

Toward the end of lunch I asked Dick if he knew what Mr. Goldberg wanted to see me about, and his manner changed; he looked mournful and uneasy.

"I don't think he likes the story any more, Lenny," he said. "I think he wants to give it up."

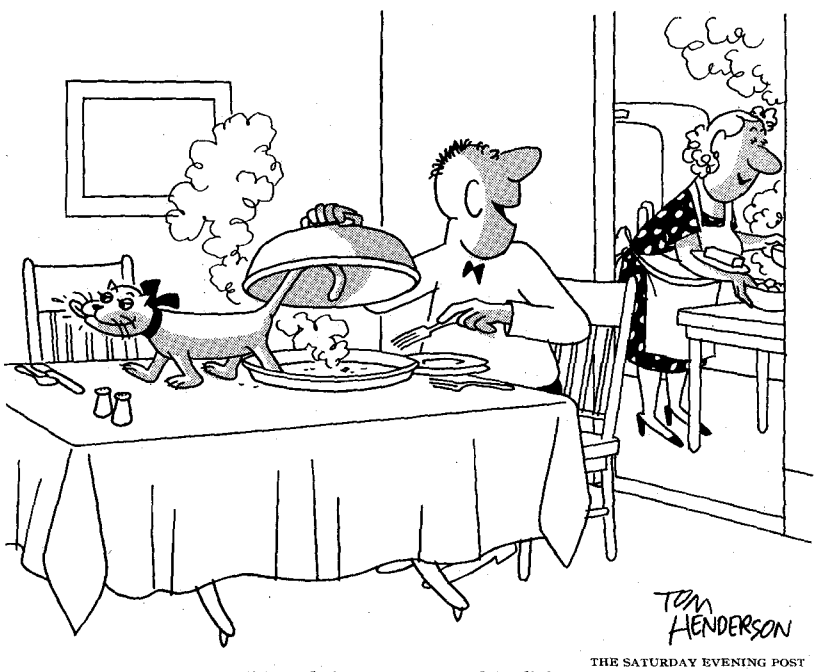
"Can he do that?" I asked innocently.

"Sure," said Dick. "Why not? All he has is an option."

When we got to Mr. Goldberg's office, the little producer looked mournful too. "Lenny, baby," he said, "you got to understand this. Personally, I like your story very much, but I'm going to have to give it back to you."

"Why?" I asked. "What's the matter with it?"

"The matter with it," said Mr. Goldberg morosely, "is it's a love story. You know, and I know, we got to have love;



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm dying to taste this fish."

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but how many other people know? How many people got romance in their lives? I was afraid of that right away, remember? It's understandable; I, for one, understand it."

He rose heavily from his desk and patted me on the arm. "I'm sorry, baby," he said; "I just can't sell the idea upstairs. They say it's too gentle. Love with passion, yes: with suspense, with faces in the window. From somewhere should come a shot or some nervous trouble; otherwise the Trendex rating is five point one, like Shakespeare."

We went back to the lodge and had a drink. I should have been feeling bad, but I wasn't; it didn't seem to matter any more.

"That's how it is in television," said Dick; "there's always someone farther upstairs."

"Just the same," I said, "without love what have you got? What does a man have more than a cricket? Only love. They both got troubles."

I was talking like Mr. Goldberg and enjoying it.

"What does astrology say about me lately?" I asked Alice.

She fished in her handbag and brought out a folded piece of newspaper with the day's horoscope on it. "Let me see," she said. "Virgo—no, that's me . . . 'favorable contacts.' . . . Here it is: Capricorn. 'Those in authority are watching you.' That's what it says, honey."

"I know," I said. "I know they are."

"One more drink?" asked Dick; "a last one for the road?"

"One for the road," I said, "and one for baby."

"Don't forget to ask her when her birthday is," said Alice.

"I won't forget," I said, "but I don't think she'll tell me."

It was good to come home and find the house without that empty look any more, but warm and humming the way it used to be. Kathleen was in the kitchen; Trisha was setting the table, and Chris was hunting imaginary dragons with his space gun.

I said to Kathleen that night, "I'm sorry for Mr. Goldberg. He's a nice little man, and he's caught in a formula. The people upstairs have the answer, and it isn't love."

"You don't believe that, do you?" she asked.

"No," I said. "And neither does Alice."

"Oh," she said in a small voice, "was she there too?"

"I had lunch with her," I said.

She started to get up, but I held on to her. "Dick was there," I said. "He and Alice are going to be married."

Her face lit up. "Oh, how wonderful!" she cried. "How beautiful for them!" A moment later she was weeping.

I left her to cry; there wasn't anything else I could do. There was no way to comfort her or myself.

Later, she came to me in an apologetic mood. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's like a woman to want the best of both worlds."

"Yes," I said, "it's like a woman." I could see her thinking about it, turning it over in her mind.

"Thank you for that," she said gently. She stood on tiptoe and kissed me on the mouth. "That's the answer," she said; "not what they think upstairs."

It was the only answer for me, anyway. I was sorry about the money, because I could have bought her something, and I told her so.

"That's dear of you," she said, "but what would I have done with it? I have everything."

She had nothing, really, and I had little enough, but I felt the same way about it. We had enough for our needs and for the children—or I had—and we had each other, at least until tomorrow. We weren't planning on a bright future or a long life together. The few little gifts I'd given her didn't amount to much, and what she gave me were things of her own: a Spanish coin, a piece of amber, a gold signet ring. Her clothes struck me as strange at times, and old-fashioned at others, but where they came from I never asked. All I knew was, she was beautiful in anything, and it made me happy to tell her so. It made her happy, too, though she always turned shy when I told her, as if she didn't believe me. Perhaps she didn't.

We planned our picnic for Dick and Alice, but first I had to get a permit from the authorities to make a fire on the beach. It wasn't easy to get, the season being so dry and the danger of brush fires in the hills so great. But I promised to keep my fire below high-tide mark, and after grumbling a bit, they gave it to me.

I don't know who was more excited, the children or Kathleen. She was like a child herself, giving her first party, and everything had to be perfect. She wanted to know what to cook, what to buy, what to bring in from the sea, what to wear; it was obviously, in her mind, an important occasion.

I tried to get her to see that it was only a picnic for some friends. "All we need, really," I said, "are frankfurters and beer. And marshmallows for the children, to toast in the fire."

She gave me a stricken look. "You're making it seem just ordinary," she said, "and I wanted it to be wonderful."

We set a date with Dick and Alice for the following week when the tide would be right, and Chris and Kathleen went fishing for lobsters. Trisha stayed at home and baked a cake; it was a little soggy and leaned a bit to one side, and she was doubtful about it.

"Never mind," I said. "Maybe it will straighten itself out before the party."

But she had another solution which she thought more appealing. "Maybe if I eat some of it now," she said, "people won't see how leany it is."

I had to tell her that she couldn't wear her new dress to the picnic. It was a great blow to her, and for a whole day she went around looking sorry for herself.

"I'll never get to wear it," she said plaintively. "I'll be a grown-up woman before I get to wear it. What good is it?"

She cheered up a little when I assured her that nobody ever wore her best clothes to the beach. "Well, all right," she said, "but there's no use having any, if nobody ever sees them."

"Next winter," I said, "I'll take you to dinner in town, and you can dress up like a Christmas tree."

"We'll have to wait till the next check comes in," she said, "and I'll be an old woman."

I drove up into Nichols Canyon to invite Old Uncle Harry Cole to the party, and I noticed how dry it was up there in the hills. It was a bad place, that canyon; a fire could spread there in a hurry. I wouldn't want to be caught in it.

On the way back, I stopped at Trancas and bought a green scarf for Kathleen's hair, and some frankfurters.

It was a fine picnic. Alice came dressed in slacks, which greatly relieved Trisha's mind, and Dick brought Mr. Goldberg with him, which I didn't expect. Uncle Harry Cole came down from his canyon with a bottle of bourbon, and we had lobsters and corn and Trisha's cake, or what was left of it, and frankfurters and beer and marshmallows and milk, and potatoes burned black on the outside, hot and crackling and apple-sweet. The tide was out; beyond the yellow firelight the surf rose up out of the darkness in ghostly foam, and fell in a dim, white smother among the rocks. The moon lay over us, small and round and silver and far away.

The children were drawn by the fire, and sat as close to it as they could get, gazing into the flames with dreamy eyes.

"I love a fire," said Trisha; "it makes me sleepy."

"This is a very good fire," said Chris; "I bet they can see it in China."

"They can't see it in China, silly," said Trisha; "it's on the upside-down side of the earth."

"Well," said Chris stubbornly, "they can see it on the moon."

"They can't either," said Trisha decidedly.

"Why not?" asked Chris. "We can see them. Why can't they see us?"

"Because there's nothing on the moon," said Trisha, wrinkling up her nose in disgust, "except spidery horrors."

Alice, lying with her head against Dick's shoulder, shivered delicately. "I don't like spiders," she said; "I have a thing about them. I don't mind big things, but little things scare me."

"The biggest things are usually gentle," said Kathleen "unless they're hungry or frightened. You take the whale, he doesn't want to hurt anybody. Even the giant squid won't hurt you unless he's frightened. Or hungry," she added.

"What's a giant squid got to be afraid of?" asked Uncle Harry Cole. "A thing like that?"

"I knew one once," said Kathleen. "He wasn't afraid of anything. But he was hungry all the time."

There was a little silence, and I saw Dick and Alice look at each other, and then turn and look at Kathleen.

Uncle Harry Cole saw it, too, and cleared his throat. "Well, now," he said gently, "I expect he had a large stomach to feed."

"He was all stomach," said Kathleen simply. "Except his arms, of course. People are the only ones who hurt each other for the fun of it."

Alice declared that she didn't think it was much fun to hurt people. "I try to live by the golden rule," she said, "and by what my chart tells me every day. Astrology," she said in answer to Kathleen's inquiring look, "my horoscope."

And leaning forward on one elbow, she explained to Kathleen that she followed the advice of the stars. "That's how we're going to be married," she said—"when the stars are favorable. Tell me when your birthday is, and I'll tell you what sign you're under—or do you know?"

Kathleen shook her head. "I don't know," she said. "I don't know when I was born; it was so long ago."

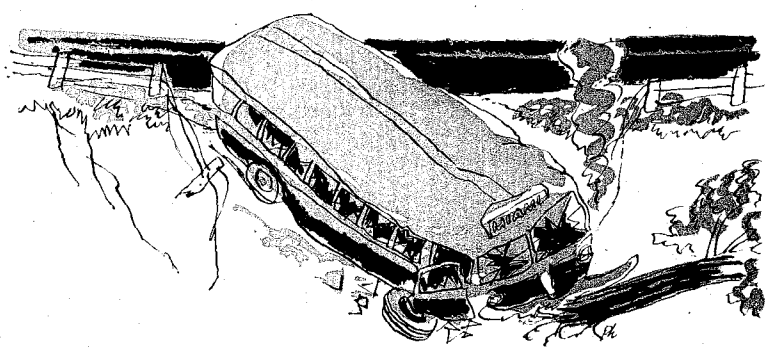
"It couldn't have been so long ago," said Alice. She studied Kathleen for a moment, her head cocked to one side. "I've got an idea you're an Aquarius," she said finally. "Am I right?"

"I don't know," said Kathleen.

I was glad that she and Alice seemed to be getting along together. I wanted everyone to like her. Trina had been liked so much; I wanted it for Kathleen.

The fire made a warm, rosy place for us in the night. The hills rose up behind us, and the night stood around us, silvered by the moon. I thought of our fire being seen all the way to China.

"I used to dream I'd go to China one day," I said; "right out over the edge of the world." (*Continued on Page 70*)



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Frank, through his union membership, obtained free passes for himself and his family on the bus line for which he worked. The bus, headed south from Tennessee to Florida, blew out a tire, rolled over an embankment and gravely injured Frank's wife. He sued the bus line for damages.

"The bus was driven recklessly and at an excessive speed," Frank's lawyer charged. "Further, it had a defective tire and the driver knew it."

"Frank and his wife were not fare-paying passengers," the bus-line attorney replied. "A pass issued in accordance with the union contract is a gratuity. In using theirs, Frank and his wife specifically released the bus line from all liability for negligence. The printed matter on the passes says so."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Frank?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Frank won. The court held that as the passes were issued to a union member in compliance with a labor contract, they represented a part of his compensation rather than a gratuity. It added that the provision printed on them, relieving the bus line of liability, did not hold good under the circumstances.

Based upon a 1955 Tennessee decision.

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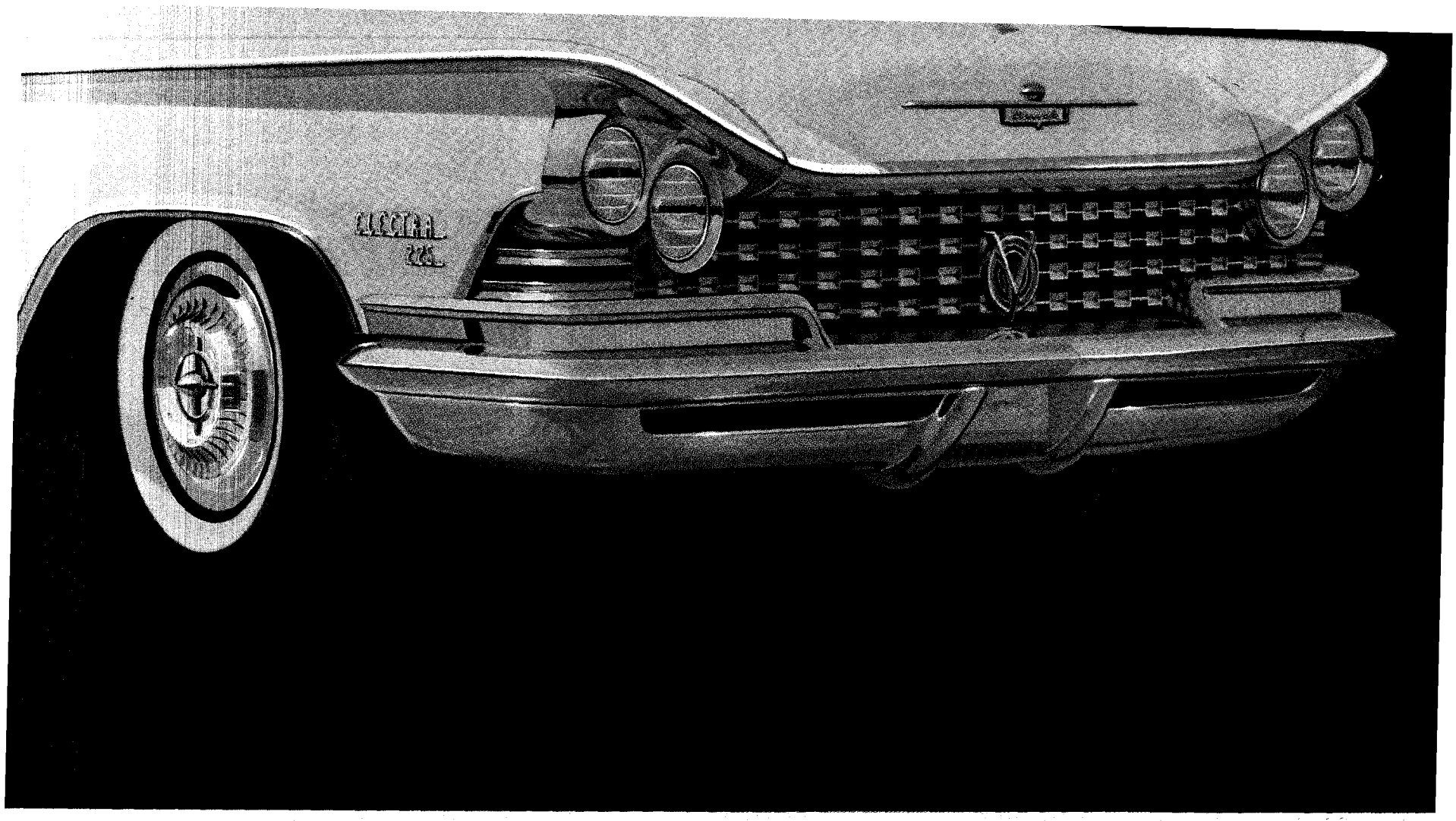

ELECTRA 225 IN THE EYE-STOPPING NEW 4-DOOR HARDTOP

Here it is . . . and now you know! Know why we have called this THE CAR. Know that a new generation of great Buicks is truly now here. From just this one view you can see that here is not just new design . . . but splendidly right design for this day and age. A car that is lean and clean and stunningly low . . . and at the same time great in headroom and legroom, easy to get into or out of. And when you see your Buick dealer and walk the whole wonderful way around this Buick, you'll know still more how right all this is. From anywhere you look, here is a classic modern concept that is Buick speaking a new language of today. A language of fine cars priced within the reach of almost anyone. A language of quality and comfort and quiet pride of ownership . . . a language of performance satisfactions without equal. (see next page)

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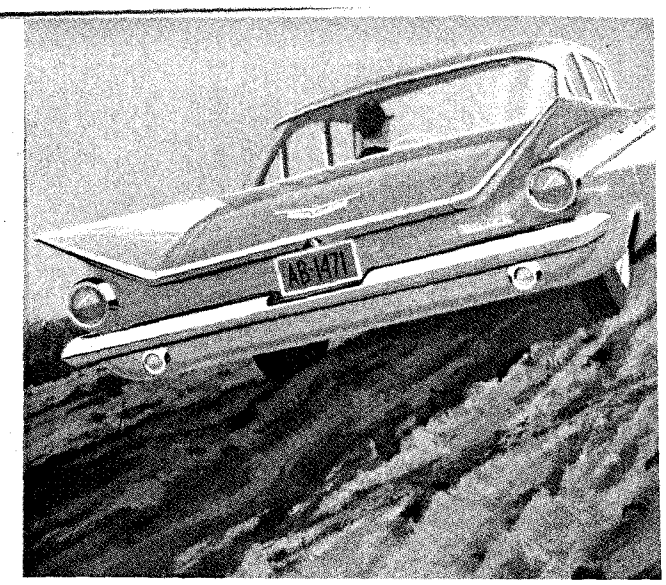
N AND DRIVE IT! The promise of greatness that meets the eye
up in this splendid Buick to the last fine detail . . .



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in Buick history, finest ride in any car today. Based
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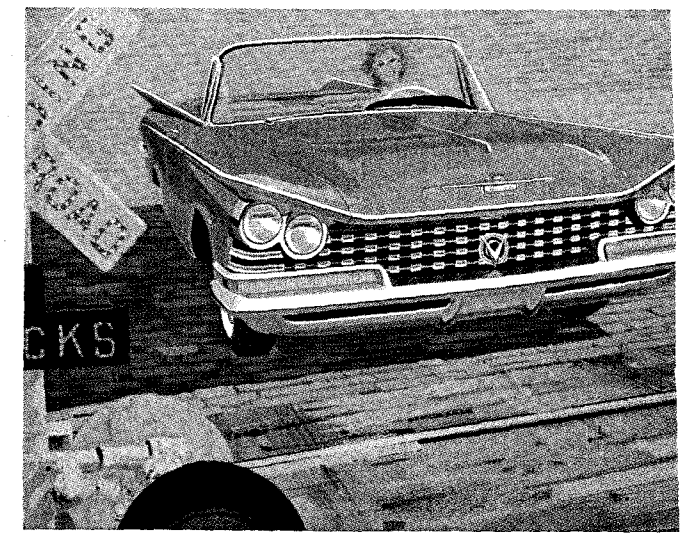
footed travel. (New Buick Air-Ride*, too, if you pre



2. **EXCLUSIVE NEW BRAKING ABILITY MAKES BUICK THE CA**
Surest-stopping, longest-wearing brakes in America
day. New fin-cooled rear brakes, improved and exclusi
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ential* also available if desired.)

*OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST ON CERTAIN MODELS

3. **NEW EASY POWER STEERING* MAKES BUICK THE CAR!** Steering effort now reduced by one-half. Easiest parking, best combination of sure "road feel" and easy steering control yet achieved.

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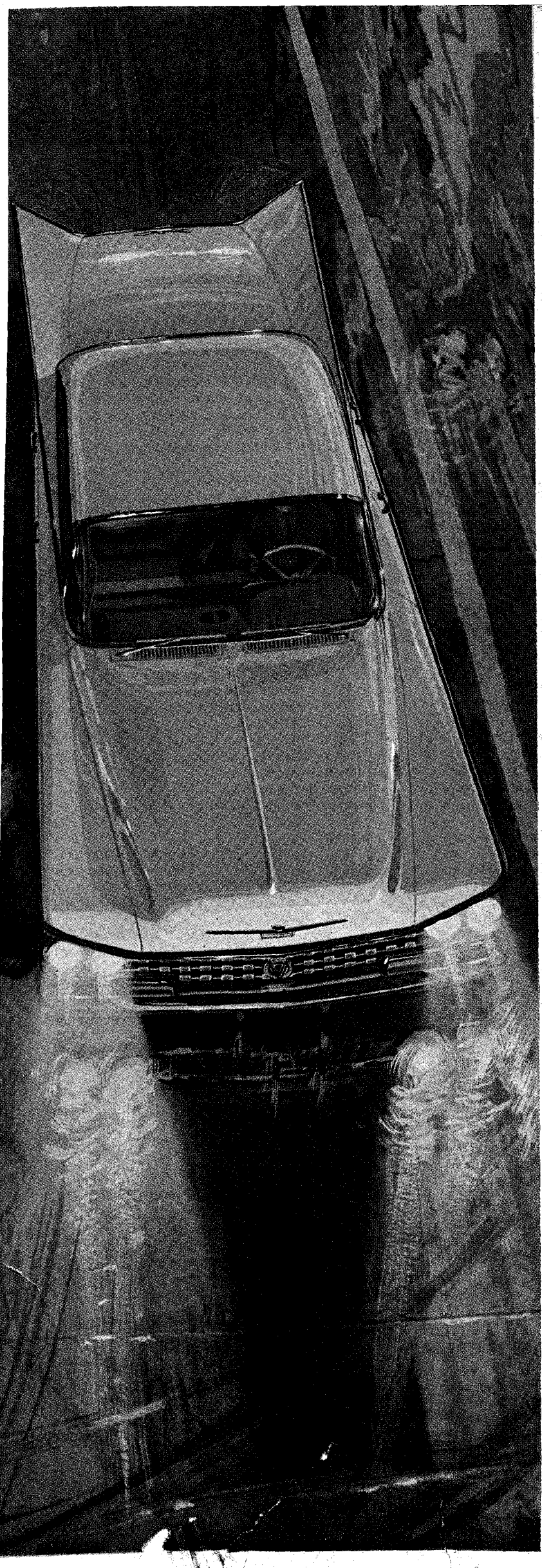
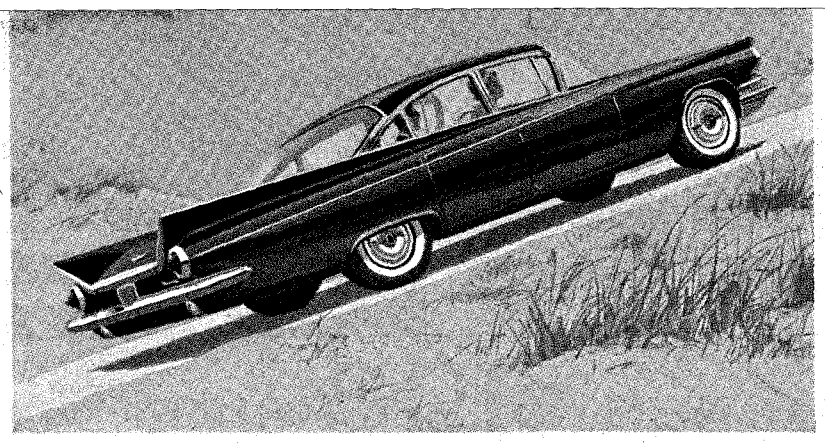


4. **TWIN-TURBINE** [illegible] **TRANSMISSION MAKES BUICK THE CAR!** Free from [illegible] of mechanical gear changes, power flows smoothly, [illegible] new Twin-Turbine Transmission* this year, too.)
power-pause
instantly. (N



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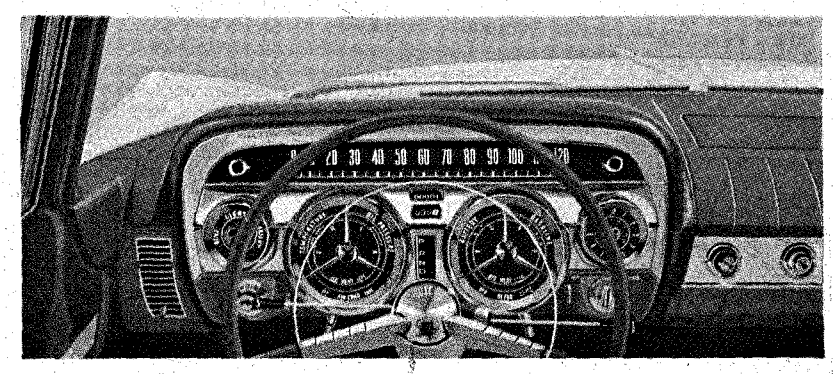

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If you—or any member of your family—check any two of these symptoms, you *owe it to yourself to try Rybutol*—especially when you don't risk a cent. If you check more than two, you should see your family doctor. Ask *him* about Rybutol.

Winter's ills and chills and bills... are just ahead. It's so foolish—and so unnecessary—to meet them head on with a worn-out nervous system, a run-down feeling, and generally low resistance due to vitamin and mineral shortages.

Why do it—when you can try Rybutol *without risking a cent*—in the generous Vim-Pak offer? One daily Gelucap of Rybutol supplies 15 times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin B_1 and 5 times the requirement of vitamin B_2—plus a generous 3 micrograms of precious red vitamin B_{12}. Rybutol also supplies 8 other vitamins, including vitamin C—and 9 minerals, including iron necessary for red blood cells.

Besides promoting nutrition and energy, Rybutol's formula has been specifically compounded to help combat the pressures of modern living and the increased demands they make on your nervous system. Rybutol gives *tranquility without tranquilizers*—without after-effects—to those who are suffering from a deficiency of B-complex vitamins. Highest quality nutrition-promoting substances help build and protect your vitality and general well being. Start your family on the Rybutol habit today.

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RYBUTOL IS A PRODUCT OF THE VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA, LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK
MAKERS OF JUVENAL AND INTRACEL

(*Continued from Page 64*) "You like to dream, don't you, baby?" said Mr. Goldberg.

Maybe I did, but I didn't want to talk about it, not there. "It's a living," I said lightly, and shrugged my shoulders.

But Mr. Goldberg had serious things on his mind. "I suppose we got to dream in our business," he said, "but the way I see it, dreams don't tell people how to get along in life."

I looked helplessly around, wanting somebody to say something to keep the discussion from getting too serious. I thought maybe Alice would say that the stars could tell them how, and I looked over at her, but she was gazing up at Dick.

"It isn't life they've got to get along with," said Dick; "it's death. That's what scares them."

So there goes the evening, I thought. I didn't want to talk about death, with the fire there in front of us and the moon over us. Besides, death didn't ride with them the way it did with me.

But Mr. Goldberg wanted to talk about it; the blood of his ancestors, great questioners and argufiers, ran in his veins.

"Do you believe in the hereafter, Lenny?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't have the answer to that one," I admitted.

It didn't satisfy him, as I knew it wouldn't. "Come," he said, "you can do better than that."

"All right, then," I said. "The way I look at it is this: I don't know what's out there beyond the stars. But I know that whatever it is, we've got to get along with it. And I know something else: we've got one thing working for us, and that is love."

"That's nice poetry, Lenny," said Mr. Goldberg, "and I understand it. But would sixty million people understand it?"

"Yes," I said; "I think they would."

"They don't think so upstairs," said Mr. Goldberg.

Alice let her head sink back on Dick's shoulder. "I like to think that love comes from beyond," she said drowsily.

"Beyond what?" asked Mr. Goldberg.

"I don't know," she said. "Just beyond."

"All right," said Mr. Goldberg mildly; "love comes from beyond. You say so and I buy it. But love is easy to get along with. Our friend Dick here says that what we have to get along with is death, and this is not easy; and this, also, I buy. Only, now I ask him: From where comes death?"

He peered around the circle of firelight, but no one answered. The fire shook a sudden shower of sparks into the air.

"I carry it in my bones," he said, "and you would think my bones and I would get along together. Maybe love should not be so far away; so death would not be so lonely."

I glanced across at Kathleen, and she was looking at me with the firelight rosy on her face. "Love has been known to follow death," she said.

"Is that an answer?" asked Mr. Goldberg.

"Yes," she said.

Warmed by the bourbon and the fire, Uncle Harry Cole leaned forward and held his bottle up to the light. "Beyond is beyond," he said. "There's valleys in the sea, and spaces between the stars no mortal man has ever laid eyes on. He can see them in his mind. But there's a beyond that the mind can't see, and that's where the answers are."

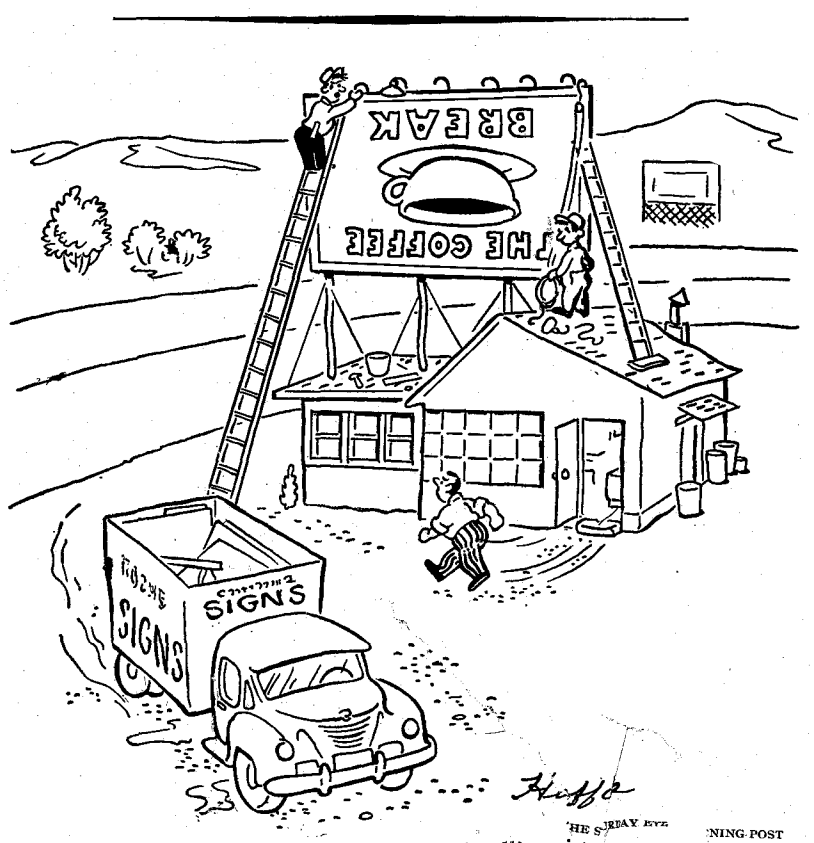
We were silent for a moment, listening to the little crackle of the fire and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore. *Well,* I thought, *we're serious, all right.* I looked at the children; they were already half asleep.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Harry, "we'll probably know all about those starry spaces someday; we'll travel in them. And we'll go down into the valleys of the sea and look around. But what lies out there beyond the mind—that we'll never know."

Mr. Goldberg traced a figure in the sand at his feet. "Men have one death," he said, "but sometimes many loves. How can that be, if death still has its love."

"Don't ask me," said Uncle Harry, lifting the bottle to his lips. "I never had but one, and I was wrong about her."

The little producer turned to Kathleen. "What do you think, Miss Kathleen?" he asked. "Is it possible to love more than once?"



"Here comes 'old know it all' again!"

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She looked across at me and smiled, and her eyes caught the firelight and shone green. "The body renews itself," she said gently. "Why not the heart?"

I could see that he was puzzled. "Am I renewed?" he asked plaintively. "I am still the same Goldberg which I see every day if I look. So what is the change? It is still the same body."

"It is still the same heart," said Kathleen. "That doesn't change either."

The same heart, I thought, *and the same love. The heart that loves Kathleen, and that Trina loves.*

I looked at Uncle Harry Cole; he was staring at Kathleen across the fire, and his face was humble and thoughtful. "So that's it," he said. "If a man takes it with him when he goes —— Well, by heaven," he said, "I expect he can send it back again."

Kathleen's head was bent, she seemed to be studying the sand under her fingers, lifting a little at a time and letting it sift idly down again.

"Do you mean," Alice asked, "that if a man loved a woman enough, he might come back to her? Like a ghost?"

"No," said Kathleen, "not like a ghost."

She didn't look at me, but I knew that she was speaking to me, and only me. I think that Uncle Harry Cole knew it too. "There's the word, Lenny," he said.

Alice settled back with a thankful sigh. "You had me scared for a minute," she said. "I thought you meant a ghost."

We all laughed, and that was that, and afterward it was like any other night for lovers, with the fire smell and the sea smell, and the pale moon sailing over us.

Uncle Harry Cole told us stories about the sea, and Mr. Goldberg told us about his early days as a song writer. Dick and Alice didn't talk much; they drank beer together out of a can, and gazed up at the stars.

We sat around the fire and sang the old songs in the soft summer night—Juanita, Sweet and Low, Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms:

"The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close ——"

while the embers died, and the moon rode through the sky, and the children slept under their blanket. A plane drummed through the night, far out above the black water, its red lights winking on and off. Alice lay smiling with her head on Dick's shoulder, and I held Kathleen, warm and dear and for a while mortal, in my arms.

It was three or four days later when Kathleen told me she wanted to give Dick and Alice their wedding at our house. She was telling the children a story when I came in, and I stood in the doorway watching. She sat at the foot of Trisha's bed, her hair in a witch cloud around her shoulders, and the two little faces looked up at her with round eyes from under the bedclothes.

It was the story of a little dog that was sent up into the sky in a balloon, and sailed around and around the earth, looking down at it.

"He saw the oceans," she said, "all blue beneath him, and the great continents lying in the water like stones in a pond, green and brown, and white with snow. And he saw the countries and the rivers and the cities, and he saw his own country, and his own city, and his own house where he lived with his master, Doctor Kubie, and Helen, the housekeeper, and Lee Sharon, the housekeeper's daughter, and Tabitha, the cat. He was very lonely up there in the sky all by himself, and he was afraid he'd never get home again. And he thought, 'If only there were some way to send my regards to my family and my friends.'

"Just then a sparrow came flying past, and stopped and asked him why he was so sad, and what he was doing up there in the sky in a balloon, and where he was going. 'Alas,' said the little dog, 'nobody told me where I was going, or what I was supposed to do; and I am sad because I am all alone here, far from those I love, and I wish I could send them my regards.' 'I'd be glad to take your regards to them,' said the sparrow, 'if it is not too far out of my way.' So the little dog very eagerly sent his regards and his love to Doctor Kubie and Lee Sharon and Helen, the housekeeper, and Tabitha, the cat, at Number Twelve, Andover Road, Beverly, Massachusetts. So the sparrow flew down to earth, and the little dog went sailing on around the sky, but he was happier now because his family and his friends would know that he loved them."

Trisha's eyes, which had been like saucers at first, were almost closed.

"What happened to the sparrow?" she asked sleepily.

"The sparrow?" said Kathleen lightly. "Why, they all said, 'Thank you very much' and asked him in to tea."

"I baked him a cake," murmured Trisha, and mumbled her prayers: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep ——" She had a long list of blessings, including Old Uncle Harry Cole and Mr. Goldberg, "and God bless Doctor Kubie and Lee Sharon and Helen and Tabitha, the cat, and the little dog and the sparrow."

"Thank you," said Kathleen, and dropped a (*Continued on Page 73*)

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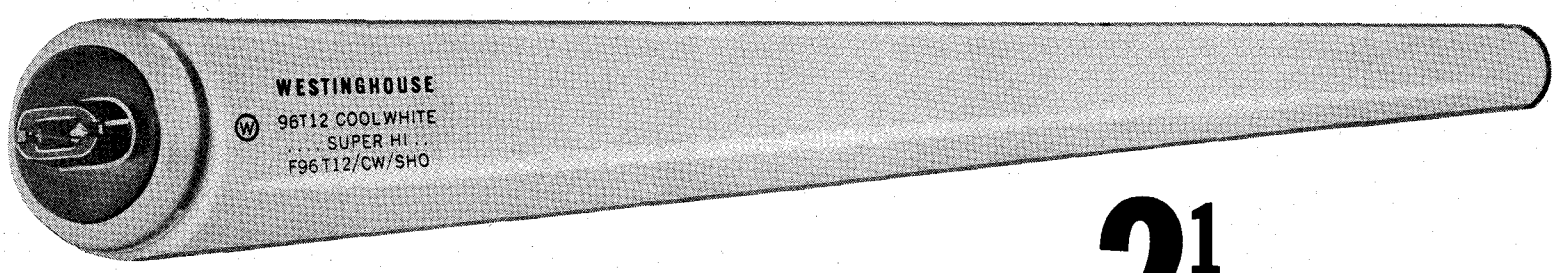

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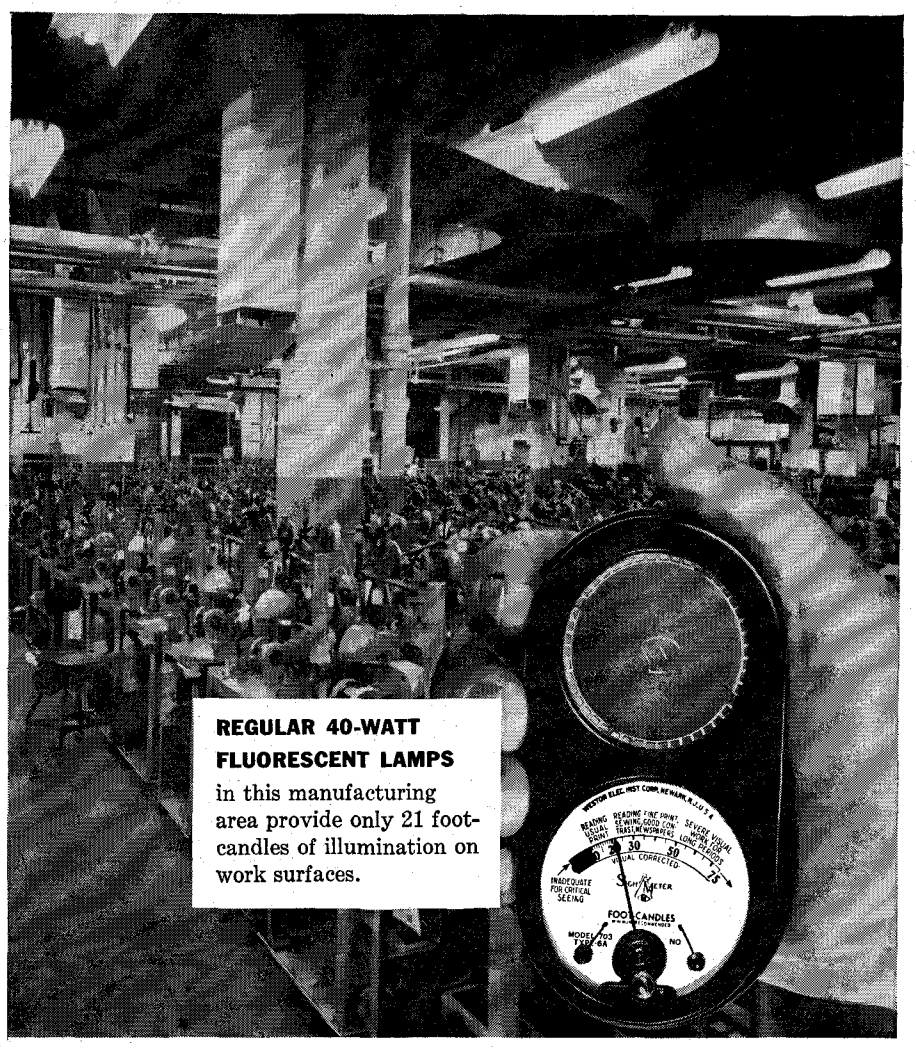
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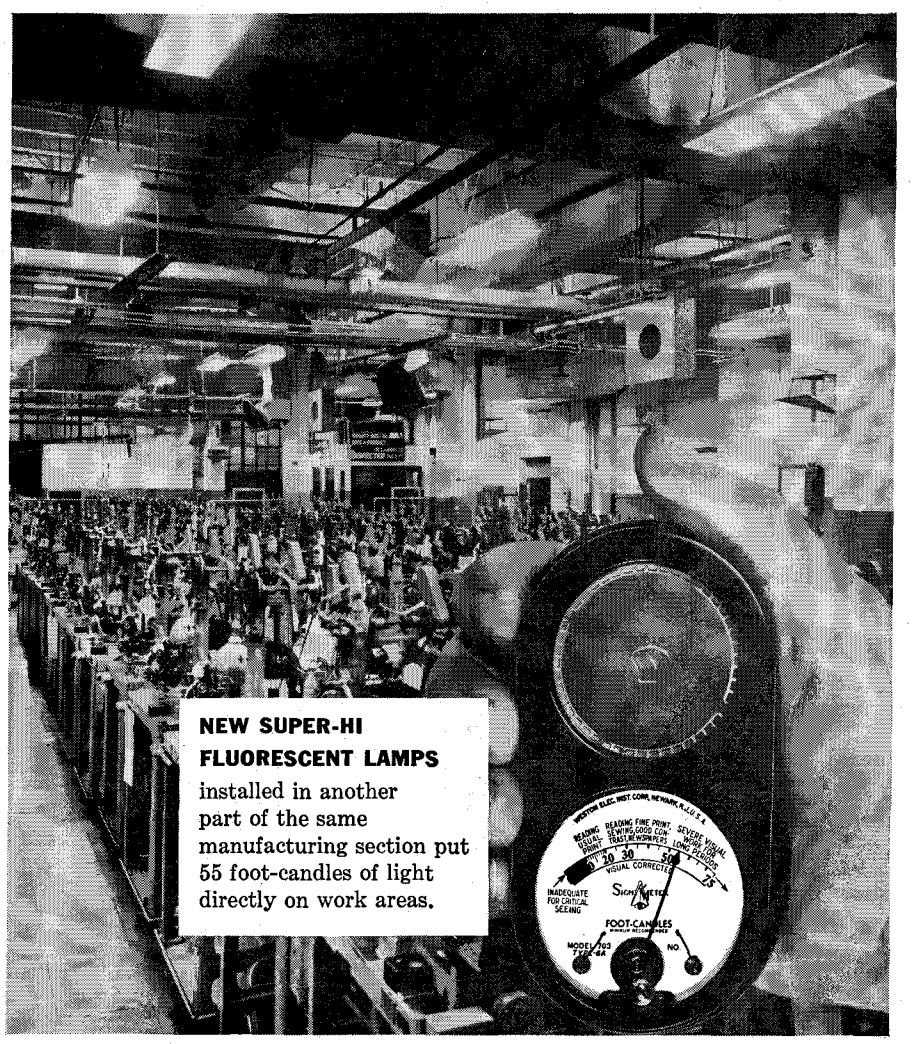
in this manufacturing area provide only 21 foot-candles of illumination on work surfaces.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(*Continued from Page 71*) kiss on Trisha's cheek as she fell asleep. Chris, with a much shorter list, was sleeping already.

Kathleen came out and closed the door behind her. "Lenny," she said, "I wish we could give Dick and Alice their wedding. Here, in this house, I mean, or in mine. Do you think they'd like it? Or do they have a lot of friends?"

"I think they'd love it," I said. "Anyway, I can ask."

"Of course," she said, hesitating, "if they were planning a church wedding ——"

"If I know Dick," I said, "they were probably going before a justice of the peace. They'd want to ask a few people," I said, "but we could manage that. The only thing is ——" I stopped, because I didn't know just how to say it. "I mean," I said, "are you sure you want to?"

She looked at me—almost in surprise, I thought. "Yes," she said; "of course, I'm sure. Why not?"

I didn't want to tell her why not; I didn't want to tell her that I thought it would make her too sad. To have to watch, like that, what she could never share. But I didn't know my Kathleen. She had no envy in her heart.

There was still one other difficulty: my next check hadn't come, and I had no money for the expenses. Kathleen went down to her house, and after a while she came back with a necklace and put it in my hand.

"Sell it," she said. "It will pay for the refreshments."

It was a beautiful necklace, and it looked old and valuable.

"This is a very rare piece," the jeweler said, when I took it in to him the next day; "it really belongs in a museum. It's what we call gem coral, and it's quite flawless and a fine color. I'm afraid I can't buy it myself, but if you'd care to leave it with me, I might be able to find a purchaser for it." He held the necklace up to the light and turned it this way and that, admiring it. "There is a description of a necklace like this," he said, "in the Memoirs of Ninon de Lenclos. It belonged to a friend of hers, a Mrs. Wibberley, an Irish lady who was drowned at sea in 1687. It's the first time I've ever seen another like it."

I told him to keep it until he found a purchaser, and to give me a small down payment—enough for the champagne and the flowers. He gave me a hundred dollars, and I telephoned Dick. "Kathleen wants you to have your wedding at our house," I said.

"I'll have to ask Alice," he declared. "We were going to Las Vegas."

"How do you feel about it yourself?" I asked.

"I'd love it at your house," he said.

Alice thought she'd love it too. "I like your girl," she said; "I think she's sweet. Maybe someday we'll do the same for you."

"Sure," I said; "sure. Maybe someday."

Dick gave me a list of guests and the name of the minister at the Church of the Living God which Alice had attended a few times, and we sent out the invitations and ordered the champagne and the flowers and the chicken salad and the wedding cake.

I had never seen Kathleen as happy as she was those few days before the ceremony. "It's going to be so lovely, Lenny," she said; "it's going to be so beautiful."

The day of the wedding was sunny, and the afternoon warm. Because the ceremony was being held in my house, and because I wanted to be with Kathleen during it, I had asked Uncle Harry Cole to hold the ring for Dick, and Alice had asked Mr. Goldberg to give the bride away. Trisha was to be flower girl; the new dress had been brought out and put on at last, and she wore a little wreath of rosebuds in her hair. How proud and shy she was! Chris had been invited to help with the refreshments, and had already stuck his finger into the icing on the wedding cake.

Only the minister was strange. The pastor of Alice's church had been taken ill, and another had come in his place. He was a heavy-set, rough-bearded man, uncomfortable in his clothes, with deep-set eyes; I thought of Proteus rising from the sea or Triton and his horn. None of the guests appeared to know him, and I noticed that Kathleen steered away from him whenever she could. She looked troubled, but when I asked her if anything was wrong, she shook her head. I thought perhaps she was worried about the wedding not going off all right.

"Throw some salt over your left shoulder," I told her, "and keep your fingers crossed."

She gave me a tight little smile, and touched my cheek with her hand, the way she always did. "I'll do that," she said, but she looked concerned.

It was a lovely wedding. The house was filled with flowers, and the sea lay blue as the sky outside our windows. I stood with Kathleen among the guests, and our bodies touched and we held hands.

"Darling," she whispered, "darling." It was the only time she had ever called me that. "It is beautiful," she whispered. "It's the way I thought it would be."

The minister had asked the usual questions; and then, surprisingly, he turned his back on the room and looked out over the sea. I heard Kathleen give a little gasp and stiffen suddenly at my side, as though she saw something that no one else saw.

"Already?" she breathed. "Is it so late?"

I glanced at her, and I thought she looked pale. "What is it?" I asked. The minister had turned back again, and I had a feeling that he was looking at us.

"Hush," she whispered; "hush."

He was speaking now in his deep voice that had the sound of distant shores and the wind; and he was looking at us and speaking to us.

"Dearly beloved," he said, "you have joined hands upon a road where each one goes, together or apart. It is the road of life, and you have chosen to take it together. It is not an easy road, for it crosses sandy wastes and stony fields, but your feet were set upon it by those who went before you, and you have no choice but to follow it to the end.

"Nevertheless, follow it with courage and joy, for you have many friends. About you and around you, the air, the earth and the sea are filled with God's creatures. They are not always visible; many are exquisite and ethereal beings."

I felt Kathleen's hand tremble in mine. "I know him now," she whispered. "Oh, Lenny."

"These bright invisible beings," the minister went on, "are God's messengers. Their names are love. They come and go between today and yesterday. They are sent to tell you that even among the galaxies of heaven man is not forgotten. But they are not yours to keep; they cannot stay. They are sent out, and they are called home again. Treasure them, and when the time comes, return them whence they came, to the air, to the earth and to the sea. For all things return to the elements of which they are composed, and must be so returned. So love returns to love.

"From the marriage of insects other insects are born; the swift, shy birds give birth to winged forms from whom the same sweet songs ascend. From the wedding of minds new thoughts are conceived. And from the wedding of souls love goes forth into the universe. All marriages are fruitful. May this, too, be fruitful: of understanding and peace."

The adjuration came to an end and Kathleen was quiet at my side; she scarcely seemed to breathe. I felt her hand withdraw itself gently from my clasp, and when I turned to look at her, I saw that her cheeks were wet.

"I now, by the authority invested in me ——" The ceremony was over. Mr. Goldberg was shaking Dick by the hand, and Uncle Harry Cole was kissing the bride. The other guests crowded forward, and Kathleen and I were left alone.

I took her in my arms—although I didn't know it—for the last time. "Lenny," she whispered, "my love." I kissed her wet eyes and her mouth for the last time. "Hold me a moment," she said, "and then I must go." I said that I'd go with her, but she shook her head. "No," she said, "I have things to do."

She seemed composed, gentle and gay again, as though she had got over whatever it was that had grieved her.

"You have work to do too," she said. "You have things to do here."

Chris came up to me at that moment and tugged at my knee. "Can I serve the refreshments now?" he asked. "Can I?" I turned to tell him yes, and when I turned back to Kathleen, she was gone.

I thought she might have stepped into the kitchen to make sure of the arrangements, and as soon as I had congratulated the bride and groom, I went to look for her. But she wasn't there. She wasn't in the kitchen. She wasn't anywhere.

I went back to my duties as host, but my mind wasn't on it. I kept wondering where she was. Had she slipped away to her own little house to cry a little, perhaps, like any woman? I had expected that. But why didn't she come back?

The afternoon went on and on, interminably. Dick and Alice left in a shower of laughter and rice; the minister had disappeared long since, apparently without saying good-by to anyone. Trisha and Chris kept running in and out of the kitchen with plates of food, and I kept filling the glasses, but we needed Kathleen; we missed her. "I don't know where the spoons are," said Chris. "I don't know where anything is." And Trisha kept looking (*Continued on Page 76*)

Acrobat

By Richard Armour

Our teen-age daughter flops
and falls
And flips and slips and
slumps and sprawls
And twists and twines and
coils and loops
And writhes and jerks and
drapes and droops.
Is this a workout in the
gym?
Does she have fits? Is this a
whim?
No, don't be frightened,
please don't stare.
She's merely "sitting" in a
chair.

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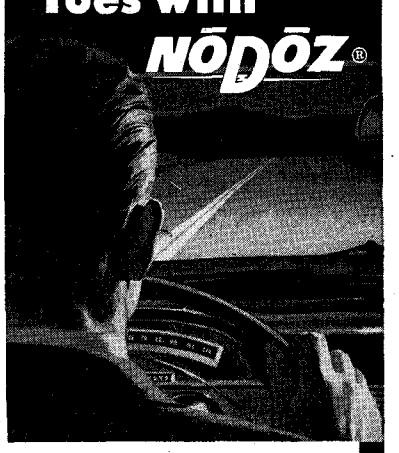

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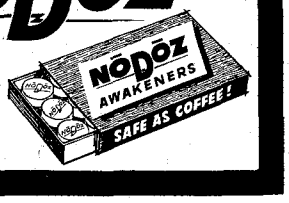

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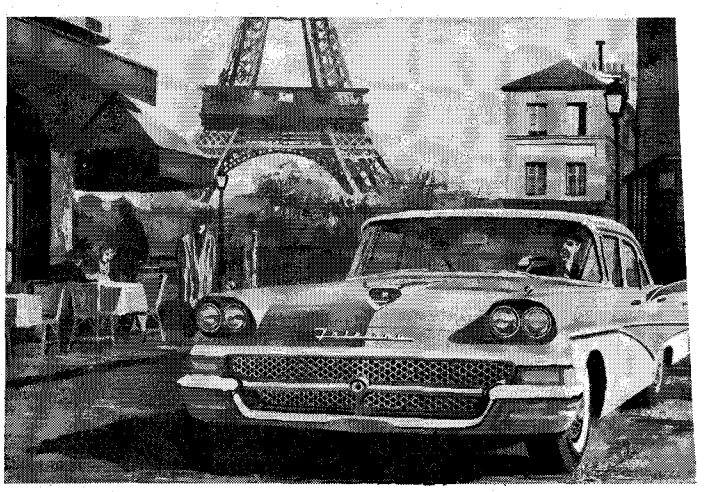
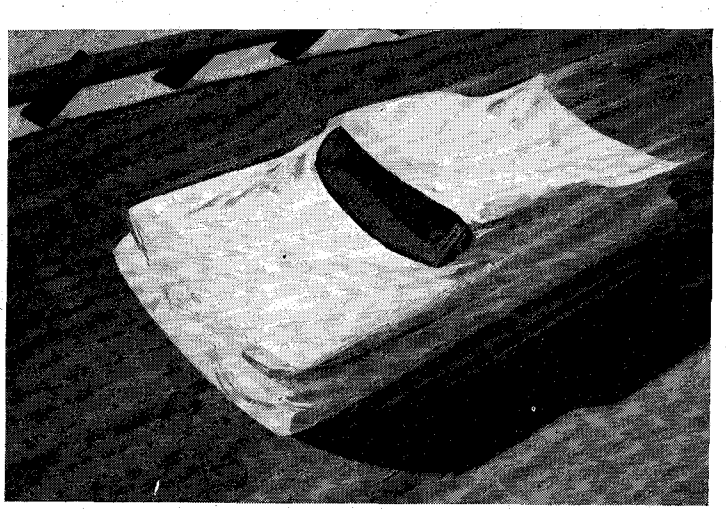
The New

From Power Climbs at Pikes Peak...

From New Car Research 'Round the World...



From Proving Grounds at Detroit...



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Car Gasoline

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HERE NOW—high energy performance for your new or late model car . . . yet you can save up to 2¢ per gallon over many super premiums!

1959's new cars are on the way. And with them comes '*59 Mobilgas Special*—created to meet the total power needs of '59 cars. Here is the first *New Car Gasoline* . . . result of years of studying new cars from every angle—their miles-per-gallon in the Economy Run . . . acceleration and power in the Pikes Peak Hill Climb . . . anti-knock requirements and proving ground performance.

'59 Mobilgas Special will give you instant starts, exciting pick-up, full power and acceleration—top miles per gallon, too! It's at your friendly Mobil dealer's now—can save you up to 2 cents per gallon over many super premiums. '59 Mobilgas Special—*The New Car Gasoline* . . . ready now for your new or late model car.

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Provident
LIFE AND ACCIDENT
Insurance Company
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE • SINCE 1887
One of the Oldest . . . One of the Largest

(*Continued from Page 73*) for Kathleen to pin the wreath of roses more securely in her hair.

The daylight began to fade, the lamps were lit. Uncle Harry Cole and Mr. Goldberg were the last to leave, and I saw them to the door.

"Say good-by to your sweet girl for me," said Mr. Goldberg. "I haven't seen her around."

Uncle Harry Cole shook hands with me. "It was a good wedding," he said. "A little strange, maybe. I kept waiting for the Twenty-third Psalm."

I watched them go up the hill to the road. There was a gray fog rolling in from the sea. It hid the beach; I couldn't see Kathleen's little house at all.

I went down the hill, and when I got to the fog, it was wet and icy, as though it had come up from the depths of ocean. I called Kathleen's name, but there was no answer.

The house was empty when I got to it. All the curtains were gone from the windows, the woven mats from the floor. The screens inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the corals, the shells, all were gone; only the bed and the dresser stood there in the bare room, with the dust smell, and the fog, and the sound of the sea outside.

It was then I heard the crying. At first I thought it was my own, but it came from somewhere in the fog, far out, in the direction of the sea. It was a sound of weeping, the loneliest sound I ever heard. I walked down to the water. Everywhere in the sand were the marks of sandpipers.

There isn't much more to tell. I had no feeling at all at first, beyond the sense of emptiness and loss, but that's the way it is with a wound, if it's deep enough; it hurts afterwards. The first thing is the shock and the unbelief, and then, when it begins to heal, you feel the pain. I felt forsaken, and this time without hope; for a while I tried to forget, to put my mind on other things, but there were no other things. Later, I tried to remember, to comfort myself with memories. I tried to understand; I wanted so much to understand. I wanted Kathleen to come back to me.

She never did come back. But there was a time when the sense of her presence returned to me, and I felt less forsaken. It was after a night late in summer, when, coming into Trisha's room where she was sleeping, I thought I saw a slender, shadowy figure bending over the bed. The figure turned as I came in, put a finger to its lips and vanished, and Trisha woke and held out her arms to me. I put my face down on her warm, drowsy, petal-soft cheek, and stayed there with her. The presence of love was all around me, and filled my heart. "I was dreaming," she said. I didn't need to ask her of whom.

The children accepted Kathleen's absence without surprise; they asked no questions; they remembered her only with joy. Later on, when they were older and in another place, she began to merge in their minds with Trina, and then I found them talking about things that had happened "when mommy was here"—such as the wedding and the picnic on the beach.

I stayed away from the beach at first, hating the ocean and not able to bear the sight of Kathleen's empty house. But when the healing set in I took to going to the little house myself, and more and more often. I found a comfort in it, as though love still warmed the bare rooms; and sometimes, when I'd been there a while, I could almost see them as they used to be, with the curtains drawn at the windows, and the screens and the shells. At such times she seemed near me, and yet less than the air around me.

Now, when I worked at my book, Trisha sat with me and cut her paper dolls, and Chris played by himself in the yard. The work went slowly; mostly I sat and stared out of the window at the sea. No daemon spoke to me or guided my thoughts beyond myself to better worlds.

My friends were gentle with me, they tried to take me out of myself, but I had no desire to see anybody. There wasn't anything I could say to them; there wasn't any way to explain what had happened to me or how I felt. Perhaps Uncle Harry Cole might have understood, but he was away on a fishing trip up north. Once again, as before, there was no one to talk to.

That was the way things were the night the hills caught fire. A *santana*, the strong, dry wind from the desert, had been blowing all day, scattering sand and dust across the Coast Highway and bending the tops of the eucalypti. The fire must have started about midnight, in one of the canyons; and it swept outward and downward, and it went fast.

I was asleep when I thought I heard someone calling me. It sounded like Trina's voice, very far away; and then the sound of the sea was in it, and then it was Kathleen's voice, and I woke in the darkness, and there was nothing there.

I could see a murky glow through my window, and I got up and went to the door and looked out. The whole line of hills back of the house was on fire, with flames licking the crest and falling in golden streams through the canyons. I could smell the smoke, and see the sparks explode into the sky as the eucalypti went up, and the pines. It was a big fire, and I didn't know where it would go. The low, glittering, snakelike lines of flame extended as far as I could see.

I went in to wake the children. It was four o'clock. "We'd better get out," I said.

We didn't take much with us; there wasn't time. We piled a few things into the car—a blanket, some clothes and a few treasures; Trisha took her sea horse, and Chris the little fishing spear Kathleen had given him. I took the branch of coral from the mantelpiece, and a picture of Trina.

We were well past Las Flores when I remembered that I'd left my manuscript in my desk. It was too late to go back for it. The fire engines and the police cars passed us, going in, their sirens wailing and their headlights blazing at us through the dark. Perhaps if I hadn't had the children with me, I'd have gone back anyway, but I couldn't risk it.

At Topanga the sheriffs were stopping northbound cars and turning them back. It was a big fire.

We found room in a motel at Santa Monica and stayed there the rest of the night and the next day, and after that the Bassets took us in. They were very kind. We never spoke of Kathleen. I knew they thought she had deserted me.

It was several days before the fire was out and the roads clear, and we were able to drive home again, past the scorched fields and the burned-out canyons with their black, twisted trees. Beyond Malibu the flames had reached the sea in several places; Paradise Cove had been swept, and the moors beyond Trancas.

We got to our own house at last, and it was gone; and there was nothing left of the little house on the beach but charred wood and broken tile. Sparks must have come over in the wind and set fire to the roof, and nothing could have saved it. Nothing remained of the summer but what I could remember—Trish's sea horse, a branch of coral and a fishing spear.

Trisha cried a little, but Chris was stoic about it. "We had a good time in that old house," he said.

"I baked a cake," said Trisha, "and I gave a party. And I was sick, and mommy came."

"You mean Kathleen," said Chris. "Kathleen came."

We left the beach, and went to live in Sierra Madre near the mountains. Perhaps my children would get to know the mountains the way they knew the sea.

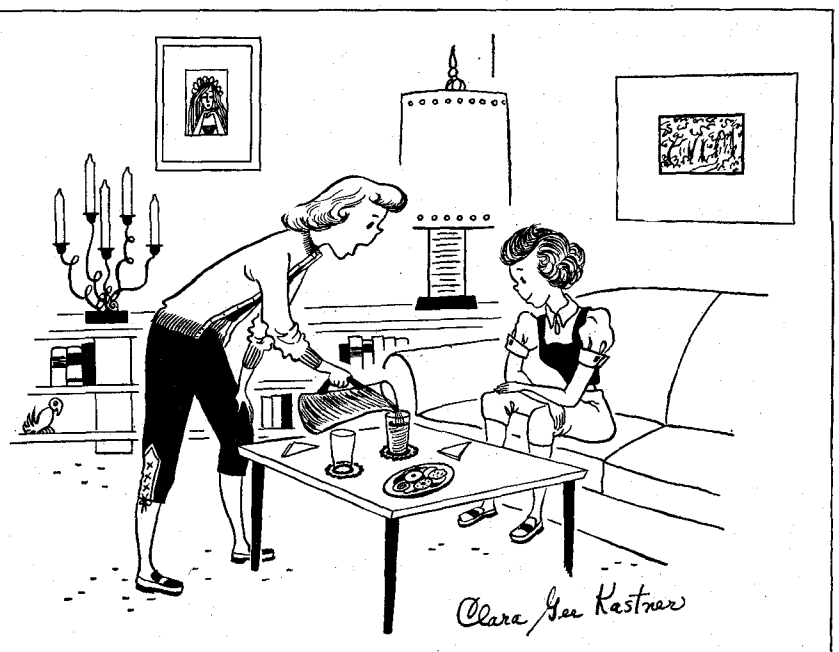
My book was gone with the house, but it didn't matter; I had a different story to write now. For I knew there was still wonder in the world. Wonder, and benediction.

It was in Sierra Madre that I found a copy of the strange wedding ceremony the minister had used to marry Dick and Alice. It was in a little-known work by Bernard of Treves, translated by Ben Ray Redman. The minister hadn't read all of it, for after the line: "So love returns to love," there was another paragraph.

"These Beings," Bernard had written, "are indeed Sendings, for they are sent to the Beloved to take the place of one gone from his side. But being not of Mortal Flesh, for them to love as a mortal is forbidden; and such taking place, they must find themselves recalled into the Element from which they came." . . .

Beauty is only altered, never lost.

THE END



"It's a martini except I use chocolate syrup instead of vermouth, and milk instead of gin."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Look for this sign

The dealer who displays it gives you his personal radiator protection guarantee—all winter long...with "PRESTONE" anti-freeze.

New Double Guarantee Plan combines the famous "Prestone" anti-freeze product guarantee with the dealer's personal guarantee in writing.

You can't lose with "Prestone" anti-freeze!

"Prestone" brand anti-freeze has always been guaranteed by the maker. The Green Tag, which your dealer attaches to the radiator when he installs "Prestone" anti-freeze, has the famous product guarantee printed on it.

The dealer who displays the sign (shown here) is prepared to add his personal guarantee, in writing, on replacement of "Prestone" anti-freeze lost as a result of mechanical leakage. Ask him for details of the plan and about the proper servicing needed for all winter radiator protection.

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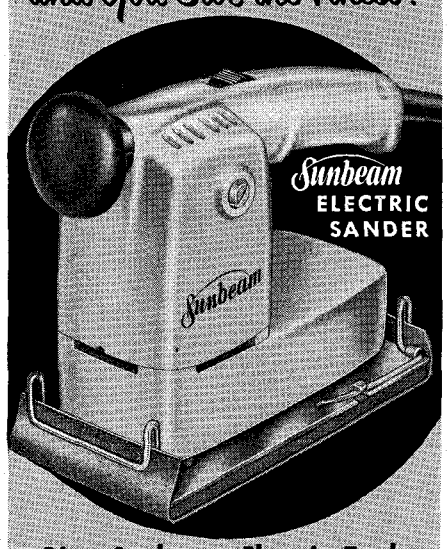

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Edmont
JOB-FITTED GLOVES

"Thumbs Up"—Flexible neoprene coated
"Monkey Grip"—Longest-wearing plastic
"Turtle"—Super-flexible plastic

We Made History in the Nautilus

(Continued from Page 20)

I was proud of what Nautilus had done, yet I felt no sense of personal triumph or achievement. That we had reached the Pole was due to the work and support of many people: The President, the Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Arleigh Burke, Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who developed our nuclear propulsion plant, engineers at Sperry Gyroscope and North American, and, of course, the crew, who had unerringly piloted the ship toward our goal.

My reaction, frankly, was an overwhelming feeling of relief that after months and months of preparation, and two unsuccessful probes, one of which had almost ended in disaster, we had finally done it. As I made my way forward to join in the North Pole celebration, my mind reflected on these events and on the fantastic cloak-and-dagger prelude to our final departure. I had a feeling that it could not possibly have been true. Yet it was.

It is difficult to pinpoint the exact starting point of our trip. In a broad sense, it might be said that it began before the keel of Nautilus had been laid. The group that conceived the Nautilus and pushed it through—Rickover, Lou Roddis, Jim Dunford, Ray Dick—had dreamed of the Nautilus operating under the polar ice from the beginning. Many years ago, they wrote that a nuclear-powered submarine would enable the United States to dominate this vast sea area virtually denied to surface vessels. They forecast the opening of a new, submerged Northwest Passage for nuclear-powered cargo submarines, and suggested that the Arctic would be an ideal operating area for missile-carrying nuclear submarines. But in the development of a weapons system, it is a long time between concept and reality.

During the first two years of operations, while Nautilus was busy smashing one record after another, and engendering a sense of frustration among our anti-submarine forces, her first skipper, Captain Eugene P. Wilkinson, thought often, and longingly, of a polar transit. But in Nautilus' busy schedule there was no time for such an event. Nevertheless, a small group of officers in the Pentagon began laying plans.

It fell to me to command the first trip of the Nautilus under the Arctic ice—a brief, exploratory journey in August, 1957. Equipped with experimental sonar which could scan upward and give us a picture of the ice, we entered the pack from the strait between Greenland and Iceland. In three probes, we covered 1383 miles in five and a half days, and penetrated to within 180 miles of the Pole. We learned a great deal about the ice, ocean bottom, and the tricky technique of navigating beneath the pack; but an electrical failure which shut off our gyro compass precluded further exploration. (See Saturday Evening Post, December 28, 1957.)

In November, about a month after we returned from that trip, I flew to Washington to brief officers of the Navy Department on what we had learned—and what we had yet to learn. By chance, on leaving the Pentagon, I met Captain Peter Aurand, the President's naval aide. He invited me to the White House to brief a few members of the President's staff on our trip. At the conclusion of this meeting, the President's press secretary, James Hagerty, asked a question that I am sure was on the minds of many people: "Is it possible for the Nautilus to cross the Arctic from Pacific to Atlantic?"

"Yes, sir." I replied. Although Nautilus had experienced some difficulty on our first trips under the ice, I was certain that with the addition of some new gyro compasses, as well as other aids to navigation, and by dint of careful planning, we could make it.

When I left the White House conference room, both Aurand and Hagerty were smiling broadly.

Meanwhile, in the wake of my visit to the Pentagon, top naval officers had begun to think in terms of Hagerty's question. A small group of officers were ordered to make a feasibility study. Their conclusion was, like mine, "yes." Shortly thereafter, Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Burke proposed to the President that Nautilus attempt the trip the following summer.

The President's reaction can only be described as completely enthusiastic. In fact, our proposed polar transit became a sort of pet project of the President's. I feel, personally, that it was due largely to his unflagging interest that the trip was successfully completed.

The voyage then became the most top-secret peacetime naval operation in recent history. The reasons for complete secrecy were twofold. First, Nautilus, in transiting the Bering Strait would pass well clear of Soviet territorial limits, but possibly near her submarine operating areas, and there was a risk—admittedly remote—that some incident might occur. Secondly, all hands felt that it was wiser to make the journey, if possible, first, and announce it after it had been completed, thus avoiding another Vanguard fiasco. As it turned out, only a handful of people in the entire Government were acquainted with the details.

In January I received a mysterious, urgent telephone call from the Pentagon, concerning, I was told, a matter that was "too sensitive to talk about over the telephone." I was ordered to report as soon as possible to the office of Rear Admiral L. R. Daspit, director of Undersea Warfare in the Navy Department. When I rushed aboard the overnight train for Washington, I was apprehensive. I thought: *What have I done wrong now?*

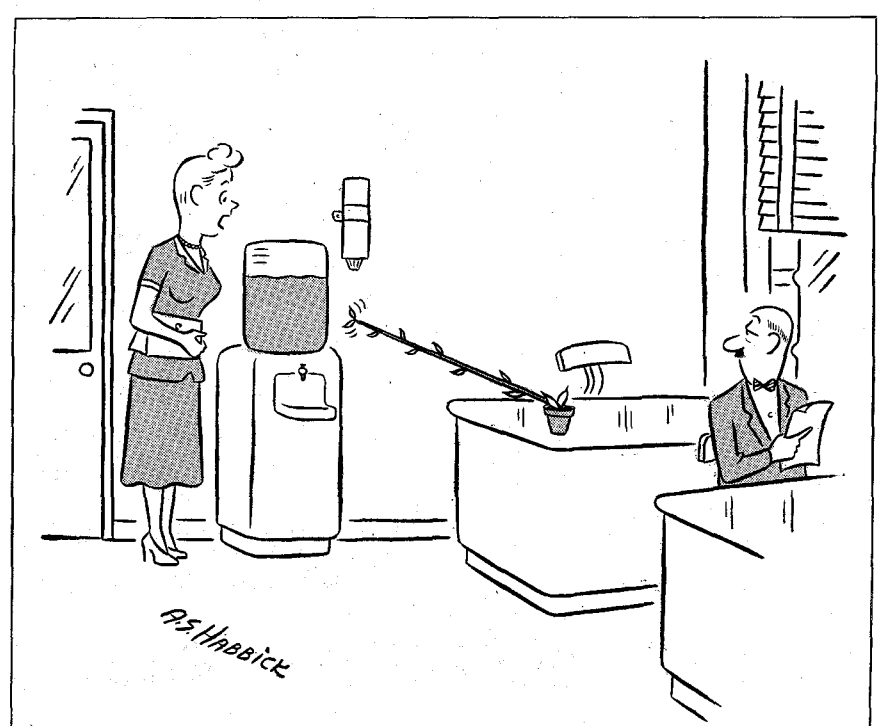
At the Pentagon I joined Captain Frank Walker, head of the Submarine Warfare branch, and Commander "Duke" Bayne. We hurried to Admiral Daspit's office. The admiral asked his chief yeoman to leave the office, and shut the door. After we sat down, he looked at me and asked: "Anderson, what do you think about taking the Nautilus across the North Pole?" Then he told me of Admiral Burke's proposal to the President and of the latter's keen interest.

By then, although I was unaware of a specific plan to make such a trip, I had given more than considerable thought and study to the idea from a strictly operational standpoint. There was no doubt in my mind that Nautilus could penetrate the ice safely and efficiently from the Greenland-Iceland side of the pack. I also knew that the really formidable problem lay on the other side, in the Bering Strait, and the Chukchi Sea, a small body of water lying between the strait and the Arctic Ocean.

Viewed from the top of the world, this area resembles a huge funnel, with the spout—the Bering Strait—lying to the south. There the ice is far more irregular and hazardous than that on the Greenland side. Blown southward against the walls of the funnel, represented by Alaska and Siberia, the ice chokes up at the narrow mouth. In fact, it jams, layer upon layer against these rugged coastlines, and as a result is far thicker than the ice near Greenland. Moreover, with warming weather or strong winds, these gigantic pieces of rafted ice break away from the coast and drift into the open water of the Chukchi Sea. Like icebergs, with their deep-hanging keels, they are a great menace to submerged submarines.

To make matters worse, the waters of the strait and Chukchi Sea are quite shallow, in fact averaging not more than 120 feet; much too shallow for ordinary submarine operations. If a submarine in those waters encountered a big chunk of raft ice, it might not be able to get beneath or around it. It would be a hair-raising problem of threading through dangerous ice, seeking out the few deeper ocean-floor valleys which lead northward into the Arctic Basin.

From a purely operational standpoint, the question was: could a submarine negotiate this track in the face of possible poor weather and navigational errors? In my mind, as I sat there before Admiral Daspit, I could envision Nautilus creeping through that unknown area, fathometers sounding (*Continued on Page 80*)



"Didn't anyone think to water my plant while I was on vacation?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FEEL BETTER FAST —with BAYER® ASPIRIN

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(*Continued from Page 78*) the distance to the bottom and to the ice overhead. There would not be many feet to spare in either direction. It would be something like a small boy trying to squirm under a low-hanging fence, with the big difference that there is nothing small about Nautilus—long as a city block, and 4000 tons submerged.

Yet, it could be done. I was certain of that. And I said so.

One conference followed upon another. Dr. Waldo Lyon, the Navy's Arctic expert, who had made ten trips under the ice in conventional submarines and who accompanied us on our trip last year, was summoned to Washington. He concurred in my decision that the trip should be made from Pacific to Atlantic. We would tackle the toughest end of the transit first. Neither then nor later could we be absolutely certain that we could get through. Our first effort would be in the nature of a tentative probe. If we could get through—and I was determined to do so, if possible—we would go all the way. If we found the ice too dangerous, we would re-evaluate our plans on the spot.

New equipment—especially more sensitive sonar apparatus—was ordered on a priority basis. It was agreed by all that Nautilus would make the trip as soon as practicable in June, if ice conditions permitted. We would carry out all preparations but the final go-ahead would be held back until a few days before the proposed sailing dates. Admiral Burke reserved for himself the responsibility of making the final decision.

To cover some of the advanced preparations which could not possibly be concealed, Admiral Burke approved a cover-operation plan. The Navy announced that Nautilus, Skate and Halfbeak were to engage in Arctic operations during the following summer. No other details were revealed. Advanced preparations for those operations, such as installation of polar navigation equipment, would make Nautilus ready for a transpolar voyage, if the trip proved feasible. The polar transit itself, code-named "Operation Sunshine," remained top secret pending the decision as to whether or not it would be attempted.

From an equipment standpoint, our first big task was to install the inertial navigator. This was accomplished before mid-April in Groton, Connecticut. North American engineers, working in secrecy, and under a severe time limit, did, I think, a magnificent job. When I first saw this amazingly intricate array of electronics (the connecting circuits are "printed" in gold), I had only one reaction: "It will never work." I was decisively proved wrong. After the "bugs" had been worked out, the inertial navigator kept us precisely informed of our position at all times. This device, when it becomes available in large quantities for commercial ships, will revolutionize the ancient art of sea navigation. It will also be a valuable piece of equipment for our Polaris submarines. In order to place a ballistic missile on target, it is imperative to know the exact launching position.

From a security standpoint, our first pressing problem was to devise a cover operation for our trip to the Pacific, where we would stage for our first Arctic probes. Admiral Burke passed along the word that the Nautilus would be dispatched to the West Coast to familiarize antisubmarine warfare units with the capabilities of a nuclear-powered submarine. Ports of call would be Balboa, Panama, San Diego, San Francisco and Seattle. On the eighth of June, he said, Nautilus would begin her return trip to the East Coast, departing Seattle, and making a twenty-six-day submerged cruise back to Panama. On a long, submerged run of that kind, independent of the earth's atmosphere, we could turn down, without causing suspicion, the usual requests from scientists and naval personnel for a ride, because our oxygen supply was limited.

Under this plan, Admiral Burke could also furnish a plausible excuse to the many antisubmarine units that usually exercise with us when we come into their jurisdiction. It would be a long trip, C.N.O. could say, on a route that took Nautilus many miles from all Pacific bases. We would be busy making atmospheric tests, and studying the problems of very-long-range, submerged cruises. In this particular case, C.N.O. could say, it would be better not to burden Nautilus with too many jobs.

Carrying out a top-secret mission of this kind can have its trying moments. I believe I alienated many of my professional friends because of the necessity of clamming up or talking in circles. Since I do not like to mislead my crew deliberately, I was careful to make myself scarce just prior to any occasion when the subject of our future operations might arise. I relied, probably to the point of unfairness, on my executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Frank Adams, to handle this onerous problem. He did his usual outstanding job. For example, how do you prove you are not going on an immediate trip to the Arctic when tons of special Arctic navigation and electronic equipment are being installed? How do you explain loading winter clothing and antifreeze for a spring trip to California?

Adams covered all these questions ably. Moreover, he went further. He held elaborate operations conferences on operations that would never be conducted. He arranged dinner and speaking engagements for our "return" trip to Panama. I overheard many phone calls which were couched in terms that sounded like some fantastic new brand of slang.

To be entirely fair, a voyage of this sort should be made strictly by volunteers. In preparing for our departure from the East Coast I believe I discharged my obligation in that respect. After the routine announcement that Nautilus, Skate and Halfbeak would participate in Arctic operations, I requested my junior officers to survey their men quietly with this question: "Are there any who prefer to take leave or to stay on the submarine tender during the 'ice' operations?" Not one Nautilus sailor accepted the offer.

Thus it was, that when we departed Groton, Connecticut, on April twenty-fifth for Panama, the crew knew nothing of our possible final destination. I felt a slight sense of guilt because the Nautilus crew had always been a close-mouthed group and I trust them implicitly down to the last man. But there is always that inadvertent slip, which can happen to anyone, regardless of rank or rating. The way to keep something top secret is to tell as few people as possible. I rationalized, too, telling myself that it would be a crushing disappointment to the crew if by some chance our trip was canceled after the crew had been told the polar transit was a probability.

In San Diego, and later in San Francisco, we reported to the various antisubmarine-warfare groups and conducted long and tedious exercises. Here again we were compelled to talk in circles about future plans and I am certain we antagonized many senior West Coast commanders. Finally, in June, we reached our staging base in Seattle, Washington.

I then put into execution a plan I had long since tucked away in the back of my mind: a last-minute aerial reconnaissance of the ice conditions at the mouth of the Bering Strait. This, too, was done under cover. Ten minutes after the Nautilus berthed in Seattle, I left the ship in civilian clothes, ostensibly on emergency leave. I met Doctor Lyon, who would accompany me, at the municipal airport, where we had reservations on a commercial airliner to Alaska.

In preparation for this expedition, I had obtained special identification papers. I traveled under the name of Charles A. Henderson, supposedly a civilian technician attached to the Naval Electronics Laboratory in San Diego. Since it was not unusual for Doctor Lyon to be seen in Alaska scrutinizing ice conditions, and because up to that point he had had no overt connection with the Nautilus, he used his own name. In Seattle as we were climbing aboard the airliner, he said to me, "I thought things like this happened only in story books."

Arriving in Alaska, we made arrangements to charter a private plane, flown by a bush pilot named Ernie Cairns. With minimum delay we climbed aboard and winged toward the Bering Strait, and thence to the northernmost land possessed by the United States, Point Barrow. As far as Cairns knew, we were simply two scientists gathering data for a Navy scientific presentation. I posed as Lyon's assistant.

Zooming low over this bleak area in a single-engine plane, my heart was frequently in my mouth. But Lyon and I were steadily compiling information. We noted many stretches of open water along our prospective route—an encouraging sign. All in all, we judged that conditions were not ideal, but probably worth risking a try.

Our brief air reconnaissance was not without its moments of drama. Toward the end of our mission, we unexpectedly ran critically short of fuel. Cairns radioed a nearby Air Force DEW Line station, reporting the emergency and requested permission to land.

Back came the Air Force: "Who do you have on board?"

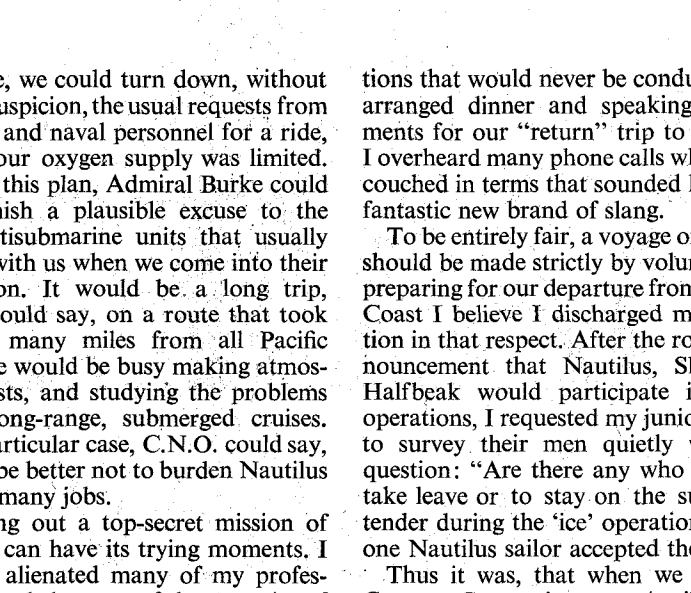
Cairns replied: "Two civilians."

Air Force: "Permission *not* granted to land."

Seeking an alternate solution, Cairns turned toward a small Eskimo village where he knew of a gasoline cache left there by the bush pilots against just such a predicament as ours. He dragged the small plane along a sandy beach, wheeled around and landed, only a few miles from the point where Will Rogers and Wiley Post, many years ago, ran out of fuel and crashed. The plane was filled with fuel, and then, with six Eskimos pushing on each wing to boost us out of the soft sand, Cairns jockeyed the plane into the air. Our wheels cleared a large and formidable log by inches.

By Sunday, June eighth, I was back aboard Nautilus. It was our scheduled day of departure, and we had yet to receive the final word from Washington. What would be our destination: Panama or North Pole?

I shuffled through my two sets of operational orders. One bore the label "Confidential." It directed us to make a long submerged transit to Panama, to collect data in support of advanced nuclear submarine operations. The other was stamped "Top Secret—Eyes Only of the (*Continued on Page 82*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

An umpire's conference—one of those little clusters of men in blue—can lead to surprising decisions. Here, based on an actual play, is an instance of a real upset resulting from one.

Say Detroit leads Chicago, 2–1, as the Tigers bat in the last of the sixth. Frank Bolling opens with a double down the right-field line. He moves to third on Red Wilson's slow roller to first.

With the count one-and-one on the next Tiger batter, pitcher Herb Moford, Bolling is signaled to steal home. He breaks for the plate as Sox pitcher Bob Keegan goes into motion. Then Moford fouls the ball.

But the Tiger third-base coach protests loudly to the plate umpire that Keegan was off the rubber when he pitched, making the throw illegal. The umpire consults his colleagues and learns that Keegan was indeed off rubber.

If you were umpiring, what would you do now?

See Page 82 for answer.

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When You Need Help Most...

When your home is destroyed by fire, your worries may seem overwhelming. Just as they do when your car is severely damaged or you injure someone and believe you are at fault. But in all these cases your worries about money are likely to be short-lived if you're insured through an independent insurance agent. Here's why:

1. Your independent insurance agent is a self-employed professional insurance specialist. He uses his training and skill to make sure you have the right insurance and enough coverage.

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3. He insures you with a company which pays its claims promptly and fairly. Some of the many companies which sell insurance through independent insurance agents are shown on the following pages. All have long records for fast, fair claim settlements. You will recognize their names. Many of them pioneered fire and casualty insurance in the United States. All have withstood the test of time, have survived major economic disasters.

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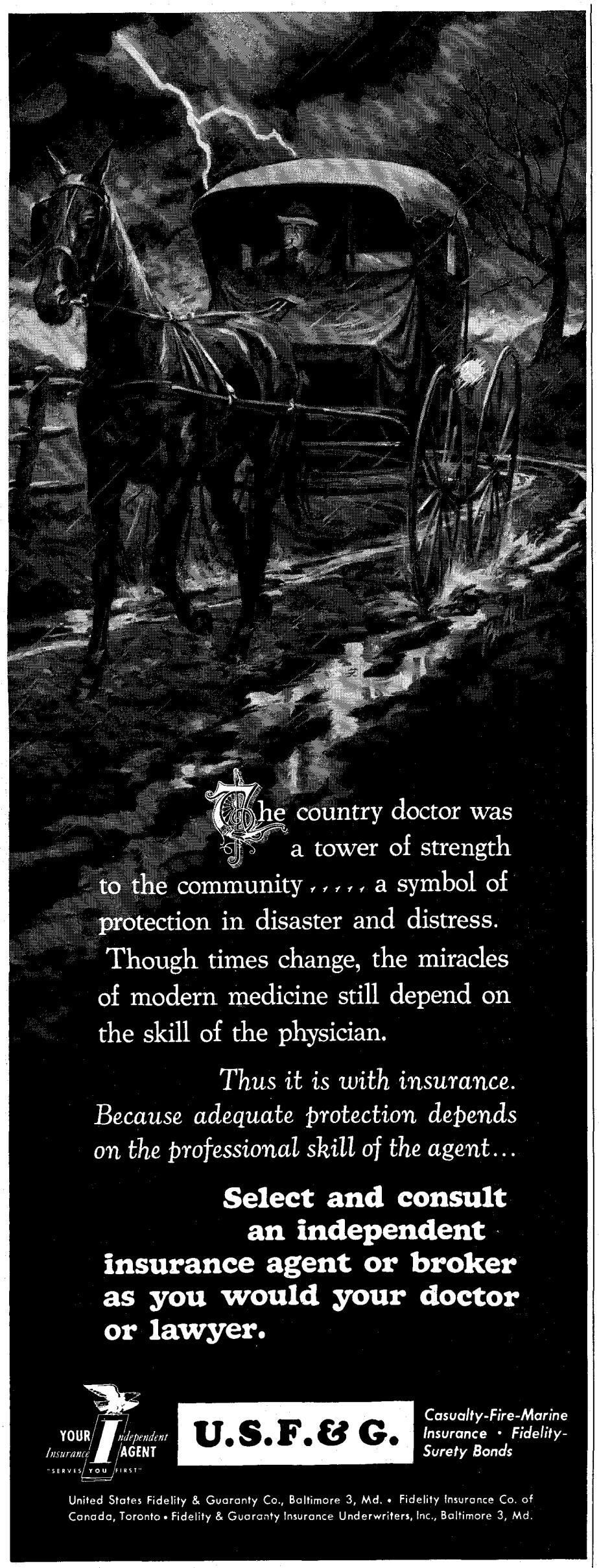
The country doctor was
a tower of strength
to the community . . . . . a symbol of
protection in disaster and distress.
Though times change, the miracles
of modern medicine still depend on
the skill of the physician.
Thus it is with insurance.
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Canada, Toronto • Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

America's great fire and casualty companies
selling insurance through independent agents.

(*Continued from Page 80*) Commanding Officer." The latter stated that if directed by the Chief of Naval Operations, I should ignore all previous instructions and proceed to Portland, England, via the North Pole if feasible. If the initial probe proved impossible, Nautilus would return to Pearl Harbor. The top-secret orders were stamped 1-58 and signed by Admiral Burke.

I had already filed a routine movement report giving a routing to, and destination of, Panama. My exec, Frank Adams, and I had accepted a dinner invitation in Panama for the evening of July third.

During our West Coast operations, we had been in almost daily telephone contact with Admiral Rickover, keeping him posted on the status of our nuclear power plant. Even though Nautilus had for three years been accepted as a proven application of nuclear propulsion, the admiral continued to maintain an overriding interest in the ship. He was particularly concerned that the power plant be in shipshape condition if we were to cross the Pole. That morning, while I was awaiting final word, Admiral Rickover arrived from Washington and spent two hours touring the ship and discussing plans. He left the Nautilus a few minutes after Lieutenant Commander Paul Early, the engineering officer, reported that the reactor had gone "critical" preparatory to our three P.M. departure.

I picked up the telephone and called Rear Admiral Daspit at his home in Washington. My message was brief: "Nautilus is ready to go anywhere." Admiral Daspit, acting for Admiral Burke, then gave me oral orders to execute Operation Sunshine.

The phone was back in its cradle before the full impact of Admiral Daspit's instructions came home to roost. I felt a sense of awe that I was on the verge of launching one of the most historic sea voyages of all times. I also felt a great sense of relief. The anxiety that for one reason or another the trip might be canceled, which had plagued me for months, was gone.

There was only one final problem: how to get Doctor Lyon, and his assistant, Rex Rowray, on board without being noticed. In Navy and scientific circles a submarine plus Dr. Waldo Lyon equals an Arctic cruise. I had planned to bring them over the gangway at the last second—until I received word that a Navy photographer would cover our sailing. If a picture of Lyon and Rowray scooting over the gangway should be released, I knew the cat would inevitably be let out of the bag. If I brought them aboard well in advance of departure, the crew would instantly guess our mission.

There was only one solution. My exec mustered all hands in the crew's mess for "pre-under-way quarters." Even the topside watch was relieved by one of the officers. While the crew was being routinely briefed on the fictional trip to Panama, on a prearranged signal Lyon and Rowray scampered aboard. We rushed them into a wardroom stateroom and locked the door. Lieutenant Ken Carr remarked, "Captain, these are the first men in history to be shanghaied to go to the North Pole."

A minor matériel failure in our main turbine system delayed our departure until midnight. Such breakdowns always seem to occur when our propulsion plant has been idle. On the Nautilus we believe in the dictum of the aviators, which is, "To keep a plane in good shape, keep it flying." The repairs were made with little inconvenience to us. However, it considerably prolonged the confinement of our "hostages," Doctor Lyon and Rex Rowray. Lieutenant Shep Jenks slipped them apples and oranges to stave off hunger pangs, and also empty bottles for obvious reasons.

At 0024 on June ninth, Lieutenant Commander Early reported, "Ready to get under way." Mooring lines were singled up. Then we cast off and backed out of the slip at two-thirds speed. In utter blackness, we threaded our way through the channels of Puget Sound.

Our orders were to remain undetected and, if detected, to conceal our identity. Therefore I immediately sent a working party topside to paint over our number—571—on the "sail," the streamlined, steel-plated housing for our periscopes, radio and radar antennae. Then, at long last, I remembered our "hostages" and ordered them released. When the crew caught sight of Doctor Lyon, the cat was indeed out of the bag. But it no longer mattered. Soon after, over the ship's public-address system, I passed the word that our destination was Portland, England, via the North Pole.

The crew reacted in typical, spirited Nautilus fashion. Leading steward Harvey joked: "This will cost me fifty cents. I still have two Panamanian quarters I have saved." Our new quartermaster, Williamson, who had been brought aboard from the submarine Sargo at the last minute to relieve one of our men transferred on emergency leave, cracked: "Now I know why they said: 'You go. You're single.'" However, I want to emphasize that these were lighthearted jokes. Nowhere on board was there any evidence whatsoever of apprehension. This one fact alone confirmed my long-held opinion that no better crew had ever taken a ship to sea.

Our high spirits might have been dampened somewhat if we could have foreseen that, in not many days, Nautilus would experience the narrowest escape in her bold history. The circumstances that brought about this near brush with death would force us to give up our initial probe and retreat to Pearl Harbor.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Commander Anderson with Clay Blair, Jr. The second will appear next week.

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 80

Of all things, you must call Bolling out.

The protest backfired at the expense of the innocent base runner. Because Keegan was off the rubber, he was not a pitcher, but a fielder making a play at the plate on a runner attempting to steal. Moford, hitting Keegan's pitch, unwittingly became guilty of interfering with the play. In such cases of interference, the runner attempting to steal home is out unless there are already two out, in which case the batter becomes the third out. (Section 7.08g.)

The foul does not count and Moford returns to bat with a one-and-one count.

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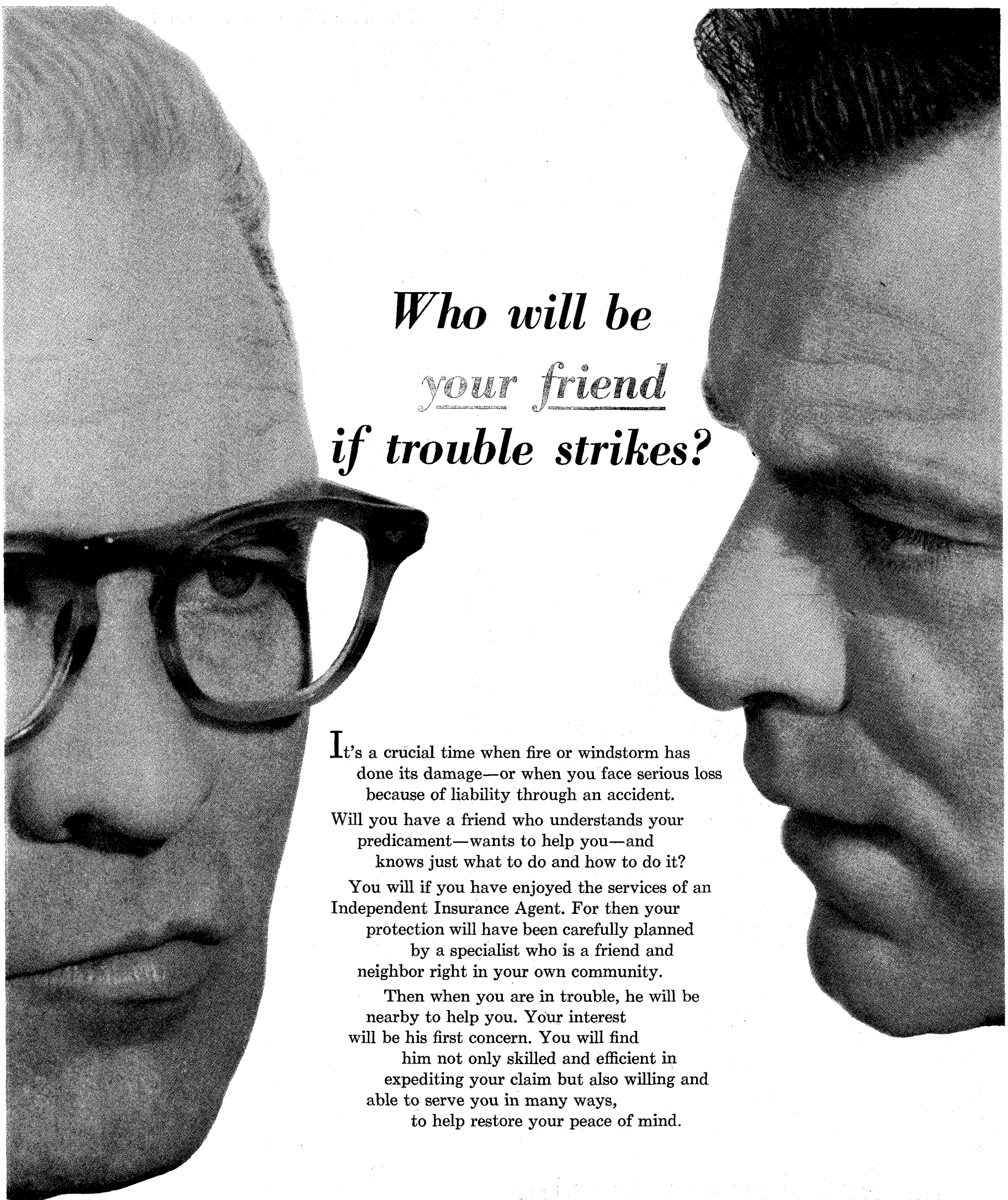

Who will be your friend if trouble strikes?

It's a crucial time when fire or windstorm has done its damage—or when you face serious loss because of liability through an accident.

Will you have a friend who understands your predicament—wants to help you—and knows just what to do and how to do it?

You will if you have enjoyed the services of an Independent Insurance Agent. For then your protection will have been carefully planned by a specialist who is a friend and neighbor right in your own community.

Then when you are in trouble, he will be nearby to help you. Your interest will be his first concern. You will find him not only skilled and efficient in expediting your claim but also willing and able to serve you in many ways, to help restore your peace of mind.

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COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK • THE METROPOLITAN CASUALTY INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y. • MILWAUKEE INSURANCE COMPANY
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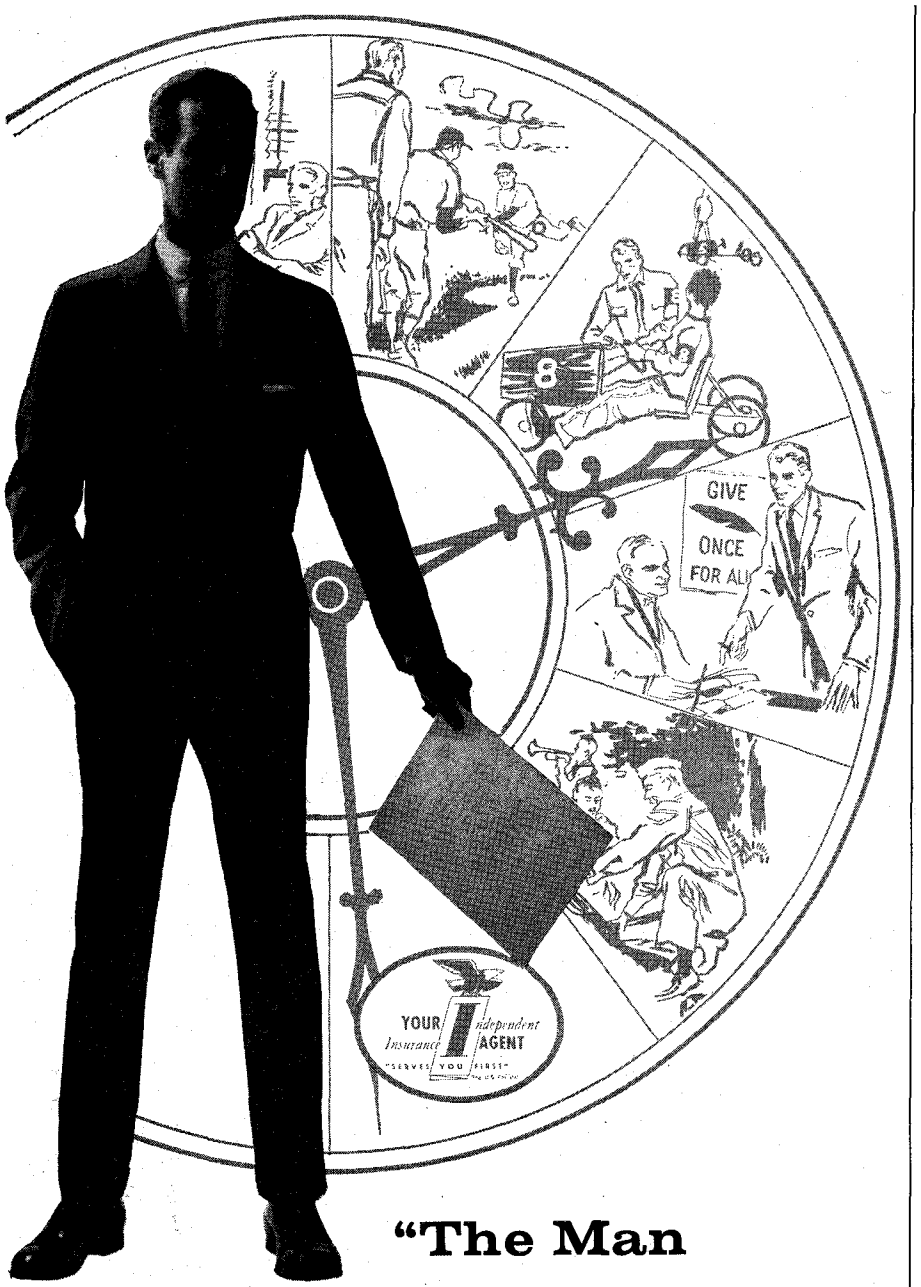

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So, if you want advice on needed insurance coverage (or an honest appraisal of what's *not* needed) . . . or if you're simply trying to learn the ropes in a new community . . . you'll find your Employers' Agent a good man to know. Write us for the names of Agents in your area from whom you can choose your personal Man With The Plan.

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Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island

(Continued from Page 29)

Who ever heard of Rapa Iti? The little island had been gnawed almost in two by the ocean. The ridge we stood on sloped down on both sides to sheltered bays. If we looked about us, we saw twelve castle-like formations on green hilltops round about. Down by the shore of the bay where the ship rested, smoke was rising from a village of reed-thatched bamboo huts. Here lived the entire population of the island, 278 Polynesians all told. But who had built this lofty dream castle and its counterparts on all the other hilltops? And what purpose had these buildings served? No one on the island could tell us.

When Captain Vancouver discovered this remote speck of land in 1791, he thought he saw a blockhouse and palisades, and presumed that it was a man-made fort. When the famous South Seas missionary Ellis came to the island some years later, he declared that Vancouver had been mistaken: the contours up in the hills were natural formations. No archaeologist had yet set foot on the island. We were in virgin country; no one knew what we might find.

There was once a legend current among the natives of Rapa Iti describing the discovery of the island. According to this legend, Rapa Iti was first settled by women who arrived from Easter Island, after sailing primitive craft across the sea. Many of them were pregnant, and from them sprang the population of Rapa Iti.

From the fairy-tale castle up in the mountains we could see for many miles across the sea. Far away to the south the sky was black and gloomy. Down there cold ocean currents, moving east, skirted the drift ice of the Antarctic. That was a dangerous region of storms and fog banks, empty of islands and human life. But to the north, feathery trade-wind clouds drifted west, in company with the mild Humboldt Current that laps Rapa Iti. It would have been natural for primitive craft to have drifted this way from Easter Island. That was why we had followed the same route.

Day after day we had plowed the ocean in a westward race with the current and drifting clouds, until Pitcairn Island had risen out of the sea ahead. A huge boat with six pairs of oars emerged from a little cove. The descendants of the Bounty mutineers climbed on board—robust, bare-legged characters. A gray-haired giant jumped down onto the deck ahead of the others—Parkin Christian, great-great-grandson of Fletcher Christian, who led the historic mutiny. No one lived on Pitcairn when the mutineers came ashore with their pretty women from Tahiti, yet they found abandoned temple platforms and a few small statues. Who had been on Pitcairn Island before them? Nobody knows.

We stayed on the mutineers' island for several days. While the archaeologists dug and poked about, the frogmen went down and had a look at the scanty remains of the Bounty—ballast from the old sailing ship, a rusty heap of iron bars, which lay on the floor of Bounty Bay.

The inhabitants were constantly finding stone adzes in the soil, and there were rock carvings on the north coast. But generally speaking, Pitcairn was poor in archaeological remains.

From Pitcairn we sailed to Mangareva. The French administrator was away, but his wife drummed the natives together for a big welcome party, which included a dance in honor of the legendary King Tupa. According to legend, "King Tupa" had come to the island from the east with a flotilla of large sailing rafts. After a stay of some months he had returned to his kingdom in the east, never to reappear in Mangareva.

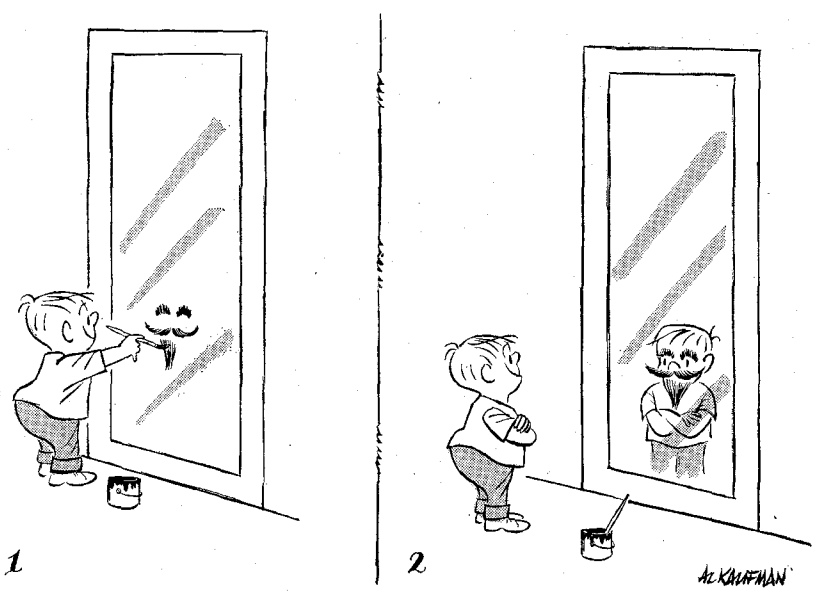
This legend tallies with the Incas' legend of their great ruler Tupac. He caused an immense flotilla of balsa sailing rafts to be built and set out to visit distant islands he had heard of from his seafaring merchants. According to Inca historians, Tupac spent almost a year on his cruise in the Pacific, and returned to Peru with prisoners and booty.

Thanks to experiments we had carried out subsequent to the Kon-Tiki expedition, I knew that such a raft cruise was entirely feasible. We had finally rediscovered the Inca art of navigating a balsa raft with their *guara*, or centerboard, method. This enabled a raft to work to windward as readily as a sailing boat. And Inca Tupac may well have been the Tupa remembered at Mangareva.

The next island we sighted was Rapa Iti. From far off we could see through binoculars that there was something unusual about the highest summits. They looked like overgrown pyramids from Mexico, or the stepped Inca fortifications in the mountains of Peru. This was surely something worth investigating.

Capt. Arne Hartmark felt his way through gaps in a coral reef to a smooth lagoon formed by a sunken crater lake, encircled by jagged peaks. From a picturesque village natives came paddling out in canoes to stare at us.

(*Continued on Page 86*)



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The day their eyes were opened to Ætna Casualty's P.S.*

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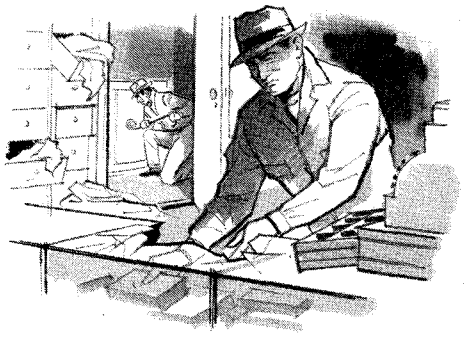

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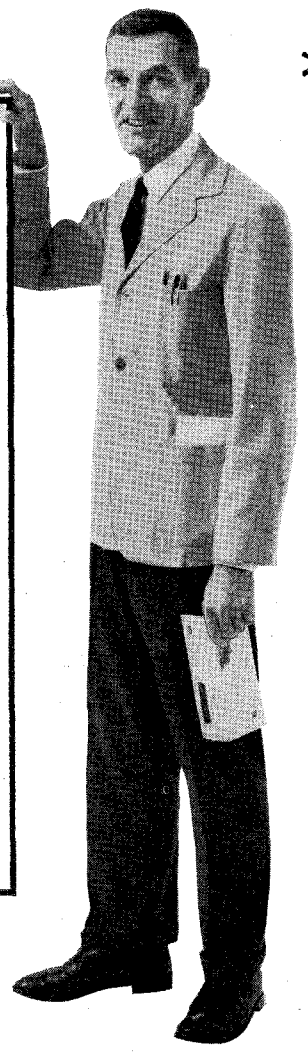
From a policyholder in North Carolina



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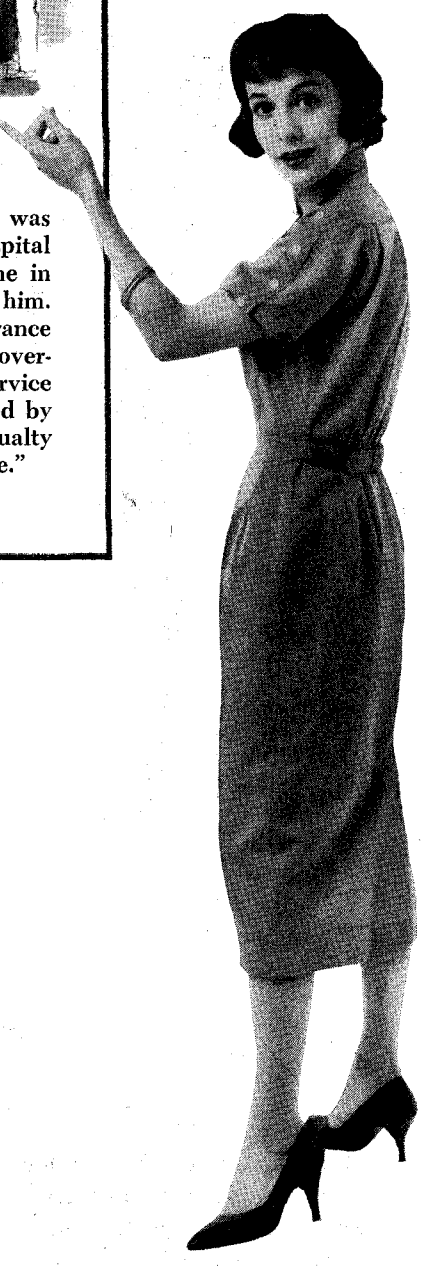
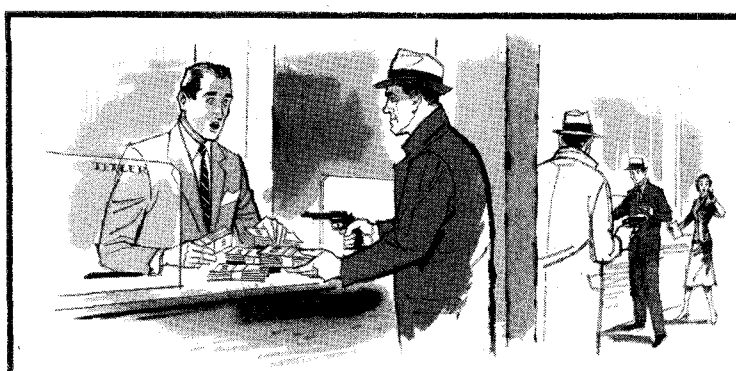
From a policyholder in Texas





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WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

America's great fire and casualty companies selling insurance through independent agents.

(*Continued from Page 84*) Soon we had ascended to the crest of the mountain chain, after a climb among steep ravines and ridges.

"Morongo Uta," said a native guide.

"Who built it?" I asked.

He shrugged: "Perhaps a king. Who knows?"

We peered about among dense vegetation. Here and there stone walls projected. I heard a shout from Ed Ferdon, who was investigating a steep terrace where a section of a platform had subsided, leaving an open earth bank full of shells and fishbones. In the debris the outlines of a bell-shaped mortar appeared; it was made of flint-hard basalt and had been polished to perfection.

Bill Mulloy came up to the crest. "This is terrific," he said, staring at the gigantic structure before us. "We must dig here!"

We held a meeting on board the ship. We were beginning to run short of certain supplies. The large staff of native workers on Easter Island had stripped the ship of all our trade goods and the bulk of our provisions. We decided to proceed to Tahiti and restock the ship; then we could come back and attack the castle on the hill.

We battled our way through rough weather till the familiar contours of Tahiti rose out of the sea. My old adoptive father, chief Teriieroo, was no more. But Tahiti was full of old friends, and no one had time to be bored, day or night, till we sailed back to Rapa Iti. On the way, we stopped at Raivavae and landed two archaeologists, Arne Skjölsvold, of Norway, and Gonzalo Figueroa, of Chile, to explore the ruins of some taboo temples.

We had taken on passengers from Tahiti. One was my old friend Henri Jacquier, curator of the museum at Papeete and president of the *Société des Etudes Océaniennes*. There was also a native—on board with his whole family. The authorities at Tahiti had asked me if I would take him back to Rapa Iti, his original home.

Jacquier came on board with one suitcase, but we had to swing out the cargo boom for our native passenger. He brought innumerable crates, boxes, parcels, sacks, chairs, tables, chest of drawers, cupboards, two double beds, a quantity of planks and beams, bales of corrugated iron, live animals and huge clusters of bananas, till we could hardly move on board. It was a full-scale operation getting all this stuff ashore when we reached smooth water at Rapa Iti a week later. The owner never bothered to thank us.

On shore we had already met a remarkable couple. The woman, called Lea, was a high-spirited woman, half-Tahitian and half-Corsican. She had been sent to the island as a schoolmistress, to teach both grownups and children to read. Her husband, called Money, was one huge grin from ear to ear, Tahitian by birth with a dash of Chinese in the corners of his eyes. He had been a bus driver in Tahiti; now in roadless Rapa Iti he lounged about doing nothing.

As Lea could speak and write French, she was the old chief's right hand. If any problem arose, her advice was sought. She was the life and soul of the little community. Firmly planted on her feet, arms akimbo, she reported for duty when I came ashore. Money stood modestly behind her, well fed and happy, wreathed in smiles. I asked Lea if she could get me twenty strong men to dig in the hills.

"When do you want them?" she asked.

"At seven tomorrow morning," I said, expecting that at best a dozen fellows would come wandering in during the next week.

When I came on deck next morning I saw Lea standing on the shore with twenty men. I swallowed a glass of fruit juice, crammed a slice of bread into my mouth and hurried ashore in the launch. We agreed on Tahiti wages and working hours. By the time the sun was at the zenith we were high up in the hills, with Money and twenty strong fellows cutting steps in the steep hillside, so that we could reach Morongo Uta without daily peril to life and limb.

Money infected the whole team with his high spirits. They sang and shouted and worked with a will, for this was something new: they were not accustomed to work on this island. Whom should they work for? Certainly not for their families. It was the women who cultivated the taro in the fields and kneaded it to a fermented dough. And once a week they went fishing in the lagoon. With raw fish and *popoi*-paste made from taro roots on the bill of fare, they could retire into the shade and sleep and make love for another week.

In our working team there was only one man who shirked and encouraged the others to go slow. The shirker was the traveler whom we had brought free of charge from Tahiti, complete with family and luggage.

Up on the sharp ridge which formed the watershed there was a saddle-shaped depression covered with brushwood. Here we cleared a campground on a ledge just wide enough for a two-man tent. Bill Mulloy, who had been given the task of directing the excavation of Morongo Uta, was to have his base here.

But when we were ready to go up into the hills next day, not one of our merry workers had shown up. Lea came rushing out of a large bamboo hut in the village.

"If only I'd had a machine gun!" she cried.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"They're holding a council," Lea explained. "That fellow you brought from Tahiti says it's unfair to the others to pick out twenty men to work. They want to decide themselves how many are to work. They say they won't stand for any dictatorship. If you don't let them decide who is to work, they'll drive you away from the island. There are fifty of them who want to work."

Lea was furious. The natives, she said, had invited us to a meeting in the big hut after sunset. For the time being we must return to the ship.

After dark the skipper put Jacquier and myself ashore. Three natives stepped out of the night without a word of greeting and followed us to the village. The glare of a kerosene lamp led us toward the assembly hut. On the floor around the walls squatted thirty native men as grim as warriors before a battle. In the middle of the floor, in solitary state, sat a large fat woman with a map spread between her bare legs.

We greeted the gathering with a cheerful *ia-o-rana* and received a murmured reply. Lea and the native pastor were standing by the fourth wall. Lea stood with folded arms, dark and menacing, but flashed a smile of welcome as we entered. She pointed to four chairs which had been placed for her, the native pastor, Jacquier and myself.

She asked Jacquier to speak first, as officially representing the French colonial ministry. He read a speech in French, slowly and quietly. One or two of the natives seemed to understand, for they nodded and looked pleased. The others obviously did not understand a word.

Jacquier told them that he was head of the *Société des Etudes Océaniennes*, at which the matron in the middle of the floor nodded, visibly impressed, and pointed to the map. He went on to say that he had been sent by the governor of French Oceania for the sole purpose of helping us. He had left his family and museum in Tahiti for that very reason. And I—pointing to me—was no tourist. I was the man who had traveled to Raroia with my friends on a *pae-pae*. And now I had come here with some learned men to study their ancient buildings. People from many countries had come to work peaceably with the inhabitants of Rapa Iti—from Norway, America, Chile and France. We had come to learn about their forefathers. We had just visited Rapa Nui—Easter Island. Might we receive as good treatment on Rapa Iti (Little Rapa) as we had in Rapa Nui (Great Rapa)?

Lea translated the speech into the Tahiti dialect, adding a good deal that came from her own heart. She spoke softly, but with a note of admonition. When she had finished, the old chief rose. He talked to his men almost in a whisper, but we could see from his expression that he took a favorable view. After him another old native jumped up. He spoke eloquently for a long time in the Rapa Iti dialect; he seemed to be the local orator.

Finally I rose, with Lea as interpreter, and said that their ancestors might have had good reason to defend their hilltop forts when strange vessels approached. But times had changed. We had come to remove the turf and brushwood, so that the forts would be as fine as in the days of their forefathers. I was ready to give work to all who wanted it, but only on condition that I could send down any man who did not earn his daily wage.

They all sprang up, and we had to shake hands with each one in turn. Next day Lea appeared with fifty-six men. This was the entire adult male population of the island, except for two old men who could not climb the hills.

The work on the walls of Morongo Uta went quickly. Hibiscus and pandanus and giant tree-ferns yielded to the assault. Heavy tree trunks went thundering into the depths, followed by leaves and ferns and brush. When evening approached, the workers scrambled downhill, cheering and dancing. Larsen, the second officer, stayed up in the tent with Bill.

For a few days the work went splendidly. Then, one morning, not one of our fifty-six natives turned up. Through the field glasses we could see the figures of Bill and Larsen silhouetted on the hilltop. On the shore, Lea stood waving to us. More trouble. I went ashore in the motor launch.

"They're on strike," said Lea. "That man you brought from Tahiti had told them that everyone who works must strike."

I went to the village, where some of the toughest fellows were standing with their hands in their pockets, looking surly. The rest had withdrawn into the huts.

(*Continued on Page 88*)

Braggadocio

By Margaret Grahame Collins

Autumn is a feathered cock,
Arrogant in tawny ruff;
Preening wings of speckled gold,
Apricot and buff.

Haughtily he struts around,
This gaudy barnyard king.
But when the farm dog, winter, comes—
How quickly he takes wing!

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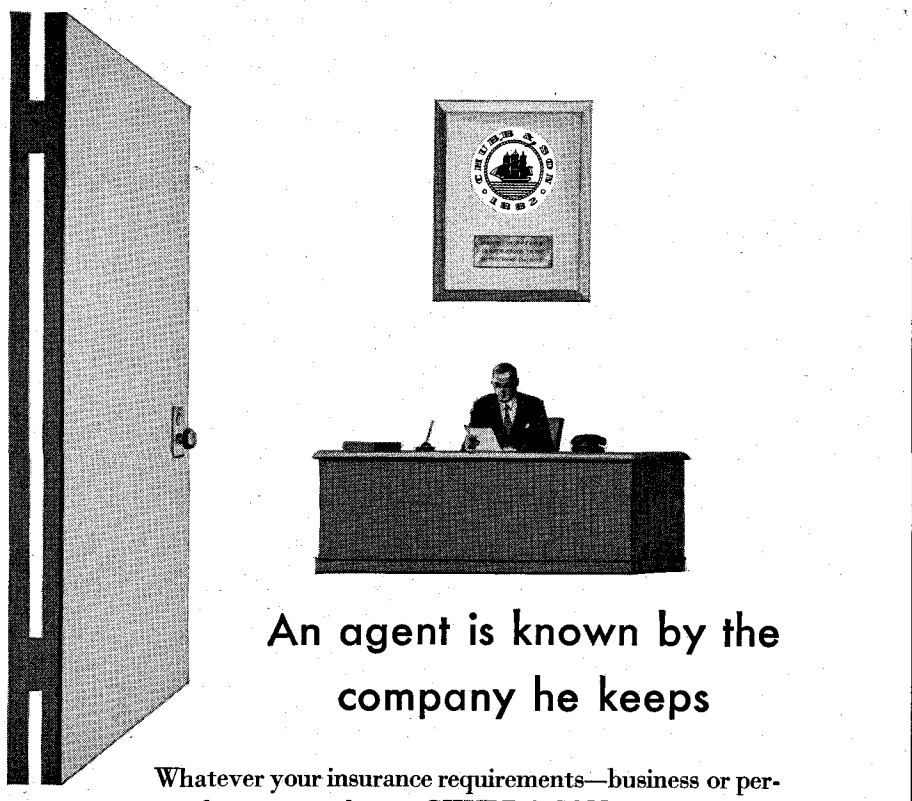
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(*Continued from Page 86*)

"Why are you on strike?" I asked, addressing one of the men directly.

"I'm not the one that knows," the man replied.

He looked round for support, but got none. As I went from man to man, none of them could answer my question. They just stood there, looking grumpy.

"There's a man who knows," a fat woman called from one of the doors. "But he's not here."

I told them to fetch him, and several of the men rushed off. They came back, escorting a fellow in an old army overcoat. It was our friend, the free passenger.

"Why are you on strike?" I asked.

He stood before me with an arrogant air. Everyone came out of the huts, men and women, and crowded round us.

"We want more wages for food," he answered.

"But aren't you getting the wages you asked for yourselves, the same daily wage that is paid in Tahiti?"

"We want more because we provide our own food and lodging."

I saw behind him the green leaf-bag of *popoi* hanging in the trees among the bamboo huts. I knew something about daily wages in French Oceania; what he was asking was absurd. If I gave way now, there would be a fresh strike and fresh demands the day after tomorrow. So I said that I meant to stick to the agreement already made. The reply was that they were all downing tools.

An excited woman of imposing dimensions was standing beside me, with muscles that might have frightened any man. There were others of the same build nearby, and I had a sudden inspiration. I turned to the women.

"Are you women going to let the men sleep in the huts, when for once there's paid work to be had on Rapa Iti? When a ship full of food and clothes and other goods is lying in the lagoon?"

It was a bull's-eye. The stout matron beside me spotted her husband in the crowd, and at the sight of her pointing finger the man slunk off. A deafening clamor arose among the women.

Lea stepped out in front of the throng of gaping men. With her hands planted on her hips, she called out to me, "Why do you want men to work for you? Why can't you use us?"

I looked at all the robust girls gazing at me eagerly and closed with the offer. After all, it was they who were accustomed to doing the work on this island.

The women came pouring out. Women with infants in arms handed them over to grandmothers. Others washing in the brook flung down their soapy clothes. The taro fields were left to themselves till the men should grow hungry. And then Lea marched uphill at the head of her regiment, singing the Marseillaise, which in the rearward files became more and more blurred, gradually blending with local tunes, till those who came last were singing hula melodies and waggling their hips seductively. Money and I were the only men in the procession, and he was splitting with laughter.

Bill and the second mate, up on the ridge, came crawling out of the tent when they heard the noise.

"Here are the diggers," I shouted. "Bring out the spades."

Bill handed a pick to one of the prettiest girls. She flung herself on his neck and gave him a smacking kiss. He managed to save his spectacles and staggered back, looking bewildered.

"In all my career as an archaeologist," he said, "I've missed this. What'll you come marching up with next?"

Lea and her women's corps did credit to their sex. Masses of turf and soil were heaved down the cliffside so fast that Bill was run off his feet insuring that everything was done properly. The women were intelligent, and with Lea at their head they formed a first-class clearing team. When the women had finished for the day, Bill withdrew to his tent, exhausted. Nor was there the slightest falling off in tempo in the days that followed.

The men were left sitting in the village eating *popoi*. When payday came and the women kept both money and goods for themselves, the men threw down their *popoi* bags and approached the man from Tahiti with scowling faces. All this time the chief and the native pastor had stood by us, together with the smiling Money. Now they came with all the other men to sue for peace. Everyone was willing to resume work for Tahiti wages.

We set men and women to work on two separate wings of the huge structure, thus creating competition. Never was a ruin excavated by more energetic teams of diggers. From the ship down in the bay it looked as if a swarm of locusts had descended on the peak and was eating its way downhill. The vegetation covering Morongo Uta gradually receded, and every day the expanse of reddish-brown rock increased. Terraces and walls stood out, and soon the stepped summit was stripped. It shone like a chocolate temple against the blue sky.

But Morongo Uta was not a temple; it was not a castle; it was wrong to call it a mere fort. Anyone who came up into the hills now could see that it was the deserted ruins of a whole village.

There was plenty of level ground in the valleys for those who had first found their way to this island. But instead of settling there, they had climbed the most inaccessible precipices and established themselves around the topmost peaks. There they had turned each hilltop into an impregnable tower. Around and below it the whole cliff had been carved out in great terraces, on which the village houses had stood in rows. The ancient fireplaces were still there, full of ashes. Stone adzes were lying about in quantities. Equally common was the indispensable stone pounder used by the women of the past for beating taro into *popoi*.

Once this must have been a well-fortified village. A huge moat with a rampart barred the way to anyone coming along the southern ridge. Hundreds of thousands of basalt stones had been carried up from the valley to support the terraces on which the huts rested. The uncut blocks were fitted together without mortar. Here and there a drainage channel ran through the wall, or long stones projected to form a kind of stair from one terrace to the next.

There were more than eighty terraces in the Morongo Uta village, and the whole complex was 160 feet high with a span of 1300 feet. It was thus the largest continuous structure ever discovered in the whole of Polynesia. According to Bill's calculations, Morongo Uta alone must have had more inhabitants than the population of the entire island today, which totals 278.

Square stone ovens, wells and store pits for taro were all that was left of the houses. The dwellings had been oval huts made of pliant boughs stuck into the ground, bent and bound together on top, and thatched with reeds and dried grass. This, too, was reminiscent of Easter Island.

While Bill Mulloy and his assistants were supervising the excavation of Morongo Uta, Ed Ferdon and Carl Smith went about with the ship's crew exploring the rest of the island. On all the other hilltops were ruins of fortified villages of the same type as Morongo Uta. Old house sites lay as close together as

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space allowed along the lofty ridge which ran from peak to peak.

What had frightened these people and made them take to the heights? Had those who settled on one summit taken to the hills for fear of those who lived on the others? Hardly. The villages were all connected by house sites strung out along the ridges, forming a continuous defense system that faced the sea. The answer was plain enough.

Perhaps they had themselves been driven to this out-of-the-way spot from another island which this enemy had already taken. Could this island be Easter Island? Could the legend of Rapa Iti have sprung from a memory of truth, like the story of the battle at Iko's ditch? The cannibal battles in the third epoch of Easter Island would be enough to frighten anyone out to sea, even expectant mothers.

There were no statues on Rapa Iti, but there was no room for them on the hilltops. And if Easter Island women and children had been the founders of the island's culture, they would have thought of houses, food and security rather than monuments; they would have built curved reed houses and rectilinear stone ovens, as on Easter Island, instead of rectilinear houses and round earth ovens as on all the islands in the neighborhood. And if they came from Easter Island, it is not surprising that they had the enterprise to reshape entire mountain peaks with small stone tools. Curiously enough, it is the women of Rapa Iti who keep the community going, even today, while the men are coddled like overgrown boys.

On a bluff east of Morongo Uta the natives showed us a rock chamber where, according to legend, the bodies of kings had lain before being taken on their last journey. It was an outstanding example of the stonemason's art. A repository shaped like a large sarcophagus in profile had been cut into the cliff face. The open side had been sealed by blocks of stone neatly fitted together. In the cliff beside it a human figure had been cut in high relief, standing with raised arms, reminding me of the "king" in Lazarus' burial cave on Easter Island.

According to tradition, when the kings of Rapa Iti died they were carried up to this burial chamber with pomp and splendor. Here the king lay, with his head pointing east, until one dark night his body was taken away by henchmen and carried stealthily over the ridge to the Anarua Valley on the other side. There, from generation to generation, all the rulers of Rapa Iti were hidden in a secret cave.

We found burial caves on Rapa Iti in other valleys. The largest was in the Anapori Valley, on the shore of a subterranean lake behind a waterfall. The shore beyond could be reached only by swimming seventy-five yards through ice-cold water. Yet here, too, in pitch-darkness, lay remains of human skeletons.

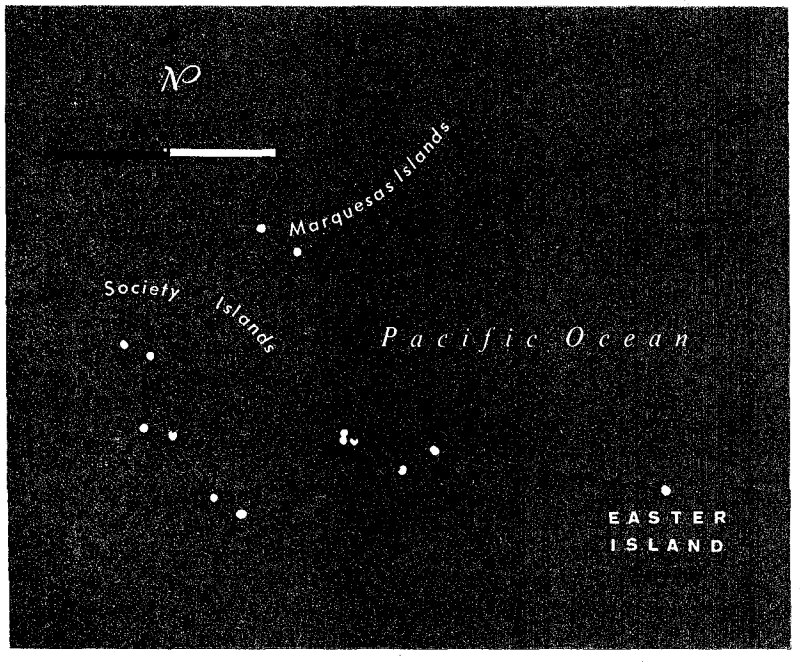
In the cliff below Morongo Uta we found a burial cave from more recent times. It had been hewn into the rock and sealed with a stone slab. A native climbed up to tell us his closest kin lay there. There were several sealed chambers of the same sort close by, apparently in recent use, and as we did not disturb them the man confided that his grandfather reposed in one of them. Beside him lay many other bodies, placed there during a period of generations. To this very day the inhabitants of Rapa Iti adhere as best they can to their old custom. Although they now bury their dead in consecrated ground near the village, they immure them in lateral chambers dug in the earth wall at the bottom of the grave.

But no one on the island could show us the Cave of the Kings in the Anarua Valley. For the kings' henchmen, who had known the way, were themselves now hidden in the rock. And the people of Rapa Iti did not know the trick of finding secret caves. No one here had a family spirit, an *aku-aku*, to show the way.

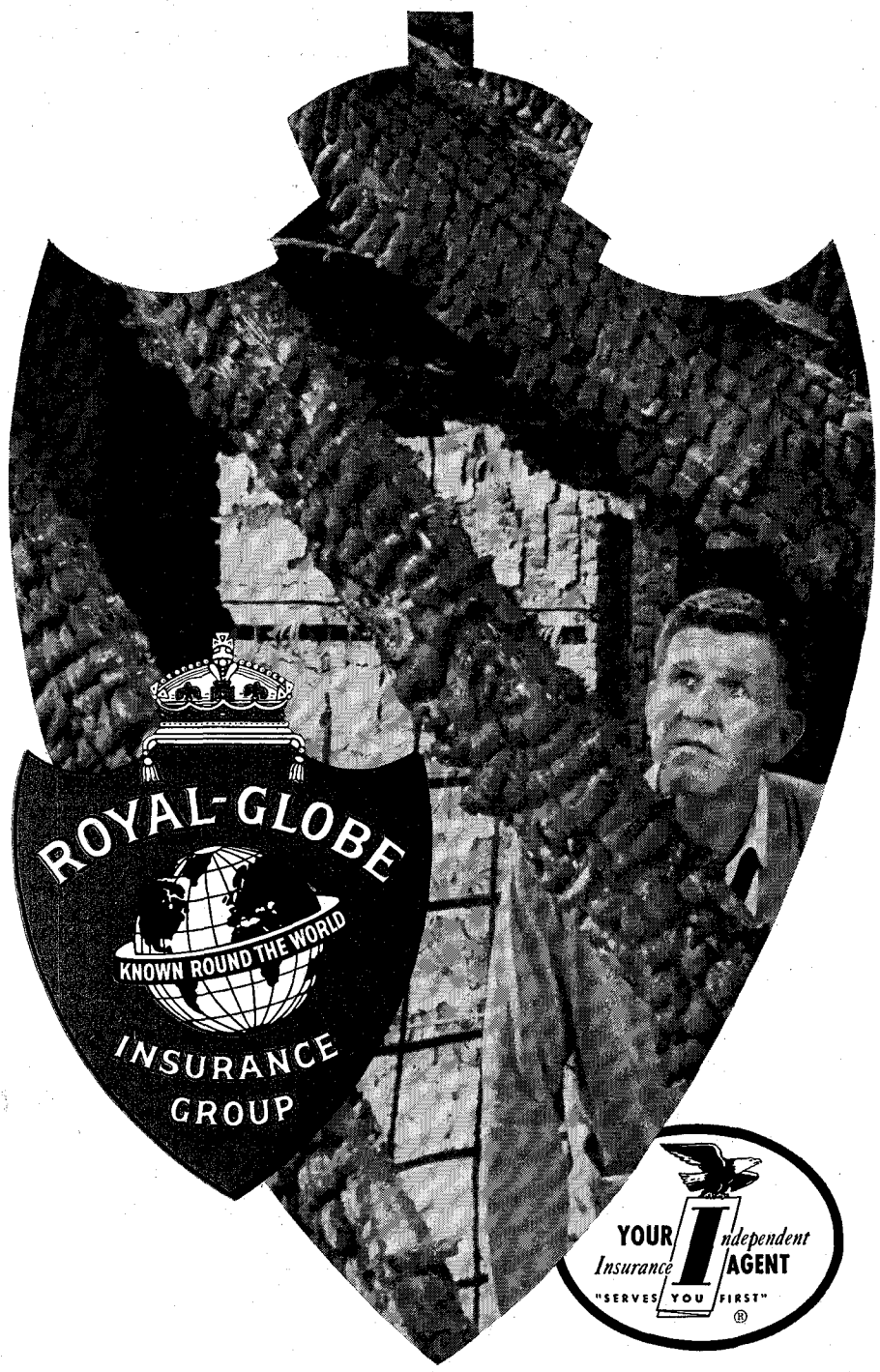
We sailed on to the island called Nuku Hiva. The population had shrunk, so that they lived only by the shore in the largest valleys. This shrinkage had occurred not only in Nuku Hiva, but in all the other islands of the Marquesas group. It is estimated that 100,000 Polynesians lived here when the Europeans first arrived. Now the number was less than 3000. In former times people swarmed everywhere, and I saw many overgrown house walls peeping through the vegetation when I made my way up a mountain stream. At the top I saw the whole of Herman Melville's famous Taipi Valley lying empty.

We found eleven red statues in the jungle. Eight of them were standing when we came. When we raised the three others, they looked Christian men in the face for the first time. One giant that we raised with ropes and tackles was a monster with two heads—the first statue of its kind seen in the Pacific.

Bill Mulloy started excavating in the hope of being able to date the old stone figures. Underneath the massive stone



After Easter Island, the expedition explored many other storied islands.



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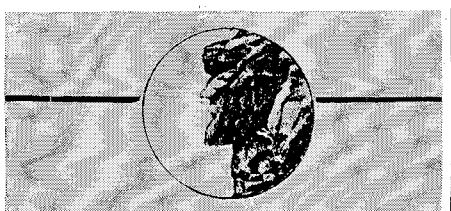

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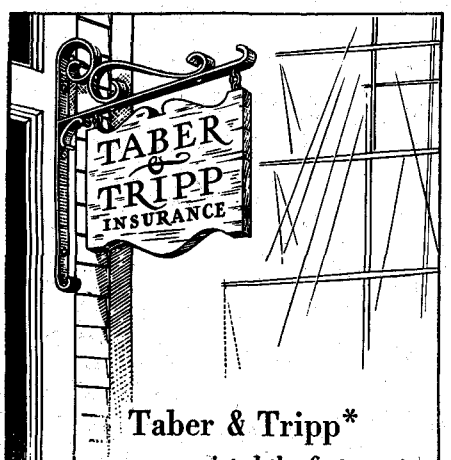

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platform on which the statue stood he found plenty of datable charcoal, which enabled us to compare the age of the local statues with those on Easter Island. In addition we found a trace of an old long-ear. Maybe he had been honorably buried here. Maybe he had been sacrificed and eaten by Marquesan cannibals. All that remained of him were his large ear pegs and a handful of bones hidden in a shaft in this masonry platform.

Our carbon-14 datings in the Marquesas group were to reveal that the oldest statues were raised about A.D. 1300—some 900 years after man had first settled on Easter Island. This ruled out the theory occasionally propounded that the small Marquesas stone figures might be the ancestors of the Easter Island giants.

While we were at work in the jungle of Nuku Hiva, Arne and Gonzalo were directing a team of diggers on Hiva Oa, an island farther south in the same group. They had completed their survey of Raivavae, where they had excavated a couple of old temples and found a number of small statues. Now they had landed on Hiva Oa, hoping to obtain an archaeological date there and to make a cast of the largest statue in the Marquesas group. This measured some eight feet from head to foot—a dwarf by Easter Island standards. They had taken with them the expedition's last bags of dental plaster, for we had used up most of our three tons on Easter Island, making a cast of a thirty-foot giant for the Kon-Tiki museum in Oslo.

As I stood in the Taipi Valley one day reliving the journey in my mind, I realized how Easter Island stood out among the rest of the Polynesian islands as a culture center of supreme importance. The eleven little figures on Nuku Hiva and the handful of others examined on Hiva Oa—all the Marquesas group had to offer—seemed insignificant in contrast to the multitude of proud giants erected on Easter Island. Easter Island was a cornerstone in the prehistory of the Eastern Pacific. No other island could possibly have usurped the proud title, Navel of the World.

It does not come natural for just anybody to make for the nearest mountainside and set about quarrying the solid rock. Generations of experience in stone carving are required for such projects, and experience alone is not enough. People are needed with a fanatical urge to create, people of the type of Pedro Atan, the mayor of Easter Island. He was certainly not a Polynesian type, that mayor. I could still see him in my mind's eye, standing at his door with the floor behind him covered with queer stone carvings. Beside him, on a level with his knee, stood his little invisible *aku-aku.*

I tried to visualize the mayor's *aku-aku.* Basically, it must have been the personification of his own thoughts, conscience, intuition, all that could be put together to convey the idea of an invisible spirit. Call it what you will, it is everything in a human body that cannot be measured in feet or pounds. The mayor called it his *aku-aku.* And when he had nowhere else to put it, he let it stand by his left knee.

I felt sorry for my own *aku-aku.* It had followed me for a year without the freedom to wing its way into the unbounded universe. I thought I could hear its complaining voice.

"You're getting stale," it said. "You're no longer interested in anything but dry facts. Think a little more of the romantic aspects of life in these islands in former times—all the things you can't scrape out of the earth with a trowel."

"This is a scientific expedition," I replied. "The task of science is pure research—no speculation, no attempt to prove one thing or another."

"Pooh!" said my *aku-aku.* "Archaeologists are human too. Believe me, I've seen 'em!"

I told my *aku-aku* to shut up, but it was there again.

"Where do you think the red-haired strain on Easter Island came from?" it asked. "Were there redheads anywhere in the neighborhood?"

"On several of the islands," I replied. "In the Marquesas group, for example."

"And on the mainland?"

"In Peru. When the Spaniards discovered the Inca Empire, Pedro Pizarro, the chronicler, wrote that the members of the ruling Inca family had whiter skins than the Spaniards themselves. He mentions certain individuals in Peru who were white and had red hair. On the Pacific Coast there are burial caves in which mummies have been perfectly preserved. Some of the mummies are found to have red, often chestnut-colored hair, silky and wavy, as found among Europeans. Hair experts have shown by microscopic analysis that the red hair has all the characteristics that ordinarily distinguish a Nordic type from that of Mongols or American Indians."

"What do the legends say? One can't see everything through a microscope," it said.

"Legends?" I said. "They don't prove anything."

"But what do they say?"

"Pizarro asked who the white-skinned redheads were. The Inca Indians replied that they were the last descendants of the *viracochas,* a divine race of white men with beards. They were so like the Europeans that the Europeans were called *viracochas* the moment they came to the Inca Empire.

"When the Spaniards came to Lake Titicaca, up in the Andes, they found the mightiest ruins in South America—Tiahuanaco. They saw a hill reshaped by man into a stepped pyramid, classical masonry of enormous blocks beautifully dressed and fitted together, and large stone statues in human form. The well-known chronicler Cieza de León was told that these things had been made long before the Incas came to power, by white and bearded men like the Spaniards themselves. The white men had finally abandoned their statues and gone with their leader, Con-Ticci Viracocha, down to the Pacific."

"Aha," said my *aku-aku.* "That was interesting."

"But it proves nothing," said I.

"Nothing," said my *aku-aku.*

Talking was hot work. I stripped and plunged into a mountain stream to cool off. When I came back, my *aku-aku* was there again.

"The mayor of Easter Island came from such a red-haired family too," it said. "And his ancestors who had made the great statues on Easter Island called themselves long-ears. Is it not strange that they should lengthen their ears?"

"No," I said. "The same custom existed in the Marquesas Islands too. And in Borneo. And among certain tribes in Africa."

"And in Peru?"

"And in Peru. The Spaniards recorded that the ruling Inca families called themselves *orejones,* or long-ears, because they were allowed to have artificially lengthened ear lobes, in contrast to their subjects."

"And what does legend say?"

"On Easter Island it says that their first king had long-ears with him when he reached the island in a seagoing vessel, after having steered for sixty days toward the setting sun."

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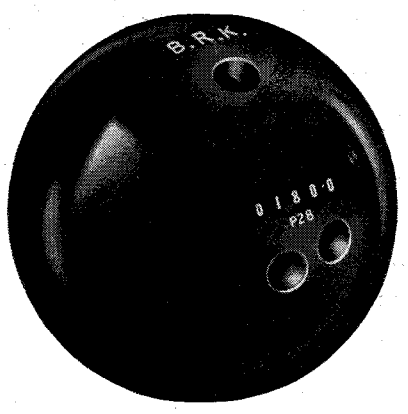

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"To the east lay the Inca Empire. What does legend say there?"

"It says that Con-Ticci Viracocha had long-ears with him when he sailed westward."

"All right," said my *aku-aku*. "Where did the short-ears come from?"

"From the other islands in Polynesia."

"And where did the Polynesians come from?"

"Their language shows that they are distantly related to the small, flat-nosed people in the Malay Archipelago, between Asia and Australia. Physically, the Polynesians and Malays are contrasts in every respect, even to blood type, according to the race experts. Only the language experts can point to any relationship at all. That is what is so peculiar."

"Then which of them is a poor fellow to believe?"

"Both of them, as long as they simply put their facts down on the table. What would your view be, as an *aku-aku*, if language said yes and race said no?"

"If language suggested that all Americans came from England, I'd back the race experts."

"Let us stick to the Pacific. You're a fool if you ignore the conclusions of the language experts."

"Language spreads by devious ways," said my *aku-aku*, "and when the physical traits don't tally, something strange must have happened en route."

Far down in the valley a solitary horseman was riding. It was the expedition's doctor returning from Taiohae village with a bagful of test tubes filled with blood. He had collected samples on all the islands where we had been. Chiefs, elders and local authorities had helped him select those who could still be reckoned as pure-blooded. We had sent the samples by air in ice-filled insulated bottles from Tahiti to the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories in Melbourne. Our next consignment would be dispatched by air from Panama. The Chilean warship Pinto had taken the first consignment from Easter Island.

Never before had living blood from natives of these islands reached a laboratory in such a condition that all the hereditary factors could be studied. Till now, only the A-B-O blood group had been studied. It showed that the native tribes of Polynesia lacked the strongly hereditary B factor, which is also absent among all American Indians, while B is dominant in all the people of Southeast Asia, from India and China right through the Malay Archipelago, Melanesia, and Micronesia.

I wondered what the blood would tell us. I did not know then that Dr. R. S. Simmons and his colleagues at the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories in Melbourne would expose our samples to the most thorough blood analysis that ever had been applied to any people up to then. Nor did I know that they would find all the hereditary factors directly arguing Polynesian descent from the original population of the American continent, and at the same time clearly separating them from the Malays, Melanesians, Micronesians and other Asiatic people of the West Pacific.

A few hours later our ship weighed anchor. We were all standing on the bridge and the afterdeck. Even the engineers had come on deck to gaze at the scene, as our trawler slipped along the precipitous coast, and the imposing red mountain wall slowly closed on the lovely Marquesan valley like a giant sliding gate.

We stood there in the tropical sun, with scented wreaths of flowers round our necks. Following the local custom, we were now supposed to throw them into the sea and wish ourselves back to these enchanted islands. But we hesitated to do so. When they went overboard they would lie drifting astern, marking a full stop to our adventure. Twice before I had cast my wreath in farewell to this enticing island world of the South Seas, and I had come back for a third time. I was not sorry for that.

The first wreaths came floating through the air to land on the sea. From the skipper and the mate up on the bridge. From Thor, Junior, and the messboy at the top of the highest mast. From archaeologists and sailors, from photographer and doctor, from Yvonne and myself. Up on the boat deck little Anette was standing on a chair, peeping over the high rail. She struggled to get the wreath off her neck, raised herself on tiptoe and flung it with all her might over the rail.

I lifted her down from the chair and looked overboard. There lay twenty-three red-and-white wreaths rocking gaily in our wake. Anette's was not among them. Her little wreath had caught on the rail of the deck below. I went quickly down and flipped it overboard. I did not know why. I looked around me, satisfied, and went up again to the others. No one had seen me. But I distinctly felt I heard someone laughing.

"You're as bad as the mayor," said my *aku-aku*.

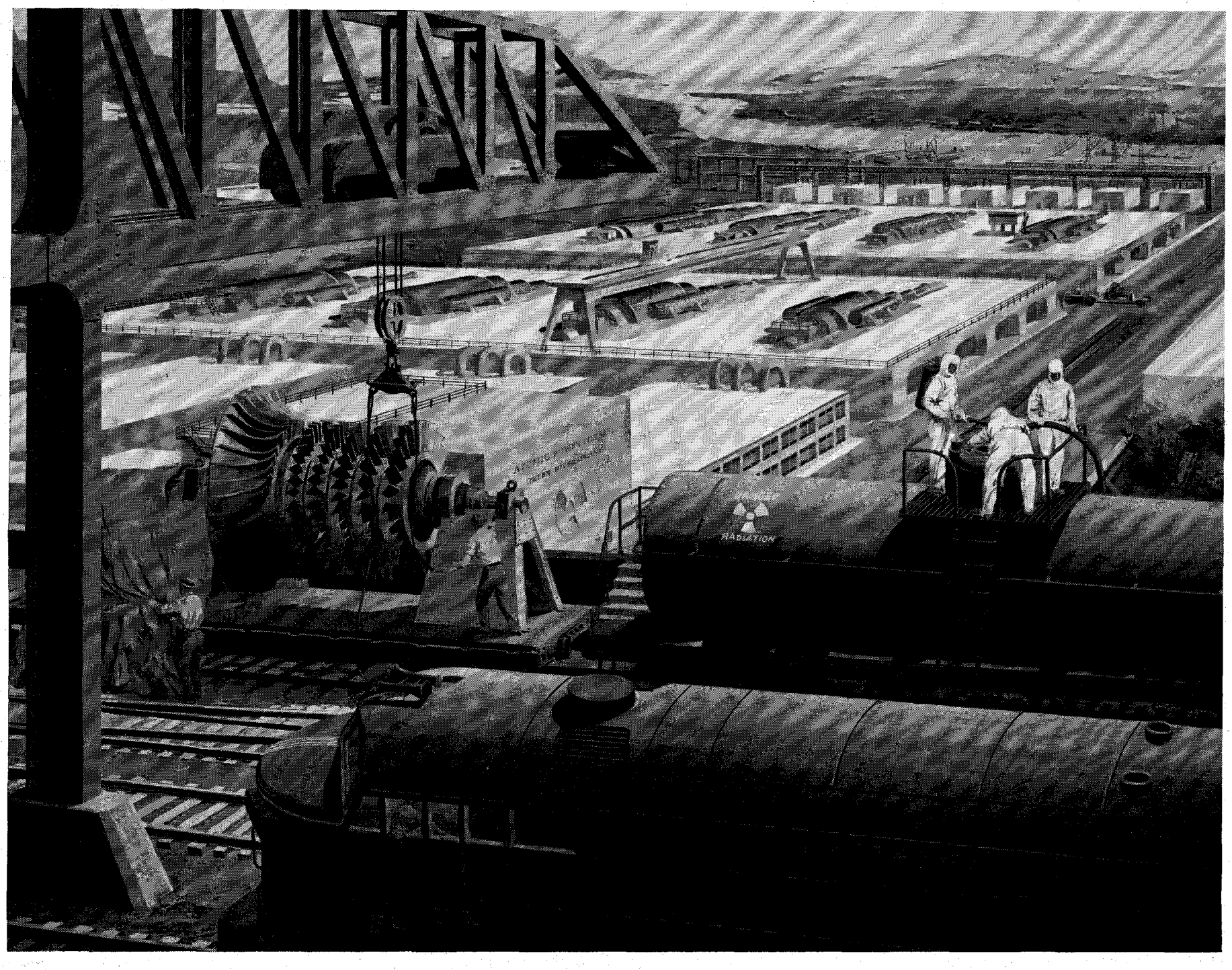
Editors' Note—This is the last of four articles by Thor Heyerdahl.

"It's a gold mine."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

America's atoms-for-peace program moves ahead on rails of steel...



Another example of how railroad progress goes hand in hand with U.S. progress

From the very start of the nation's vital atoms-for-peace program, America's progressive railroads have played an essential role. The transportation job required in the construction of nuclear projects is vast and complex—and will become more so. And no other form of transportation can handle it with the efficiency and economy of the railroads.

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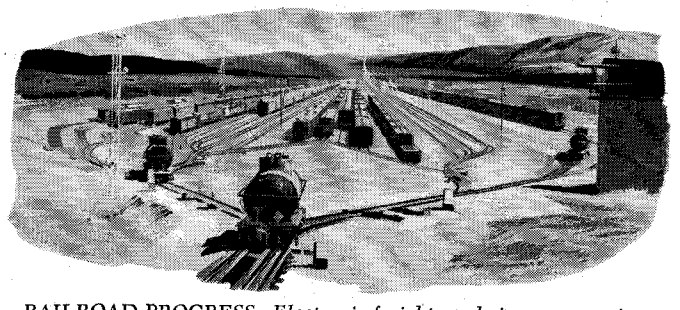

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The Uneasy Coach of the Champs

(Continued from Page 36)

Then master of ceremonies Bob Reynolds took the microphone and said simply, "And now, football's greatest coach—Buddy Parker."

Parker, who had won three division titles and two N.F.L. crowns in six seasons with the Lions, dreaded public appearances and speeches. He always was ill at ease on the platform. He particularly disliked the annual Meet the Lions dinners, because his superiors invariably pictured his material as the "best ever." Buddy felt that this put him on the spot.

Grim and unsmiling, Parker went to the center of the speakers' table. Without any preamble he said, "There comes a time in every coach's career when he faces a situation he can't handle. That time has come for me. Tonight I'm getting out of the Detroit Lions' organization. I've had enough. I'm through as coach of the Lions."

With that Parker sat down. There was a stunned silence. Was this on the level?

The emcee hurriedly returned to the microphone and told the audience, "I don't think Buddy means that. I'm going to ask him to come back up here and talk to you."

Without moving from his chair, Parker declared bluntly, "I meant what I said. That's it."

Anderson immediately tried to minimize the shock for the other officials of the club and the fans. "Buddy is upset by a few incidents that happened today," the club president said. "I think after I have a chance to talk with him, he'll reconsider and will continue as our coach."

Anderson was remembering at least four previous occasions when the sensitive Parker "resigned," but was persuaded to stay on. This time, however, the breach was wider.

At a press conference immediately after the dinner, Parker declared, "This is the worst squad I've ever had. The team is dead. I don't intend to get caught in the middle of another losing season, so I'm getting out." His decision proved irrevocable.

With exhibition games about to start and the regular season only a few weeks off, there was no time to make any extensive search for a replacement. The next day the Lions' executive committee decided to promote one of the assistant coaches to the top spot. They picked the senior member of the staff, George Wilson, who had come to Detroit in 1949 after a lengthy career at end with the Chicago Bears.

This was a rather curious choice, because football had become a part-time occupation for Wilson. He was more interested in his off-season business affairs. In earlier years he had been mentioned in connection with vacancies elsewhere. However, he never formally applied for these jobs, and in 1953 he let it be known that he had abandoned any thought of becoming a head coach.

At forty-four, Wilson still looks like a well-conditioned athlete. He is six-feet-one and weighs 230 pounds—only a dozen pounds more than when he was playing for the Chicago Bears. He has coal-black hair, a soft voice and an engaging across-the-table personality.

About his previous renunciation of head-coaching ambitions, Wilson says, "That decision was based on concern for my family. I disliked the thought of shifting them about the country. Besides, the mill-supply business that Russ Thomas (a former Detroit lineman) and I had established was growing. I'm a salesman at heart, have been all my life, and our business seemed to offer greater opportunities and hope for security than football coaching."

Wilson now devotes year-around attention to the Lions, but still handles a few select accounts for the mill-supply firm. As an assistant under Parker, he worked only on a five-month contract. Some of the Detroit owners and other critics felt that this was too casual an approach to football. Parker regarded it as downright indifference.

The intense Parker, who had an overall record of fifty wins, twenty-four losses and two ties in Detroit, was hired by the Pittsburgh Steelers a couple of weeks after he quit the Lions' job last year. The Steelers won six and lost six in 1957 under Parker. Buddy, who lives and breathes football around the clock and calendar, often said, "There are two kinds of people in this business—career coaches, who stake their lives on what they are doing, and the fellows who just regard coaching as 'another job.'" Obviously, he put Wilson in the latter classification—George rejected several offers to become a full-time staff member under Buddy.

Even as a head coach, Wilson refuses to let football dominate his whole life. George and his wife, Claire, are raising a sizable family—four girls and a boy, ranging in age from four to eighteen.

"I make it a point never to take my coaching home with me," he says. "My wife and children are football fans, but the Lions and their problems aren't a dinner-table subject with us. Anderson offered to buy a projector for my use at home, but I told him I didn't need it. I'll look at all the game movies I have to see at the office."

Wilson's role as an assistant was an undistinguished one. The day he was promoted, a Lions' director said, "George wasn't actually a coach under Parker, he was a liaison man between Buddy and the players. He was the fellow who kept everybody happy.

W. Nicholas Kerbawy, former general manager of the Lions, who resigned in June and signed a long-term contract with Fred Zollner, owner of pro basketball's Detroit Pistons, admits that if time had permitted in 1957, the Lions probably would have gone outside their organization to find a successor for Parker. Since they had to act fast, Wilson's intimate knowledge of the players' talents and personalities helped make him the logical choice.

However, his closeness to the players also had its drawbacks. As head coach, Wilson could no longer be just a pal to the boys. He had to establish himself as a boss who demanded results.

Wilson showed that he could crack down. He proved himself a relentless practice-field driver. "The players hate his guts when they leave practice," declares club president Anderson. "He works them harder than Parker ever did, and they grouse about it. But on game day they appreciate what he's done. I don't believe you'll ever see a team Wilson coaches which is not in top condition. I think the proof is the drive the Lions showed in the fourth quarter of games last season."

Wilson was no immediate sensation in 1957. The Lions took a 34–14 mauling from the Baltimore Colts in the season's opener. Midway through the schedule they had a modest record of three victories and three defeats.

Most fans counted them out of the race, but suddenly the team began to click. The Lions won five of their next six to tie San Francisco for the Western Conference championship, then whipped the Forty-Niners in the conference-title play-off, 31–27, after trailing by twenty points at one stage. Then in the league-championship game Wilson's squad overwhelmed Cleveland, the Eastern Conference winner, 59–14.

Yet doubt persists that Wilson can continue to compete successfully with coaching rivals like Paul Brown, George Halas, Frankie Albert, Sid Gillman, Buck Shaw and Jim Lee Howell. Skeptics say that Wilson won with "Parker's material and Parker's offense." They question George's offensive ingenuity and his ability to keep up with pro football's constant pressure for new maneuvers.

Wilson had two bitter verbal clashes with Parker last fall, the final one occurring in a chance meeting at Philadelphia's Vesper Club near the end of the season. However, they were friends again by the Pro Bowl Game in January, where they served as the opposing coaches.

Wilson has a deep admiration for his old boss' coaching skill. "Buddy is a great coach, I say that sincerely," George will tell you. "He'll do a fine job wherever he is. I know few men who really love football the way he does, and work as hard at coaching."

As for using Parker's system last year, Wilson says, "The offense Buddy left was a good one. The staff had worked with it for six years. You don't change simply for the sake of change. But we made refinements as we went along, and there'll be more this season.

"I'll be the first to admit I'm no offensive genius. But I keep up with what's going on, and I'm not afraid to pick up what has been successful for others. The talk about new plays or offensive ideas is overemphasized anyway. A new play actually is an old play with some different little wrinkle to it. It's often just a matter of switching blocking assignments."

One important piece of unfinished business that Parker left behind for Wilson was the Bobby Layne-Tobin Rote situation. For the six years of the Parker regime Layne had been the recognized "big man" in the Detroit lineup—a self-assured, take-charge quarterback with the championship habit.

Then a preseason trade with the Green Bay Packers brought Tobin Rote to Detroit in 1957. For seven years in Green Bay, Rote had a standing comparable to Layne's in Detroit, although his team was considerably less successful.

The presence of two star quarterbacks on the same pro roster can mean trouble. The Los Angeles Rams experienced it in the days of Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin, and then with Van Brocklin and Bill Wade. A similar problem entered into the collapse of the 1957 Chicago Bears, with Ed Brown and Zeke Bratkowski sharing the quarterback post.

In Detroit last year, Wilson began by announcing that he would use Layne and Rote as starters in alternate games. He followed this plan through four exhibition games, and then junked it in favor of starting whichever man had been the more impressive in practice the preceding week. During the game itself, if the starter was "cold" and couldn't get the offense going the first three or four times Detroit had the ball, Wilson would switch to the other man. One special rule Wilson set for himself was never to remove the quarterback immediately after he had a pass intercepted.

Layne suffered a broken ankle against the Cleveland Browns in the next-to-last, regular-season game on December eighth. Up to that point, Bobby had started six times and Rote five. From then on, the job was all Rote's, of course, and he came through brilliantly. However, although Wilson had tried to maintain equality between his quarterbacks, teammates and fans regarded Layne as the regular and Rote as his understudy. Tobin chafed under the "second-string" tag.

For the coming season Wilson doggedly has been sticking to his theory of rating Layne and Rote as equals. He again planned to give the starting call to the man who looked best in practice immediately preceding each game. He refused to concede that the situation was explosive.

How things will work out this year remains to be seen. Club president Anderson disclosed a while ago, "After the division play-off game in San Francisco last year, Rote took the seat next to me on the plane. He was on a championship team for the first time, but he still wasn't happy about not getting full-time play throughout the season. I think the quarterbacks pose a real problem for Wilson. I don't go along with those who say it was solved last season."

While having two star quarterbacks may present some coaching difficulties, it

"Oh, yes, he's quite a watchdog."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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also offers obvious advantages. Layne and Rote are contrasting types who inject a change of pace that makes the Lions' attack all the more difficult to handle. Layne is flamboyant and an all-out gambler. Rote is more methodical. He possesses greater speed and is more dangerous as a runner on "roll-outs." Layne is adept at throwing every type of pass, while Tobin has been branded weak on short-yardage tosses.

"The criticism that Tobin doesn't throw the short pass well is unjustified," maintains Lion backfield coach John (Red) Cochran. "The truth is he just doesn't like to throw it. Rote is the Ted Williams or Mickey Mantle of football. He goes for the long touchdown pass just as they do for the home run. He doesn't like to settle for a short completion any more than they do for a single."

Layne has been spotlighted for off-the-field activities almost as prominently as he has for his gridiron play. Bobby takes his fun where he finds it, and he has a knack for finding it. Just twelve days before the 1957 league season opened he was arrested at two A.M. on a drunk-driving charge. A jury found him not guilty, but the case gave Wilson some uneasy moments.

It is primarily because of Layne's after-hour activity that the Lions gained the reputation of being pro football's Gas House Gang—a loose-living, devil-may-care group that scoffs at training regulations.

Coach Wilson insists that the record disproves this. Says George, "We played twenty rough, hard-hitting games last season. Fellows can't go all out and take that beating unless they are in good physical condition. This is a highly competitive business, and a player's big-money span is comparatively short. Most of them are smart enough not to throw away their opportunity through loose living."

Wilson doesn't claim that the Lions, or any other group of professional athletes, are a bunch of teetotalers. "You can't stop a fellow from having a few drinks after a game if he wants them. But so often when an athlete in the limelight is seen doing it, gossips exaggerate it."

Wilson's boss, president Anderson, thinks the players themselves will generally take care of the man who steps too far out of line. "A couple of years ago Layne was out half the night before a game at Los Angeles," he relates. "It showed in his play, and we lost to the Rams. Afterward the players really chewed him out. There's a possible cut of championship money riding on every game, and the players won't stand for one fellow hurting their chances of getting it."

While there are questions about how well Wilson will handle the football team, nobody doubts that he'll have smoother relations with the Lions' owners than Parker did. The Lions are owned by a large and diversified group which bought the team in 1948. Currently there are 123 stockholders, including some from Detroit's first families, such as the Fords, the Fishers and the Briggses. They lost money the first few years, but have been solidly in the black since 1951. Advance season-ticket sales were 41,180 for 1958 as compared with 39,884 a year ago. Both are N.F.L. records. Last year the Lions played before 886,854 fans and had a net operating profit of $151,052.

The owners have operated the team more for sport than for profit. For many years the club's chief salaried executive was general manager Nick Kerbawy. He worked under the supervision of president Edwin J. Anderson, head of Detroit's Goebel Brewing Company. Like other Lions' officers, Anderson donated his part-time services without pay.

Recently, however, Anderson came under stockholder pressure at Goebel's because of declining sales and an unsuccessful attempt to market the beer nationally. He was kicked upstairs at the brewery from president to chairman of the board. In 1957 he took a salary from the Lions for the first time—$12,000 a year. Last March the club's board voted secretly to make him a combination president and general manager at $35,000 a year.

Anderson told the board he would work full time at the football job, but leave the general-manager title with Nick Kerbawy. Meanwhile Fred Zollner, owner of the Zollner Piston Company and also of the Detroit Pistons in the National Basketball Association, had become interested in Kerbawy. Shrewdly playing hard to get, Kerbawy wound up being hired away this June by Zollner for a dual role with the basketball team and the piston company. He got a twenty-year contract. With the Lions, he was making between $25,000 and $30,000. With Zollner, the best guess is that salary, bonuses

... ...

Loquacia

She talks and talks, hour in,
hour out,
By night as well as day.
What, you ask, does she
talk about?
She doesn't say!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

and stock benefits will give Kerbawy an annual income of around $50,000.

For George Wilson, the basic ownership setup on the Detroit Lions remains much the same as when he got the coaching job. The stockholders did not invest primarily for financial return, which is all to the good. They wanted the prestige and satisfaction of being identified with a successful athletic enterprise, and the vicarious thrill of close association with the players. This can cause trouble.

Buddy Parker openly resented the owners' entertaining the players and crowding into the locker room after games to indulge in hero worship. It was player attendance at a cocktail party given by director Lyle Fyfe which culminated a list of grievances that led directly to Buddy's resignation. Parker never encouraged an intimacy between himself and the owners.

Wilson is the opposite type. In a short span he has won greater support among the rank-and-file stockholders than Parker ever enjoyed. It is an asset which could outweigh coaching weaknesses.

After Wilson made his first appearance at a luncheon of the Lions' directors, one of the members said, "He told us more about football and the club we own in thirty minutes than we got from Parker in six years."

However, there are dangers in a coach's mixing too freely with a group of wealthy bosses who have not always seen eye to eye, and president Anderson is the first to recognize this. "The morning George was appointed," he recalls, "he told the five members of our executive committee, 'I'd like to meet and have lunch with you every week to talk things over.' I roared back, 'The hell you do!'"

George Wilson is as aware as any outsider that there is nothing certain about his job. "You know how long football coaches last," he says frankly. "Just as long as they win. I don't fool myself about it."

He works under a one-year contract—the usual club policy since the Lions had to buy up a long-term contract from the late Alvin Nugent (Bo) McMillin after the 1950 season. They made an exception after the 1956 season and gave a two-year contract to Buddy Parker—who wound up not completing the first year.

Of his year-to-year status, Wilson says, "I don't worry about it for myself, because I wouldn't want to stay if they didn't want me. However, I would like to be able to give my assistants the reasonable security that would come with longer contracts."

Outside of Paul Brown, who is also general manager and a stockholder at Cleveland; and George Halas, who owns the Chicago Bears; Wilson is pro football's highest-paid coach. He has a base salary estimated at $25,000. Attendance bonuses and a $4295 cut for the championship game boosted his 1957 earnings to approximately $45,000.

Possibly as a counterreaction to the snub he felt when he was an assistant coach without major responsibilities, Wilson places extremely heavy reliance on his staff members. Some critics consider this a weakness, but others see it as a point of strength. It is notable that line coach Buster Ramsey—whom many expected to move to Pittsburgh under Parker this year—stayed with the Lions under Wilson.

"Everything we do is a group effort," Wilson says. "My assistants—Buster Ramsey, Aldo Forte, Bob Dove and Red Cochran—all are former pro players and experienced coaches. This is too big and too involved a business for one man to presume he can decide everything for himself. I encourage the others to speak up. They know every suggestion they offer will get full consideration. I can't give them too much credit for the part they played in our championship last season."

There are policy matters on which Wilson walks strictly alone. Among these is a trade philosophy that has club officials dubious and players unhappy.

"I favor trading a player while he still has some value to the club," Wilson says. "I wanted Parker to trade Doak Walker, Cloyce Box and Bob Hoernschemeyer a few seasons back, but he wouldn't. Finally, all three retired and we didn't get a thing for them. I know it sounds cold and a bit cruel, but that's the way this business is—cold and cruel. You can't afford to be sentimental. A lot of teams hold onto players who are over the hill. The Lions already are behind schedule in revamping the squad."

Wilson showed he meant business during the off season when he sent Ray Krouse, 275-pound tackle, to Green Bay; and end Dorne Dibble to the New York Giants. In return, he got a future draft choice for each. Krouse is thirty-one and has played seven years in the N.F.L. Dibble is twenty-nine, with six seasons of pro play behind him. Krouse refused to report to the Packers, and his contract then was shifted to the Baltimore Colts. Dibble retired to devote full time to his insurance business.

In contrast to Wilson, Buddy Parker sometimes would deal for a player who might have only one good season left, but could fill an immediate need. "This isn't a sport where a coach can plan for three to five years ahead," Parker contends. "You must build teams to play for you. I make no effort at long-range talent building because I might not be around to see it through."

President Anderson has some reservations about Wilson's trade ideas, but makes it clear he will not interfere. "However," he says, "it is a bit rough when you talk about trading a player who meant as much to the Lions as Doak Walker did. Layne's position is comparable now."

Tobin Rote expressed the viewpoint of many players in saying, "I can't understand the trade of Krouse. Why break up our defensive line? That was what held us together."

A younger Lion player was equally disturbed. "We're trying to win the championship again, but we've lost established stars for future draft choices. I can't see how that is smart dealing."

Wilson's football philosophy is highlighted by a take-a-chance attitude. "On the field I'll gamble on anything," he says. "I'm particularly willing to gamble on defense. Most quarterbacks—and mine are no different from the rest—get into a play-calling rut. You can take the league team by team, and in a third-down-and-seven-yards-to-go situation, every quarterback has a favorite pass pattern he'll run, and a favorite receiver he'll try to hit. So we do the unorthodox thing defensively to try to beat it."

Tommy O'Connell, the Cleveland Browns quarterback, who retired at the close of the 1957 season to join the University of Illinois coaching staff, regards the willingness to gamble as the Lions' outstanding characteristic. "It was Detroit's mark of greatness," he says. "The Lions are the daringest team I ever saw. They'll gamble with you all the way on offense or defense."

George Wilson was born in Chicago on February 3, 1914. He attended Chicago's Austin High School and St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin, before enrolling at Northwestern University. He was a fine high-school athlete, but his collegiate career was terminated early in his sophomore year when he was stricken with a serious respiratory illness.

After graduation in 1936, with his health restored, Wilson resumed playing football. He joined the Calumet (Indiana) All-Stars, an independent team composed principally of former Big Ten performers. The next season Wilson asked for and received a trial with the Chicago Bears. He spent a dozen years with them as an end, the last two as a player-coach.

While it has been ten seasons now since he was associated with the Bears, Wilson has been influenced more by Chicago's George Halas than by any other individual.

"It has been a great thing in my life to have played under Halas," he tells you. "I actually set the pattern of my life on things I learned under him. He's a terrific organizer and has an amazing football knowledge. I try to model my coaching on his. Halas' influence on me has been tremendous, in football and business."

Much like Halas, Wilson has a fine salesman's personality, and seldom gives any outward indication of the pressure he is under in football. As an example of his penchant for building good will, when some fans began lining up outside the Lions' office last December, thirty-six hours before bleacher tickets went on sale for the championship game, Wilson took chairs out to make their long wait a bit more comfortable.

In the crucial closing game of the regular season with the Bears, a reporter who wanted to cover the game from the bench rather than the press box asked Wilson for a side-line pass only fifteen minutes before the kickoff.

"If you just stand around with a blank look on your face," Wilson quipped, "they'll think you're a member of the coaching staff."

Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled ticket. "Here, take mine," he said. "If they kick me out, it won't make any difference anyway."

THE END

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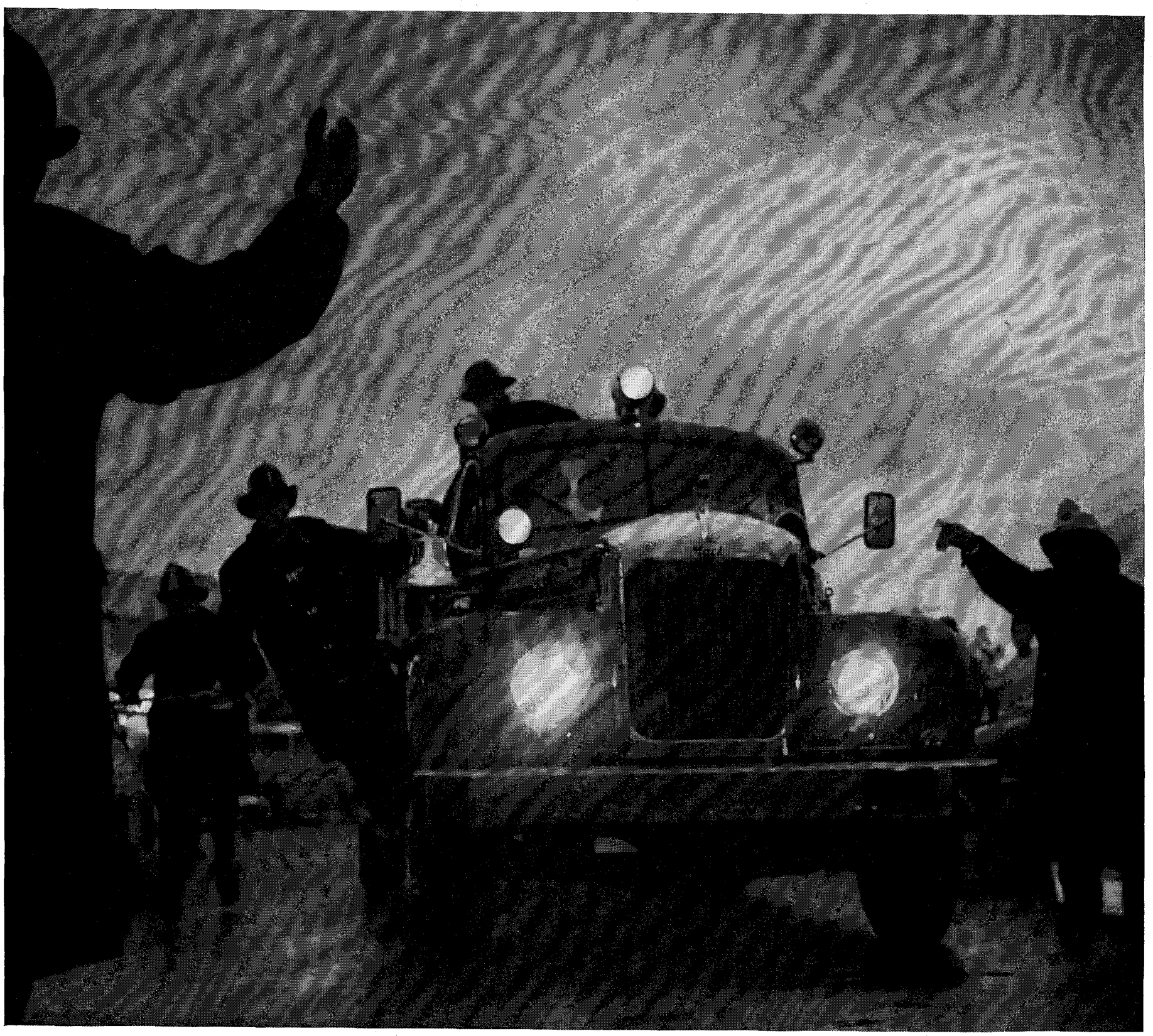

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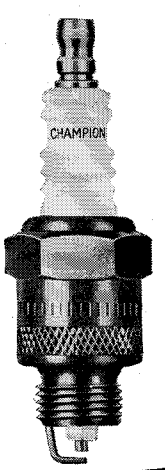

World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker

CHAMPION

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Hairdresser to the Stars

(Continued from Page 33)

"I don't do shampoos and sets," he remarked recently, "and I don't cut. I am an artist. I am a sculptor of the head. I create. Each hairdo is created for the personality and facial quality of the actress. It must be for the individual and only for her. I never copy a style just because it's fashionable. That's the mistake nine out of ten American women make. Right now the bubble cut is fashionable, so they want the bubble cut." (The bubble cut—also known as the flounce or the chrysanthemum cut—is believed to be the proper coiffure for the sack or chemise look in dresses. It is wild and shaggy and sometimes gives the impression that the wearer has been caught in a bad storm.)

"Well," Adler says, "the bubble might be fine for a woman with a long or oval-shaped face and high cheekbones, but suppose the face is large and round and the eyes are big? It might look ridiculous on her, but she goes to her beauty-parlor operator and insists on the bubble cut. A few years ago it was the short Italian cut—the Françoise Sagan style—and a lot of women were getting the Italian cut when it was all wrong for them. A woman who cares about how she looks should find a hairdresser with taste and ability, and then she should put herself completely in his trust and let him guide her to the best coiffure."

Adler's pronouncements on imitations of hair styles are ironic in view of what happens when he creates a new hairdo for a famous actress. Several years ago he counseled Faye Emerson to let her hair grow long. He combed it back in the classic Greek fashion, culminating in a lovely chignon upon the nape of her neck. Miss Emerson, who appears frequently on panel shows as well as in television plays, soon had thousands of women badgering their beauticians to give them the Faye Emerson hairdo. When Adler gave Judy Garland what he calls the "gamin look" not long ago, hordes of women decided that they too had to look like gamins.

Perhaps Adler's most far-reaching effect on hair styling developed from his design of the hairdos for My Fair Lady in 1955. Partly because My Fair Lady became one of the most talked-about musical comedies of many seasons and partly because it brought back an era of charm and gracious living for which many women had a nostalgia, both the dresses and coiffures of My Fair Lady were widely copied and still are.

"What I did with My Fair Lady," Adler explains, "was to go back to the period of the play, about 1895. What did I find? I found women then were wearing the elegant look, variations of what we call the Empire, which goes back to when Napoleon was emperor of France, around 1810." (Hair stylists pronounce "empire" so it sounds "om-peer.") Adler says that "Ompeer" is one of the great classic styles of dressing the hair. The fact that a classic style like the My Fair Lady look could be popular in the United States during the 1950's confirms one of Adler's favorite theories: In the words of Ecclesiastes, there is nothing new under the sun.

"Of course, I, like any other hairdresser," he says, "would like to invent a completely new hairdo. But it's impossible. In spite of all their bragging and publicity, the hairdressers of Paris have never invented anything really new. Everything that is possible to do with women's hair was being done by the Egyptians five thousand years ago. Marcel waves? The Egyptians had them. Bobbed hair? The Egyptians bobbed hair. They did bleaching and dyeing and tried out every conceivable type of coiffure. Take the My Fair Lady hairdos. They go back, first of all, to the late Victorian period in London. Then if you look at Toulouse-Lautrec's posters you see a similar hair style in Paris of the 1890's—except the Psyche knot was used instead of the chignon." (The Psyche knot sits higher than the chignon.) "But this style is also French 'Ompeer' and that in turn was a revival of ancient Greek hairdos, which I think were the most beautiful ever conceived.

"Hair, after all, is hair," insists Adler. "There's just so much you can do with hair. What we try to do is revive one of the great classic styles and then make it fit the personality of an actress and the mood or period of the show she's working in.

"I was trying out a tousled look on Polly Bergen and Patti Page years ago, before the chemise dresses came out and this fad of the bubble cut started. I just thought it might be amusing to try out something different, just for kicks. I got the idea from the shaggy styles worn by women in Paris during the French Revolution. With Patti Page, I do her hair four or five different ways on every program, to fit the song she's singing. I think it gives the whole program a kind of unexpected quality and then women are eager to see what she'll look like in her next number."

Like geniuses in other fields, Adler finds it hard to put into words exactly how he goes about achieving his effects. There are three stages in the process. First, he has to place curls all over the head, large curls and small curls. The stronger the natural texture of hair and the more natural curl it has, the better it is to work with.

One of Adler's most difficult subjects was Marilyn Monroe. "Her hair is very soft and very fine and it needs a lot of waving," he says. "She is very stubborn. She wouldn't let me do what I wanted with her hair. She wouldn't let me do more than just run a comb through it. She wants to wear her hair so bushy it doesn't even look combed. I think Miss Monroe would look beautiful in a sleek, elegant hairdo. I'd love to do her hair in late 'Ompeer' with a Psyche knot and I think it would be quite becoming to her, but she's got strange ideas about her hair and I could not convince her. I think she's an exciting personality, but when it comes to her hair she's awfully reactionary, you know."

As he studies an actress' face and analyzes the length of her hair, the shape of her head and the contours of her body, Adler begins plotting a design. He then proceeds to fashion pin curls and large curls. The pin curls are made by clipping small swatches of hair into a small flat clip. The larger curls are fashioned by winding them around metal rollers of various sizes.

The second stage is to brush the curls vigorously this way and that way, and slowly the design becomes apparent. Perhaps bangs over the forehead. Perhaps curls on the left side and hair straight on the right. (Very good for off-the-shoulder dresses, says Adler.) Perhaps, for the back, a French twist or a Figure 8 culminating in a chignon. The twist and the 8 are made by brushing portions of hair into tight sections. It is one of the basic maneuvers of the hairdresser's art, and Adler says that a person who can quickly do a French twist can use it as a foundation for many styles. As he works, Adler holds in his lips straight pins, curved pins and bobby pins.

The final stage is the combing. Brandishing his tail comb with speed and dexterity, he takes now one side of the head, now another side, and combs the hair into place to fit his grand design. As soon as he gets a section completed, he makes it stay put by fixing it with pins.

When the job is done—and an elaborate coiffure may require an hour or an hour and a half—he sprays the hair with one of the spray-set liquids. This lacquers the hairdo and keeps it in place until it's slept in or washed. (Adler, by the way, advises all women to wash their hair every day and then use a creme rinse. He also prescribes the regimen of 100 brush strokes in the morning and another 100 at night.)

The trouble with an elaborate Adler coiffure is that almost nobody but Adler can repeat it the next morning. Once slept in, it's gone forever.

Adler has tried to show actresses who have to go on tour how to repeat his pattern. He sometimes draws detailed diagrams, indicating where to put the curlers and how to brush and comb the hair into the desired shape, but few of his clients can follow his instructions. Lynn Fontanne is one of the few. Adler did Miss Fontanne's hair in Quadrille.

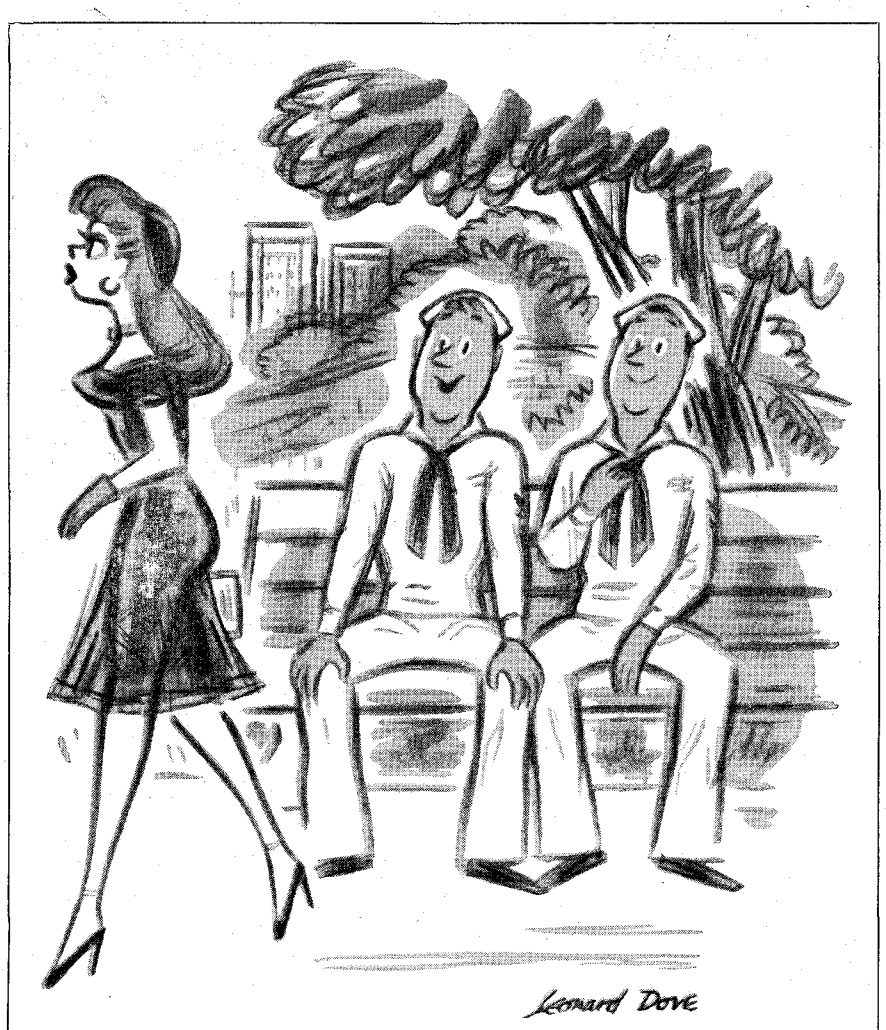
"She's not only a beautiful woman," he says, "but awfully clever. I had to do a very complicated period hairdo for her in Quadrille. High bouffant front, side curls, several false pieces, a French twist, all that sort of thing, you know. Well, she watched me like a snake watching a bird. She didn't miss one trick. After seeing me do it once, just once, she was able to copy exactly what I did, every step of the way. Amazing woman."

More often you feel, after listening to Adler, it is he rather than a client who is amazing. A few years ago he got a phone call from a television producer. The producer said the star of his program refused to come to rehearsals. She sounded as if she were on the verge of suicide. She was weeping and hysterical and would not let him see her. All he knew was it had something to do with her hair. He pleaded with Adler to find out what was wrong and get her to rehearsals. Adler hurried over to the actress' apartment. The maid let him in, but said her mistress was not seeing anybody. Adler stood outside her locked bedroom door and spoke softly to her. Finally, she opened the door a crack. He slipped in. The Venetian blinds were drawn and the room was in shadows. Between sobbings, she gave him the details.

The day before, she had gone to a salon for a bleach and a permanent wave. The bleaching solution had been too strong. This morning when she started brushing her hair, it came out in clumps. One side of her head was almost bald. Adler told her not to worry about a thing. He taxied over to a theatrical wigmaker's. From his stock he hurriedly selected a number of pieces of artificial hair in an amber shade to match the woman's natural hair. Then he rushed back to her. She closed her eyes as he started working on her head. First, he gently pasted artificial hair over all the naked places. Then he brushed the hair over and combed it into a hairdo. She did her show that week without anybody suspecting. As her hair slowly grew back, he dressed it in whatever style was suitable to its length. The Italian cut at first, then a gamin, then a poodle, then an upsweep, and eventually the high pompadour and shoulder-length hair in which she looked her best.

Although the incident was bizarre, it helps explain why many women, especially actresses, develop a strong emotional dependency on their hairdressers. Adler told me his clients confide the most intimate secrets of love, marriage and their careers to him. And he frequently dispenses advice on business and love problems.

The husbands of Adler's clients accept the situation (*Continued on Page 98*)



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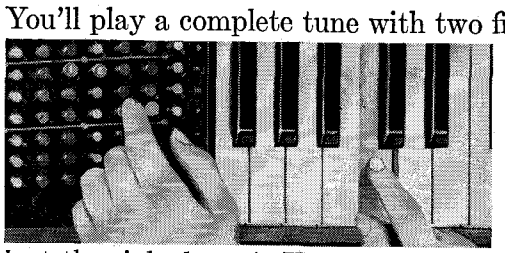

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(*Continued from Page 96*) resignedly. Charles O'Curran, who is Patti Page's husband, once told her: "Darling, I realize there are things you say to Ernie you won't tell me, but please, when you're pregnant—tell me before you tell him."

When Faye Emerson married Skitch Henderson and they went to Paris for the honeymoon, she insisted on taking Adler along. Maestro Henderson made quite a fuss, but his bride was adamant. She had to look her best and only Adler would do. During the Paris interlude, Adler gave Miss Emerson a completely different coiffure three or four times a day.

Adler still shudders in recalling another "command performance" away from New York. Three of his clients—Judy Garland, Martha Raye and Dorothy Lamour—were playing simultaneously in Las Vegas. Each wanted his undivided attention. Adler had to smooth ruffled fur as often as ruffled tresses. "I got an ulcer out of it is all I got," he says.

Of Miss Raye's hairdo he explains, "I do her as high style as I can because when a woman is doing low comedy, speaking these broad jokes, I think it's more acceptable to the public if she looks like a lady. Miss Raye looks best with her hair cut short and worn up because that way it narrows her mouth."

Adler regards Miss Garland as a "gamin" type. He has her hair closely cropped and then he combs it up and away from her face. "She needs a long neckline because she's heavy in the bosom and big through the diaphragm," he explains. "I was the first hairdresser to give her bangs. She looks great in bangs."

Like many successes, Ernest Adler knew early in life where his destiny lay. He was born in 1925 in Boston, the youngest of seven children of a diamond setter and jewelry designer. The family was poor, and Ernie was a lonely child who found his pleasure in a dream world in which he was a singer and dancer. The world of show business seemed to him quite perfect in contrast to the commercial school where he was sent to learn bookkeeping and typing. At fourteen his formal education ended.

One of his brothers was married to a woman whose brother-in-law was a hairdresser at a well-known Fifth Avenue salon. This man said that hairdressing was a fine profession and he recommended that young Adler be sent to a beauty-culture school to learn the art of beautifying the American female. To qualify for a New York state license, one must take a six-month course covering 1000 hours of training. After only three weeks of training, Adler, who was born with a swollen ego, knew for sure that he was a gifted hairdresser and thought he was ready to do it for a salary.

While still attending school, he got a job at an exclusive salon on East 58th Street. He was getting by nicely until, the second week, calamity struck. He was assigned to a customer who asked for a "henna pack." Adler's education had not yet advanced as far as henna packs. He excused himself and telephoned the head of the beauty-school faculty.

"How do you do a henna pack?" he inquired. "I've got to know right away."

She told him and he began awkwardly mixing the ingredients and slopping it on the victim's hair. She happened to be the actress Martha Sleeper.

"Look," she said in a sympathetic voice, "you don't know what on earth you're doing. I think you're in the wrong kind of work."

Adler then confided his ambition of being a theatrical hairdresser. Miss Sleeper advised him to go to the Tamara Daykarhanova's School for the Stage and study hair and make-up with a certain Madame Balieva. With great zest, Adler enrolled. By the time he was graduated from both schools, he knew he was the world's greatest living *coiffeur* and that the Broadway theater—still innocent of hairdressers—could not get along without his talents.

Shortly thereafter, he breezed into the office of Gae Foster, producer of stage shows at the Roxy Theater. Not quite sixteen, he brazenly chirped that he was there to help the Roxy Theater. The productions, although beautiful, he opined, suffered because the hair of the chorus girls was unkempt. He hypnotized Miss Foster into giving him a job, the first time the Roxy had ever employed a full-time hairdresser. He worked twelve, fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. In the course of ten years at the Roxy, he molded the hair of such stars as Grace Moore, Betty Grable, Carole Landis, Ilona Massey, Vivian Blaine, Risë Stevens and Wendy Hiller.

It was Miss Hiller who provided Adler's entree into the legitimate theater. In 1947, she was cast to play Catherine Sloper in Jed Harris' production of The Heiress, which was to be one of the hits of that season. Miss Hiller asked Harris to put Adler on the payroll as her hairdresser. Harris told her she was ridiculous. But she wouldn't accept the role on any other conditions. Adler did such a remarkable job with the period coiffures of this play that he soon was being hired by other producers.

Although Adler thinks that long hair is most feminine and attractive to men, he also likes every other kind—short, close-cropped, shaggy, pompadour, braids worked into a coronet, the pageboy. He even sees a certain charm in the pony tail, which most hairdressers despise.

"I like the pony tail," he says, "and I do one every now and then. The problem here is that some women who are too old for it want to wear pony tails. You've got to be twenty-five or younger and have a certain kind of a fresh face and slim body and a scrubbed health to get away with a pony tail. One thing about it is, don't let it get too long. A lot of girls wear pony tails so long they're out of proportion to the face and they call attention to themselves too much. And never use rubber bands. Rubber bands break the hair. What I do is make a twist and then pin it with bobby pins to hold it in place."

Adler believes that every American woman should give more time and thought and money to her hair and to finding the individual coiffure that suits her best.

"If a woman really wants her hair to look glamorous and to serve the function of framing her face and making her eyes and lips and ears and nose look their best, she's simply got to get herself to the beauty salon at least once a week. There are a few women who can follow a pattern" (there are printed patterns for hairdos just as there are for dresses), "but most women can't seem to cut and style their own hair. You've got to have the attention of a trained specialist if you want the finest results," he says.

"I am very much in favor of bleaching and dyeing. If a woman looks bad with brunet hair and she'd be a stunning blonde, she's crazy not to have a bleach. If a woman is young and has dirty salt-and-pepper hair, why keep it? There are some women who think that bleaching makes hair dry and brittle. That's not so if the bleach is done properly. In fact, a good oil bleach actually helps the hair. I think women ought to have the courage to experiment with new colors and new shades. Find out the best color. Maybe red looks good on her. Maybe blond. Maybe platinum. But not black. I never allow my clients to dye hair black. It gives them too much of a crow's-feather look."

The problem of how to keep a coiffure going between visits to the hairdresser is one that the American woman finds almost insoluble. Therefore, many wear a pony tail, a poodle cut or some equally easy coiffure to manage by themselves. Adler thinks it can be done though.

"A woman has to work at it, every night," he states. "Before going to bed, a woman should put clips in her hair to hold the waves and curls in position. Then she should wrap tissue around her head. Then over the tissue she should tightly wrap a hair net. In the morning she will find that her hairdo is quite well preserved."

Of course, she may also find that her husband is planning to file suit for divorce.

Adler's own hair is black. He wears it cropped close to the scalp and the front brushed forward over his forehead, like Napoleon's. He has his hair cut once a week. His barber is Dominic, who plies the scissors in the tonsorial department of an elegant men's haberdashery in Manhattan.

George Bryan (Beau) Brummell, the famous nineteenth-century dandy, employed three barbers, each a specialist. One barber attended only to Brummell's front curls, another to the side curls, and a third to the back of the head.

When I relayed this information to Adler, he reared himself up to his full sixty inches and frowned and shook his head.

"You know," he said, "I think that's really going a little *too* far!" THE END

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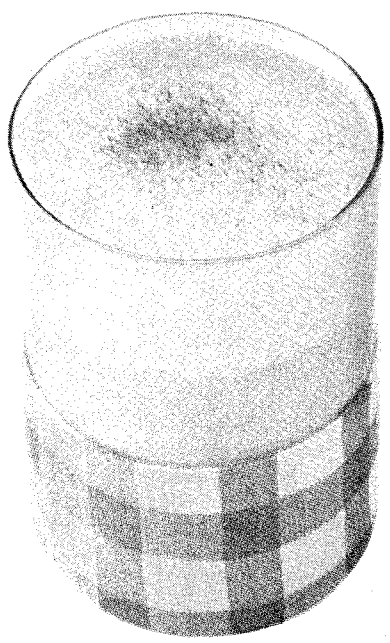

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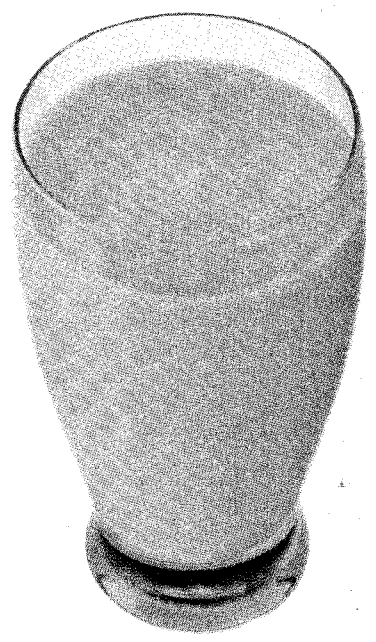

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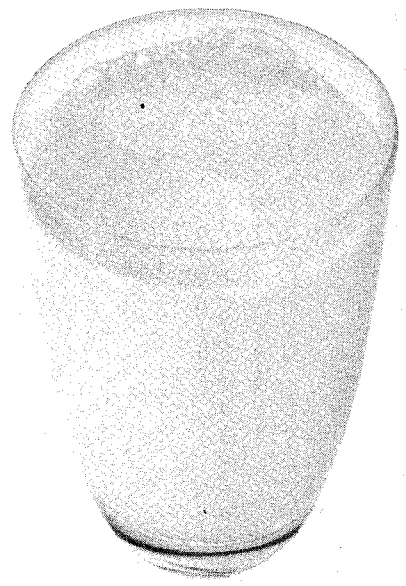

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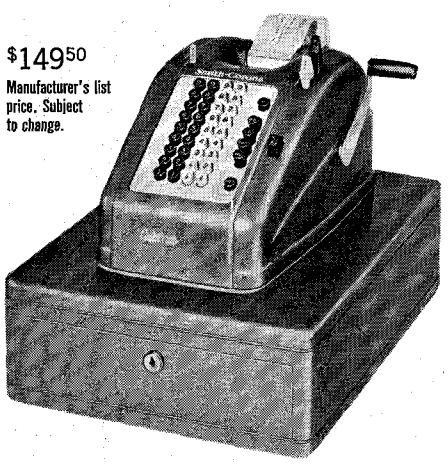

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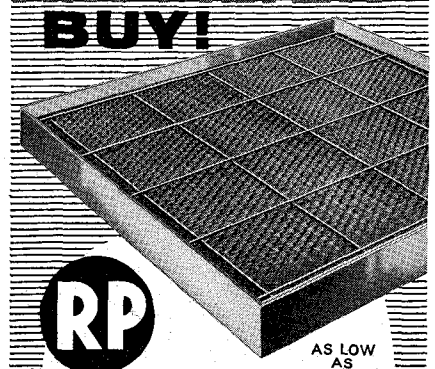

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Incident on the Trail

(Continued from Page 37)

"Now, all you young maidens, where'er you reside,
Beware of the cowboy who swings the rawhide.
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco."

"I've heard frawgs could croak better," murmured Monte. His attention was caught by movement nearby in the herd. The old barren cow, point leader of each day's drive, was heaving to her feet. He stopped the dun with a touch on the reins and watched. Head high and swinging, slow, the old cow tested the air. Slowly she turned until she was facing back over the herd, back down the long finger of plain between the hills.

"Got the worries, old girl?" said Monte. He turned his head to look in the same direction. Clean and cloudless with its myriad stars, the sky arched into distance to meet the far horizon. "Nothing back there but sky and a thousand miles of grass," he said. He tilted his head to look up. "My oh my," he murmured. "Time has been footprinting along." He swung the dun and started back along the rim of the herd.

Toward him out of the dimness of dark, easy and comfortable atop gently jogging gray, came Chet Rollins, round stubby pipe poking out of round stubbly face. The two cow ponies stopped, nose to nose.

"Quite a man," said Monte. "That braying of yours gave old Gertrude the itch."

Chet extracted a match from a pocket of his open jacket, scratched it on blunt fingernail and applied it to the pipe. Monte nudged the dun forward, reached and pushed Chet's jacket further open and plucked a small pouch from Chet's shirt pocket. Out of his own shirt pocket came a small paper. Deftly he hollowed this between fingers and poured a portion of tobacco along the tiny trough. In the one easy moving, one hand tucked the pouch back in Chet's shirt pocket and the other rolled the cigarette. He raised this to his lips and licked along the paper edge.

"One of these days," said Chet Rollins, "I'll quit buying tobacco."

"No," said Monte, aggrieved. "I ain't ready to quit smoking." Out of one of his own jacket pockets came a match and flared briefly. "Shucks," he said. "Always carry my own papers and matches, don't I?"

The cow ponies drowsed, heads drooping. Monte dragged deep on the cigarette and watched the smoke float from his nose in two tiny streams. "Wonder what's keeping the boys," he said.

"Don't be so previous," said Chet, amiable, conversational. "They're coming now."

Monte swung the dun to face the night camp. Two dim blurs had left it and were moving toward them. These came closer and were Dally Johnson astride a squat bay and Powder Kent on a leggy roan.

"Anything doing?" said Powder.

"My oh my, yes," said Monte. "Busy every minute. We had to fight off two jack rabbits and a horned toad."

"Old Gertrude's uneasy," said Chet. "Better keep an eye on her."

In companionable silence Monte and Chet jogged to camp, dismounted, eased cinches and picketed their horses by the others kept ready, saddled, for night duty. Together they pulled blankets from the bed wagon beside the bigger chuck wagon and unrolled these on soft spots earlier picked and claimed. Monte straightened and looked toward the remains of the cook fire. On the tripod over it hung a battered coffeepot.

"Monte," said Chet, low-toned, casual, "why not forget the coffee tonight? You'll sleep better."

"Shucks," said Monte, starting away, "Gabriel tooting wouldn't keep me from sleeping."

Chet sighed and collapsed down on his blanket. He raised on one elbow, watching.

Over by the chuck wagon Monte pushed a hand under the canvas and pulled it out, holding a tin cup. "Good old cookie," he murmured, moving toward the embered fire. "Always leaves me some in the pot." Leaning down, he tipped the battered pot until a dark liquid gurgled into the cup. Squatting back on his heels, he poked a finger into the liquid and yanked it out fast and shook it vigorously. He bent his head and blew into the cup and sloshed the liquid around in it. He tried the finger again. "Just right," he murmured and raised the cup and tilted back his head for a long drink.

"Ow-w-w-w!" yelled Monte Walsh, uncoiling upward like a tight spring suddenly released, spluttering, spitting. Frantic in haste, he plunged toward the chuck wagon and tripped over the wagon tongue and went sprawling. Still frantic in haste, he scrabbled to the water pail hanging by the wide tail gate and grabbed the dipper. Water dribbled down his shirt as he gulped and spat, gulped and spat.

He stood by the chuck wagon, dipper in hand, and looked around. Not far away, up on one elbow, Chet Rollins regarded him with solemn interest. Elsewhere about, lay five other figures, under blankets, quiet, apparently serene in sleep. He reached and let the dipper drop with a clatter into the pail. He waited. No sound, no movement marred the quiet. "Some bat-brained baboon ——" he said and stopped. There was a quivering under one pulled-over blanket, a strange small moaning sound. The blanket flipped back, disclosing the lean whipcord length of Petey Williams, shaking, knees doubling up.

"Lordy!" gasped Petey. "Oh lordy lordy lordy lordy lordy! Maybe that'll learn you not to come in every night clitterin' an' clatterin' an' wakin' us up."

"Why, you ——" said Monte, starting forward.

"Easy, Monte," came the voice of trail boss Hat Henderson. "Or we'll all take a hand."

Monte stopped, rocking on his toes.

"Not me, Monte boy," came a voice from the chuck wagon. "Anybody like my coffee an' says so like you do kin have all he wants any time."

Monte looked around, calculating the odds. The slender shape of fourteen-year-old Juan Rodriguez, brought along to wrangle the cavvy, did not count. But the wide, sloping shoulders of Hat Henderson, sitting up on his blanket, were enormous in the dim starlight. The black-mustached face of Dobe Chavez, sitting up, too, a few feet away, could have been wearing a hopeful grin. The big barrel body of Sunfish Perkins bulged huge under his blanket.

"Shucks," said Monte. "If that danged pepper hadn't made me feel right puny I'd scramble the whole bat-brained bunch of you." Injured dignity emanating from him, he stalked to his blanket, took off his hat, lay down, set the hat over his face and pulled the blanket over him.

Silence settled on the camp.

The boot toe against his ribs was hurried, not gentle. Monte Walsh plunged awake in the dark, grabbing. The thick-muscled leg of Hat Henderson pulled away from him.

"Snap it, Monte," said Hat. "Everybody out. There's a storm coming."

Monte pushed to his feet. High overhead the stars shone, large and luminous in clean depth of cloudless sky. The air was still—soft and still.

"Shucks," said Monte to the retreating back of Hat Henderson. "What's the fuss? Regular spooning weather."

(*Continued on Page 102*)

"I always say, Miss Ingram, I'd rather get to know one person well than a lot of people superficially."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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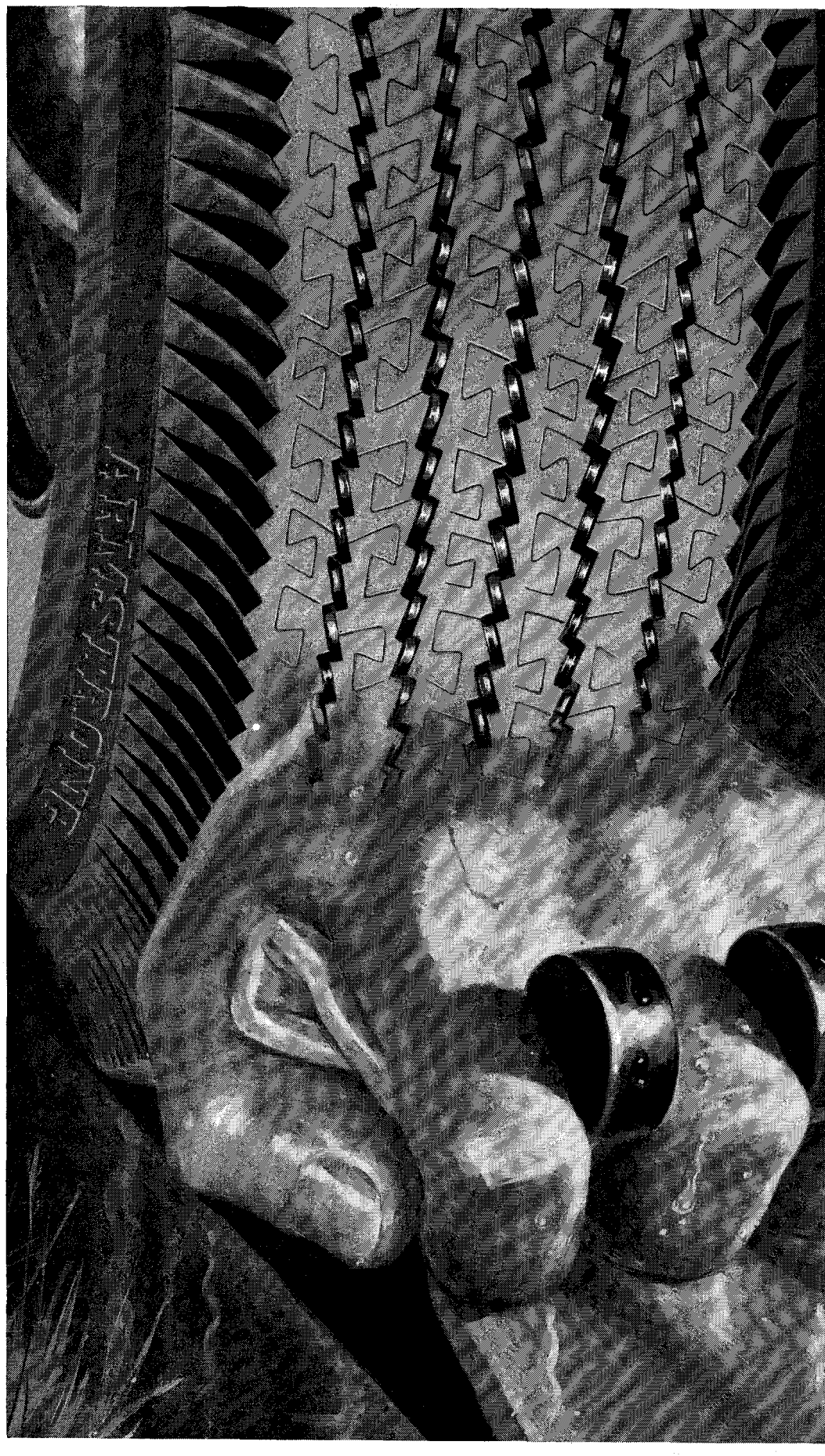
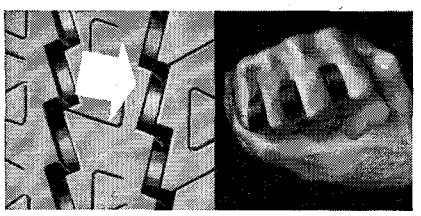
ARMSTRONG TIRES'

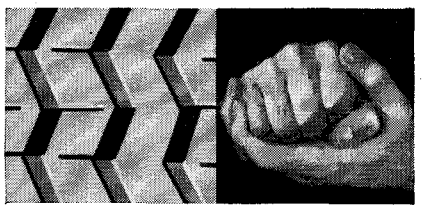
"Ounce of Prevention" Grip can save your life



PATENTED SAFETY DISCS STOP DEADLY SKIDS... as no other tires can!



- **ONLY ARMSTRONG TIRES** have Safety Discs between tread ribs (arrow).
- They keep the tread ribs apart, just as discs in the fist above keep the fingers apart. Tread can't squeeze shut!
- Result: No matter how hard you brake, Armstrong tread stays open, always ready to grip the road to stop deadly skids.



- **COMPARE ORDINARY TIRES,** with no Safety Discs to keep the tread open.
- Braking pressure can squeeze tread ribs together, like the fingers above.
- Result: Gripping edges disappear . . . tread becomes smooth, slippery . . . and you skid! Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs to stop deadly skids.

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "Not for long," said Chet Rollins, gathering up his and Monte's blankets and stepping to toss them into the bed wagon. "Take a look yonder."

Monte turned to look down the long finger of plain between the hills. Dark and ominous, piling in heavy layers, a great bank of clouds blotted the far horizon. As he looked, lightning played high over them and laced through them, and the low mutter of thunder rolled in the dim blankness of distance.

"What do you know," murmured Monte. "Old Gertrude sure has a nose." In the one swoop of moving he picked up his hat, jammed it on his head, and was running toward the short-coupled dun.

He heaved on the cinch, tightening, and behind him heard Chet Rollins gently cursing at the same chore. Other voices floated on the still air, cheerfully complaining, wryly joshing. Over them rose the voice of Hat Henderson, responsibility spurring him, he who was a cold bolt of concentrated action in the midst of an emergency, now as always wailing and worrying in the anticipation of it. "Tarnation, boys! We gotta hold 'em! Those fool cows get araring an' arunning out into that open, it'll take a week to gather 'em again! Those we can find!"

The cinch slipped in Monte's hands. He grabbed a fresh hold and heaved. The dun, disliking the prospect, sidled away and blew out its sides, eating air. "Go ahead, be smart," said Monte, making it grunt with a knee hard in its distended ribs. "I'll twist a couple of your ears off. Personal."

"Frettin' again, Monte," said a voice above him close by the dun's rump. Petey Williams grinned down from the back of a hammer-headed sorrel. "Mebbe you oughta stay an' help cookie lash down the wagons. Feelin' puny the way you do." The sorrel responded to spurs and took off fast.

"I'll puny him," murmured Monte. "Maybe biscuits. Petey's a hawg on biscuits." He stepped into stirrup and swung up to join Chet out to the herd.

The night air hung motionless, still, too still, clinging and oppressive. Silent now, waiting, wearing slickers now, untied from behind saddles, the trail crew of the Slash Y, eight men on eight homely, runty, tough little cow ponies, rode circle around fifteen hundred four- and five-year-old longhorn steers and an old barren cow. And out of the southwest, the long back trail they had traveled hundreds of miles from the wide stretches of New Mexico, the great bank of clouds, huge, indifferent, funneled forward between the hills.

Whisperings of wind ran through the bunch grass. The cattle were up, shifting restlessly with rattlings of horns as they pushed against one another. Arching high above, the topmost layer of clouds, driven from behind, rolled forward, blotting out the stars. The first drops of rain, large and irregular, fell with tiny splatterings on the dry ground. Suddenly, as if scenting the herd, wind leaped in rushing gusts and a wall of rain, swirling, torrential, swept over.

The cattle shifted and swayed in frightened mass, trying to work downwind before the storm, individuals and small bunches making frantic dashes to break away. Around them, battered, drenched, sighting by sound and instinct and intermittent flashes of lightning, swinging superb with every twist and wrench of saddles, rode the trail crew of the Slash Y, yielding ground downwind but holding the circle, tough little cow ponies as alert, as dedicated, as desperate as the men, squat hard-muscled rumps quivering as they leaped, dashed, pounded to head the runaways, push them, shoulder them, bully them back into the herd.

Abruptly the cloudburst passed. The rain dropped to a steady downpour and this slowly thinned and the air was alive, crackling with electricity. Fireballs hung on tossing horns and little lightnings streaked along the ground. The rain died away and the mutter of thunder dwindled.

"Looks like we make it!" The voice of Hat Henderson lifted out of the dark. "Close up an' quiet 'em down!"

From elsewhere out of the dark rose the voice of Chet Rollins in hoarse, tuneless, somehow soothing monotone:

"I love not Colorado where the faro table grows,
And down the desperado the rippling bourbon flows.
Oh-h-h-h-h-h-h,
I love not Colorado where the card sharp fleeces fools,
And a girlie-girl won't give a man ——"

Lightning in one great flare of flame ripped the dark, and a steer reared bellowing, outlined in fire, and thunder broke like a cannon shot. Out of the void of blackness following the flash came the heavy rising roar of the herd in motion, a dark tide of panic-stricken animals pouring downwind in relentless onrush.

Above the muffling roar, the cracking of hoofs, the rattling of horns, climbed the shrill yell of Hat Henderson. "Ride, you mavericks! Ride!" And Hat and seven other men rode.

Out in front, Dobe Chavez and Powder Kent, caught in the onrush, engulfed by it, surrounded by frenzied running steers, jostled, hit, battered, their horses fighting to hold their feet, ears flat, heads slugging in desperate effort, plunging forward, kicking in stride, taking advantage of every break to work out toward the side. On the left flank Petey Williams and Monte Walsh and Dally Johnson and Hat Henderson, strung out, racing headlong into the dark, ripping off slickers at full gallop, striving toward the head of the herd. On the right flank, Sunfish Perkins and Chet Rollins, dropping back to dash around the rear of the stragglers and drive forward after the others on the left.

"Puny, is it?" yelled Monte Walsh, yanking the dun past the tail of Petey Williams' sorrel to join him in smashing in toward the lead steers, flailing at them with his slicker. A horn tip raked across his thigh, ripping through cloth, drawing blood, and he did not know it. The slicker flapped in shreds. Pounding alongside a big steer, he flung the slicker remnants in its face. He pulled his gun and began firing into the ground in front of the foremost steers.

Other guns were out and sounding, flaring in the dark, a barrage angled out across the rushing forefront of the strung-out stampede. The leaders swerved, swinging to the right, the others blindly following. They hit the first slopings toward the hills and slowed some on the climb and, under pressure, swung still more. More, and the herd was running in an arc, a wide U-shaped course. Still more, and the leaders were swinging back into their own tracks, catching up with the stragglers, and the rough flattened circle was closed. The cattle milled around it, gradually slowing in weariness, letting themselves be crowded inward, slowing more to a shuffling walk, slowing at last to a stop, sides heaving, tongues hanging.

Gray and forlorn under overhanging clouds, dawn crept over the great open plain that was miles closer now, and slipped down the wide finger between the hills. In the dim half-light the chuck wagon with trailing bed wagon, lurching behind their four-mule span from where the camp had been, stopped a quarter of a mile away. In a few moments the first flickering of a fire showed, fed on wood carried and kept dry under the canvas. From back down the finger of plain a weaving blotch of dark shapes approached, the cavvy coming up.

In the gray growing light the trail crew of the Slash Y left positions around the herd and gathered together, men with eyes bleared and blood-shot, clothes torn and mud-spattered, horses bloody and sweat-streaked, legs quivering, worn close to exhaustion and still standing to whatever more might be asked of them.

"Those bonehead cows ain't going anywhere," said Hat Henderson. "Not now for a while anyways. I reckon we can go in and get us something hot."

"Hey, look," said Sunfish Perkins. "There's the horses coming. The kid must 'a' held them."

"Of a certainty, señor," said Dobe Chavez, grinning. "He is of my people. A boy in the years. A man with the horses."

"Darn lucky for us," said Hat Henderson. "We got us a day ahead. I saw a couple bunches break into the draws over there. Must be strays all through those hills."

Silent again, the trail crew of the Slash Y started toward the chuck wagon, horses wearily plodding.

"Coffee," said Monte Walsh. "Ain't that a lovely smell? If Petey tries messing with ——"

"Petey," said Chet Rollins. "I ain't seeing him around."

"Jehoshaphat!" said Hat Henderson, rising in stirrups to look about. "Has that fool gone an' ——" He stopped speaking and sank down into saddle, shoulders sagging. He spoke again, voice heavy. "All right, boys. Spread out an' look sharp."

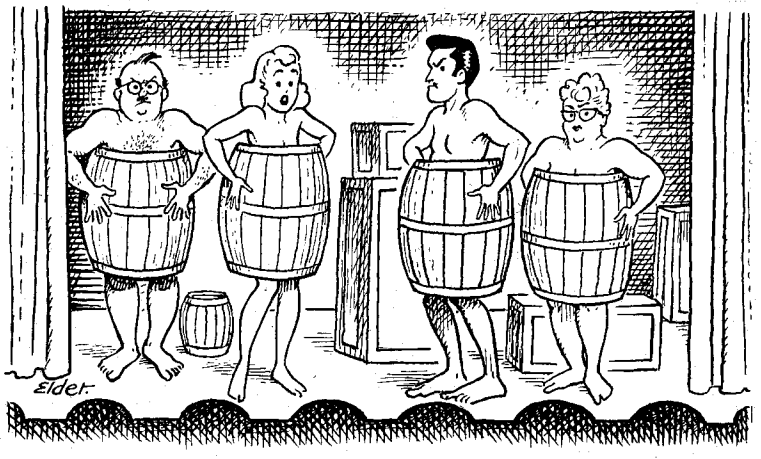
Quiet, separated each in his own searching silence, seven men rode back over the wide trampled ground reaching toward the hills beyond. There was daylight now, veiled with stringy gray mists under the overhanging clouds. It was the voice of Powder Kent that called. The others gathered with him on the flat bench a short way up the sloping where a colony of prairie dogs had riddled the sandy soil. They looked down at the sprawled shape, the lean twisted whipcord length of Petey Williams, rain-washed face upturned, strangely white and empty, head awry at grotesque angle. Thirty feet away the sorrel, crumpled on the ground, both forelegs broken, raised its head and whinnied softly at them.

Hat Henderson shifted weight in saddle, turning to see who was closest to the sorrel. His voice was small, tired. "All right, Monte. Shoot the horse."

Monte Walsh stared at the still, twisted shape. He forced his head to turn a bit and stared at the sorrel. The muscles along his jaw ridged and the tendons in his neck stood out taut. "Damn it!" he said. "I broke that horse. Taught him his manners."

Fury flared in Hat Henderson, shaking him, shaking his voice. "You soft-brained maverick! I said shoot that horse!"

Monte swung to face the other man, tense in (*Continued on Page 104*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The Globe Theatrical Players arranged with Speed Railways to haul their stage properties and costumes to the next town where they were to play. They made it clear that they had to have the items sufficiently before the show opened to allow ample time for rehearsal. Instead, the railroad did not deliver the consignment until after opening night. When the players gave the show unrehearsed, and without props or costumes, the result was disastrous. The critics sneered and the show folded. So the players sued the railroad.

"The railroad is responsible for our unsuccessful performance and for the bad press we got," the woebegone actors argued. "Therefore it should pay us damages."

"The show might have been a flop, and criticized as such, even if we had delivered the costumes and props on time," the railroad's lawyer replied. "As damages can't be based on guesswork, we owe the players nothing."

If you were the judge, would you make the railroad pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The railroad paid. The court said that it was failure by the carrier to deliver the stage items which caused the show to close prematurely "because of poor business."
Based upon a 1958 California decision.

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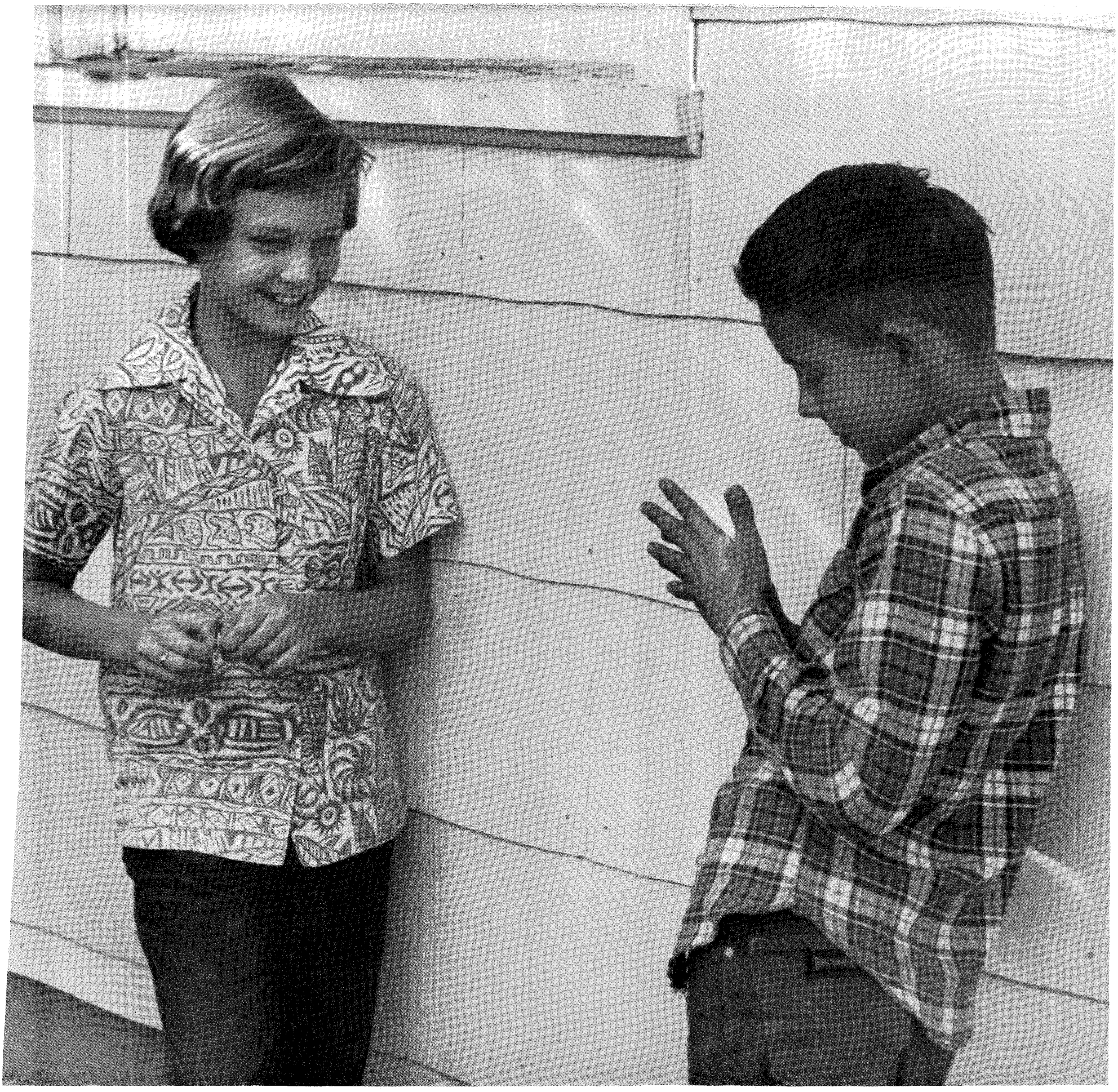

"LITTLE ADULTS" BY ELLIOTT ERWITT

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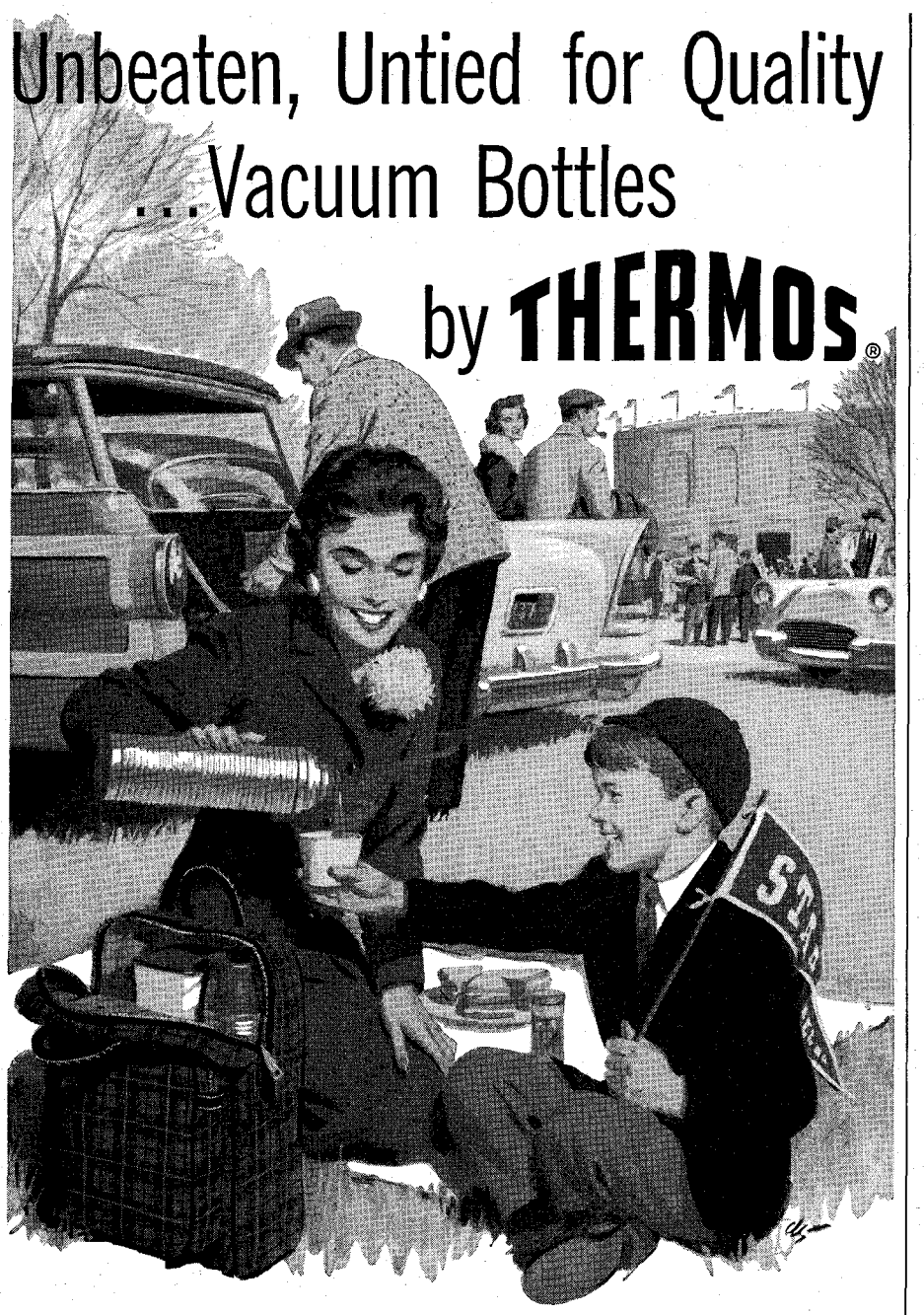

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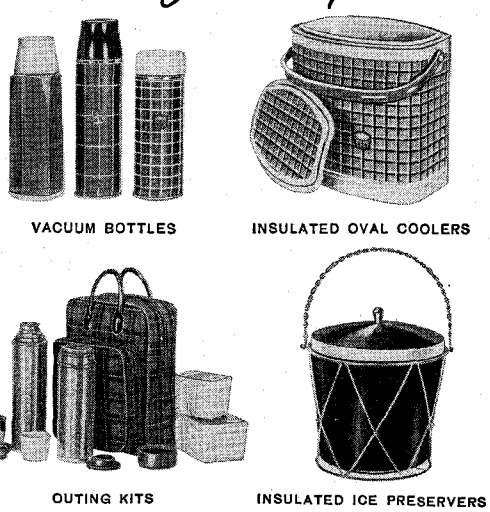

VACUUM BOTTLES — INSULATED OVAL COOLERS

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(*Continued from Page 102*) saddle, body muscles tightening toward the blessed relief of motion, action. A shot sounded and, caught, he turned and saw the sorrel's head dropping, the whole body going limp, and turned more and saw Chet Rollins slipping gun back into holster. The muscles along Monte's jaw twitched. A small humorless smile showed on his lips. His head moved in a slight nod, saying what he could not say in words, what he could not even comprehend in words. *Thanks, Chet. That's how it is. You've rode with Petey too. You helped me break that horse. I blow a lot and I strut aplenty and maybe I can ride a horse or two you can't and take on two to your one in any kind of brawl. But dig down to bedrock you're the better man.*

Slowly, wearily, Hat Henderson dismounted. He moved close by Monte and reached and slapped Monte's leg. He did not look up. "Petey and me run together a long while," he said. "Kind of like you and Chet." He strode forward and scooped up the already stiffening body and came back to his horse and heaved it over his saddle. He took the reins and started leading the horse toward the new camp.

Silent, staring at the ground, the others followed. It was Monte Walsh who carried Petey's saddle in front of him over the tired shoulders of the dun. It was Dobe Chavez who turned back and leaned down in weary but still graceful sweep from the back of his tired bay to pick from the ground the muddied felt that had been Petey Williams' hat.

The fire was little more than a smoking smolder, fighting the heavy, moist air. The trail crew of the Slash Y hunkered on heels close by it, scooping food from tin plates. Hat Henderson laid his, emptied, on the ground beside him. "Got to bring in those strays," he said. "That rubs out today. Three days maybe on to the Springs, an' that's only a stage stop. I reckon we got to do it here." He straightened. "Dobe. Sunfish. Get a couple fresh horses and ride out to those cows. We'll holler when we're ready." He strode to the bed wagon and pulled out two shovels.

The mists had lifted some and rain fell in a thin drizzle. Chet Rollins and Monte Walsh worked on the deepening grave. The cook, limping on old game leg, rigged a canvas shelter for his fire. Young Juan watched in mournful useless silence. Hat Henderson and Dally Johnson and Powder Kent leaned over the stiffened body of Petey Williams. They wrapped it carefully in a blanket. Around this they rolled a trimmed-down tarpaulin. Around this they stretched and tied two bridle reins.

"Ain't there anything we can use for a cross?" said Hat, stretching up from the task.

The fire burned better under its canvas shelter. Coffee was hot in tin cups. Hat Henderson looked up from his. Out of the drizzle young Juan was approaching, riding bareback on his little roan. He was dragging something on a rope after him, the weathered, broken, castoff end gate of an emigrant wagon.

"You're all right, kid," said Hat Henderson. "Dally. Get an iron and stick it in the fire. We'll rig a marker out o' that."

The two best boards were fastened together with horseshoe nails to form a crude cross. Dally Johnson knelt on another board, running iron in hand, burning letters into wood. The others watched, silent, intent.

Dally finished and rose to his feet. They all stared down at the crude cross. Near the top of what would be the upright, the Slash Y brand. Under this, on the wider crosspiece, the simple legend.

PETEY WILLIAMS
died on trail
April 1887

"All right, Dally," said Hat Henderson. "I reckon we're ready. Kid, skip on out and fetch Dobe and Sunfish."

"That's a measly marker for a man like Petey!" said Monte, kicking viciously at a clod from the freshly dug grave.

Small and alone in the big land they stood around the grave, seven riders and

"'Up' must be around the corner."

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an old man and a boy. Using lariats slipped under, they lowered the rolled tarpaulin into the grave. They stood in an uneasy silence.

"Ain't there anybody knows a few of the words?" said Hat Henderson. The silence held again. "Maybe just as well," he said. "Petey never was much on churches."

"He was a darn good man with a rope," said Sunfish Perkins. "Maybe that'll count some."

"Petey never cussed much," said Powder Kent. "Only when he was mad, an' that don't mean nothing."

"He was almighty good company," said Chet Rollins. "Always keeping things lively."

"The long-legged loon was one up on me," said Monte Walsh. "That coffee sure fixed me plenty."

The silence held again.

The herd had grazed part of the day and watered at pools collected in old buffalo wallows. It was bedded again close to where the last night's storm-driven run had ended. In the deepening dusk, clouds still hung overhead, blotting out most of the stars emerging in the high clean depth of sky above. The three dark shapes close by the bedded herd were Monte Walsh on a rat-tailed skittish roan and Chet Rollins on a thick-necked black and Hat Henderson on a big rangy bay.

"Hate to stick you two with it," said Hat. "You're bushed as the rest of us. But it's your watch. Looks nasty, but maybe it won't do more'n rain a bit. I'll try an' keep an eye open. Anything happens, we'll all come afanning."

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins watched him jog away toward the camp. "Creeping catfish," said Monte, wriggling inside shirt and jacket. "Feels like I'll never get dry again. Been raining off and on all day."

Chet fumbled in a jacket pocket and found his pipe, in shirt pocket and extracted the small pouch. He began to shake tobacco into the pipe.

"A hell of a life," said Monte. "Wearing out your backside in a saddle all day, all night, chousing cows that belong to somebody else. If you ain't cooking in the sun you're feeling like a cold sponge. A hell of a life."

"Yeah," said Chet. "Ain't it." He found a match, scratched it on blunt fingernail and applied it to the pipe.

"Forty and found, and break your fool neck," said Monte. He forced the roan to sidle closer to the black and reached and extracted the pouch from Chet's shirt pocket. He fished in his own and extracted a wad of wet, gummy, small papers. He stared down at these in his hand and in disgust threw them on the ground.

"You'll get to a pipe yet," said Chet, taking the pouch.

"Petey," said Monte. "You ever think he didn't even know who he was working for? Who we're working for. Not even a man. Just a damned syn-di-cate. A bunch of soft-bellied moneygrubbers back east somewhere."

"Yeah," said Chet. "That's right, ain't it? But Petey wasn't thinking of that. Petey was just doing what he signed on to do." Chet swung the black and started off around the herd.

"A hell of a life," murmured Monte, starting in the opposite direction. "Seems like I ain't slept in a week. Maybe two." The roan shied at a low bush, swinging its rat-tail and skittering sideways. "Quit that," said Monte, clamping down on the reins. "I ain't in no mind for games."

The clouds gathered overhead, moving silently, closing all gaps. Monte Walsh pulled out of a doze in the saddle. Sudden wind rushed in violent gusts down the finger of plain toward the open. He looked around. The cattle were up, beginning to push against one another. Back a bit around the curve of the herd a blur of dark was Chet Rollins on the black, sweeping to head a batch of runaways. Another batch broke loose. Monte wheeled the roan, spinning on hunched hind legs, and lit out after them. He had them back. He snatched a quick look toward the camp. All he could make out was the flicker of the low fire, licking up under the lash of the wind. It was blotted for an instant as a figure ran past it.

The wind increased in violence and whipped rain with it. The herd shifted and swayed with rattling of horns. Two men on a rat-tailed roan and a thick-necked black dashed back and forth, holding the frightened steers against the hills rising beyond. Over by the camp a sharp crack sounded, and another, and others following. The canvas top of the chuck wagon had ripped loose on one side and flapped up in the gusts like a huge whip snapping.

"Good heaven above!" said Monte, hearing the heavy rising roar of the herd in motion. "Here we go again!" A dark shape rushed past him, Chet Rollins bent low on the black, scudding fast for the head of the rushing herd.

Monte Walsh dug spurs in. The roan leaped into full gallop. "Yowee!" yelled Monte, leaning forward to shout in one of its ears. "You let that fat-faced baboon beat me to the point I'll rip your hide off! Personal!"

Out from the camp in ragged sequence pounded other dark shapes, angling to join them. The trail crew of the Slash Y, seven men on tough little cow ponies, raced headlong into the rain-drenched dark.

The Legacy (Continued from Page 27)

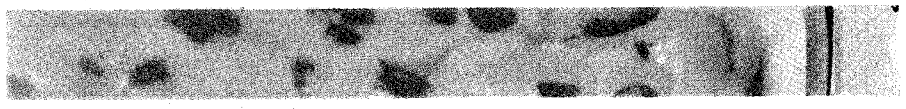
what to do with myself. I always got up with the birds, and can't break the habit. It would seem like being a bum." He set his coffee glass on the seat. "Mr. Lassiter, you going to put the key in the lock?"

The conflict wrapped around Lassiter, squeezing him. Impulsively, he wanted to say, "No, no, Tony, I'm going to prime the pump," but reason held him back. For five years the business had been gradually disintegrating, and the only way even to try to save it was to throw in cash, based on the collateral of his securities—the securities that belonged to the welfare of his and Gret's declining years and that was the promised patrimony of his children. And, of course, there was no reason to expect that priming the pump would make it work. The business was tired; it had been young and struggling, flamboyant with success, and then conservative and stable, and finally it had run down, just as a person does.

And yet he could not categorically say he would close; faint but unremitting pressures would not allow it.

He said, "I don't know, Tony. Hold on!" And regretted offering hope. "But let's face it; the signs are all there. The business is lousy. It should be closed up."

They were silent. Tony's voice was deep and coarse, the voice of a huge man, but within it was a small plaintiveness. "The old days was good, Mr. Lassiter. They was really good."



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OVER THE COFFEE CUPS

by Sally Ross

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CHEESE PIMENTO RABBIT ON TOAST
¼ cup Pream — 2 tbsp. flour
½ tsp. salt — ½ tsp. dry mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 cup water
1½ cups grated Cheddar Cheese
¼ cup diced pimento
6 slices toast

Mix together Pream, flour, salt, dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce. Add water. Cook, stirring until thickened. Add cheese, stirring until melted. Stir in pimento. Serve hot over buttered toast. Makes 4 servings.

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Lassiter had lunch with his oldest son, John. It was uptown in a small, quiet, exclusive restaurant. John was late, as could be expected of a dentist with a good practice. Lassiter did not fret; he sat at his usual table and he did not have to order his Irish and water; it came smoothly with a soft "Good day, Mr. Lassiter."

He felt consecrated as he waited, allowing himself the smug luxury. What father wouldn't? He himself had come from the lean tenements, but nothing of it showed in his son—in his manner or in his features. John was the extension of his own ambition, and a thoroughly satisfying one. Gret enjoyed it, too, but not without a trace of humor. "Sometimes," she would say, "I find myself waiting for John to render a bill."

A voice with a smile in it, and a firm timbre. "Hello, dad. Woolgathering?"

"John." Lassiter started up and held out his hand. They shook, and John sat opposite. He took off his glasses and swung them. Teased, "Thinking about Hialeah?"

Lassiter laughed. The atmosphere here suited him. "Your father has few vices, son, and those are controlled."

The waiter hovered. "Would Doctor Lassiter care for his usual?"

"One of Timothy's perfections," said John.

Soon a neat, very dry martini was before him. He allowed himself a sip before he spoke. "Dad, I had the impression, when you called, that something pressing is on the fire."

"Frankly, it is."

John waited, giving his father all the room he needed to state his problem.

At length, Lassiter said, "I built my life, John, on a few basic assumptions. I assumed I was strong enough and bright enough to build a business. And I was right. I assumed that your mother and I could have intelligent, healthy children, and I don't believe I was wrong about that. Lastly, I assumed that I would be courageous enough, careful enough to build assets which would care for Gret and me in our old age and afford a handsome patrimony for the children. In this I was right, but not wholly right."

Without his glasses, John had a tiredness under his blue eyes. "I don't understand, dad."

Suddenly, Lassiter wondered if he could adequately explain himself to John. He had never been able to reach John fully, realizing that their worlds had not begun the same and had not been parallel in any way. This thought troubled him, but he had to try to reach John, and would. "You see, John, it's the business. The business deserves to be closed."

John nodded: "Certainly. We've realized for some time that it's been sort of a sentimental hobby with you."

Sentimental hobby? Made of men and machines and sweat and dreams and titanic effort?

He was gentle with his son. "You don't understand, John. Men depend on the business. Good men, who have been with it so long that they have no other place to go. And the business has been virile. It's a pity to discard it."

"What're you trying to say?" asked John.

"I'm—I'm ——" What was he trying to say? His confusion made him blurt, "The other day I went to the bank, intending to get a great deal of cash, to put blood into Lassiter Ink again. But when I sat down with Toby, I couldn't do it. I felt faint and sick to my stomach. You see, John, I was thinking about our stocks and bonds, about the foundation under the three of you, the promises I made to you, your wives and children and to myself. I had nothing, and nobody ever gave me anything, but I was determined it would not be that way for mine own. But—but, John, where does mine own begin and end? With my family, with my business, with the human beings who have worked with me for so long?"

John put his hand lightly on his father's. "Dad, there are economic facts. Please disregard any question of my patrimony. Think of what you owe to yourself, and think about economics. You're in a reverse procedure now with the business. It funneled to you many good things, and now it is outworn. You won't save it; you'll only destroy yourself."

He took his hand away with an abrupt embarrassment. Sipped his drink. Said, "There is a point of diminishing returns. Lassiter Ink has reached that point. I—I understand your feeling—passion if you wish—for the business. But I question trying to carry a dead white elephant."

Lassiter felt depressed, because he agreed so heartily. Little was said while they ate, and later Lassiter could not remember what it was he had. Then, through a film of doubt, he heard the clarity in John's voice, "Dad, believe me, I can see what you're going through. Many times I know you haven't felt—and mom hasn't—that I understood you. I think I do. I believe, dad, that you're torn between loyalties. And I don't think that my advice should be the final answer. Why don't we all get together—the family—and discuss it? It might make things clear. You can't go on pulling yourself apart."

Lassiter nodded bleakly. John was right; instinctively John knew that his father would have to resolve his problem in the light of the reasoning and emotions of all the family. These he could combat or accept, but he could not overlook them.

"Arrange a meeting, John," he said. "And I think the wives should be there."

John nodded, even as he looked at his watch. "Shall we make it cocktails and buffet at your house, dad; Friday night?"

"It's O.K. with me."

On Friday night, Lance, the middle son, and his wife, Letty, were the first to arrive. Lance was short and rather heavy; and occasionally he glanced at you as if measuring your weight and blood pressure in terms of an actuarial chart. Nevertheless he had a bounce to him that made Gret call him "our lovable ball." He was boundlessly affectionate, and when he came to the house always smooched his mother until she laughingly cuffed him and called to tall, trim, blond Letty for help. He had a genuine fondness for making people happy. At parties he was an inveterate bartender, greeter and dancer, and when he danced he picked the old and the homely and courted them with a grand manner. His wife was an introvert, and her life was the reflection in her eyes of her husband's vitality.

When John and his dark-eyed wife, Reba, arrived, Lance shook hands enthusiastically with John and kissed tense Reba on the cheek. Then he and John discussed their jobs, mostly in terms of present income and future possibilities. Lassiter had noted that the conversation was often about futures when Lance had a part in it. Drinks were being served and everyone ate some canapés. Lance commented on the tardiness of Tommy and his Lena. "I hope they get enough of each other before they arrive," he said; "otherwise they might compromise us all."

Gret spoke with unaccustomed sharpness. "That will be enough of that, Lance." She was tall and gray, with a fine but heavy figure; she liked to laugh and she was tolerant, but occasionally the tenement falsetto could enter her voice, the tone that she had heard so often, in the yelling that pierced walls and that was thrown like knives from windows.

Lance shrugged. "You know how they are, mother."

"They're in love."

"And bankrupt in every other way."

"As were your father and I," she retorted.

Lance withdrew from the conversation, asking everyone if another round was required. It was. And Tommy and his wife arrived just in time for it. Tommy said, "I'll make my own," and Lance reluctantly gave away his place. He patted Tommy on the shoulder and smiled at Lena. He chided Tommy on his appearance. "People get haircuts nowadays," he said.

"You take mine for me," said Tommy. He winked at Lena. "My wife likes something to grab when she gets mad, which is practically all the time."

He and Lena laughed together, in an earthy understanding that made the others drop their eyes. Lena looked like a gypsy who had promised to settle down, but might at any time break the promise. She made Lassiter uncomfortable, but Gret adored her. About her, Gret said, "If there was a fire, she'd die before she'd come out leaving anyone behind."

With a quorum and the amenities taken care of, Lance suddenly took over, giving Tommy an angry look when the whisky gurgled into his glass.

"We all know what this is about," Lance said. And he was an altered man. His voice was charged. He was bristling physically with protest. "Father," he said, "I deal in these situations all the time. Now please hear me out," he said, raising a hand as if someone had started to interrupt. "Now, we're not, any of us, ghouls. We're not waiting for father to die so we can reap benefits. But we have all planned our lives, and they have been well planned so far—well, with an exception"—and he glanced at Tommy, who laughed, as his wife, sitting on the edge of the big chair in which he was slumped, ran her hand up and down his arm, making Lassiter's teeth grate. "Father," said Lance, "you can't do this!"

And Lassiter interjected, "I haven't done anything—yet."

"You can't throw good money after bad. Now the situation is black and white. On the one hand, you have assets; on the other, you have a failing company, which still is not, thank God, a ruining liability. If you pour money into the corporation, the situation will not be as clean-cut. You will feel challenge, and you'll respond to it. Failure on failure will only spur you on. You'll pour more money into it. You're stubborn—the trait that stood you in good stead through depression and hell and high water—but now the same stubbornness could make you miserable." He took a deep breath. He looked at them all, one by one. His lips quirked, and he said, "Lena, will you please stop that?"

And she looked down into the face of Tommy, and he nodded and said, "They're square enough, honey. In Rome, you know."

A secret amusement passed between them, and she sat primly on the edge of the chair, lifting her chin saucily to Lance, who burned righteously.

Her impertinence seemed to goad him, and he exploded, "Father, you gave us to understand that we would receive certain—certain foundations of security. Any man who doesn't strive for security is mad, and any man who laughs at the future is mad. And any man who feels that people wish the worst for him because they want him to adjust to his responsibilities before death is a fool. Insurance is not an admission of the inevitable; it's an admission of (*Continued on Page 108*)

"Will a question period follow?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN

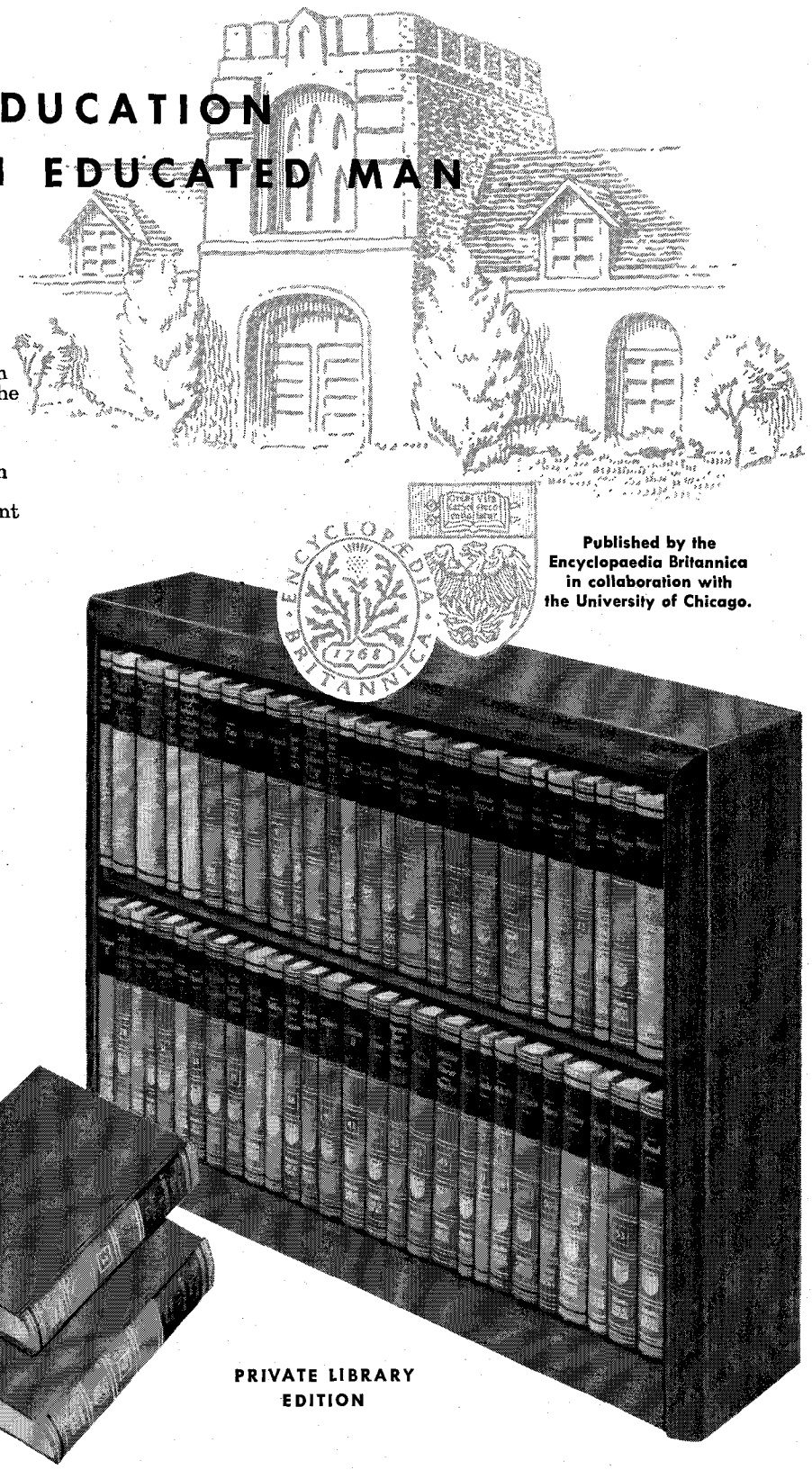
A message from Mortimer J. Adler, Ph.D.
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"THE greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



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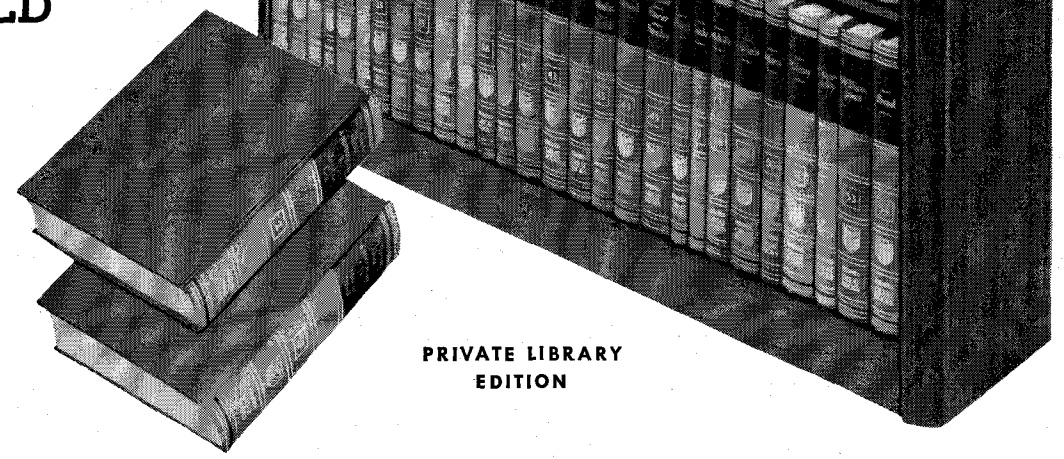

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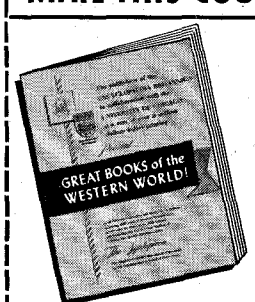

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(*Continued from Page 106*) responsibility—or even of obligation, if you choose. Now this seems blunt, but I feel that you are ready to knock the props out from under us. We asked you for nothing, but you determined that we should expect something. It would have been impossible for us not to take this into consideration in planning our lives and the structure of our commitments. If this sounds like a speech, it is. I intended it to be."

His vehemence broke off and he put his hand against his forehead. Letty reflected the troubled heart of him, flexing her slender fingers without knowing it. And Lassiter felt beaten down by his second son's logic.

"I apologize," said Lance. "I apologize for trying to be practical. I know how ugly practicality can seem. But I won't renege on anything I've said."

John had been standing all this time, leaning against the fireplace mantel. He held an untouched drink in his hand. His voice was the mollifying one that he would use for a patient in pain.

"I think that Lance has made some good points, although I don't believe the situation is as serious as he makes it. But I could be wrong. I'm sure that Lance has seen much more than I have concerning people's use of their resources and their planning."

His voice was smooth and kind, and Lassiter felt lulled by it. Between the two of them, he knew what a fool he was to project a continuation of the business. It grieved him to have confirmation, but it also made him feel that he was on solid ground and that his conscience could abate and die within him and he could put the key in the lock.

"I'm not particularly worried about the future," John continued; "barring sickness or something of the sort, I can make out. Also, dad has helped me already, in the cost of my education and in getting a practice and equipment. I'm not concerned about myself, but I feel that dad should resign as a success. This business has been ailing for some time. I don't want dad to go down with it."

Lassiter looked to Gret, giving her a nod, so she would speak her opinion. But she did not; she invoked the forgotten one, Tommy, sitting in the chair, with his gypsy wife hovering over him.

"Tommy?" said Gret.

"I'll take mine now," he said bluntly, grinning.

It was the grin that struck Lassiter, and the sloppy way Tommy was sitting in the chair, and the big drink he was swishing around in the glass.

"Sit up!" he cried. "Sit up and put that damn drink down! What do you mean, you'll take yours now? So that you and your wife can rub knees and elbows forever without doing anything else?"

Tommy stiffened, but the lopsided smile did not leave his face. Lena looked far beyond all of them, sitting on the arm of the chair, her chin lifted and her emotion veiled.

Tommy's voice was tough, and it held a portion of mockery. His eyes were fierce and his sandy brows were drawn.

"I'll take Lassiter Ink," he said. "I'll take it the way it is. And I'll waive all other rights. Just give me the key."

Lassiter stared at him. "You had one too many of those drinks."

"Try me." As Tommy spoke, the hand of the wild gypsylike girl went to his arm and gripped it.

Lassiter could not believe and was about to say something that should not be said, when he heard a faint, funny noise, and turned his head, and Gret was weeping with her eyes steady and open.

"You have the key," said Lassiter.

Lassiter and Gret went to Florida for the races. "I don't want to see this," he had told Gret.

And she had agreed. "I wouldn't let you look over his shoulder," she said.

In the time that they were gone they received no mail from Tommy and sent none to him. John and Lance wrote a few agreeable letters, but did not mention Tommy either. The legal aspects required a few signatures, but that was all. And then, as the season changed and both Lassiter and Gret yearned for the North, a card came from Big Tony. In a clumsy thick hand, it read: "Working hard. Come see us."

It was like a signal, and it was exactly what Lassiter wanted to do. The very morning after he and Gret arrived in the North, he drove to the meat house. He got out of his car and approached the tall building with a strange timidity. He saw two things at once: the building, that stood gaunt against the railroad embankment, was freshly painted, and the old truck was no longer in the yard.

In the front office, a gum-chewing girl looked up and said, "Yeah?"

Lassiter did not reply at once. He heard a stream of cussing coming from somewhere, hot, eager and bloodcurdling.

"What's that?" he asked.

The girl laughed. "That's Lassiter. He's a rugged character."

He nodded. "I see. And could I see him?"

"Who are you?"

"His ——" and he paused: one son called him "Dad," and one called him "Father," but Tommy called him "Pop."

"Oh, sure," she said. "Go on up; he's topside."

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Topside? Lassiter's heart beat faster. Up there was the railroad and the spur that came against the house platform. For a year the spur hadn't been used. They hadn't had a need for full carloads of cattle, and the truck dock had supplied them with rounds, hinds and anything else needed.

"Thanks, miss," he said, and walked through to the central corridor that led between the coolers and freezers. On the overhead rails that led down it from the elevator that went up to the siding, quarters of cattle on long hooks were majestically swinging, being scaled and pushed into the coolers. Lassiter went to the elevator, and when it came down again and beef was pushed off on aligned rails, he got on the elevator and was carried up to the siding.

When he stepped out, he saw old faces and new faces. And he saw three freight cars on the siding. Big Tony was there, huge in a white coat, holding something in his hand and calling off seconds and minutes.

There were other familiar old faces among the white, stain-coated gang, and there were hard young luggers' faces, muscling out the older gang. And there was Tommy, yelling, swearing, working with them, running into the car and taking a hindquarter from the bottom and turning with it as he lifted it and swinging it on his shoulder and stepping out to hook it on one of the silvery running hooks on the rails that went to the elevator.

No one noticed Lassiter. And then a man came out with a quarter, hooked it and yelled, "That's it!" And Big Tony made a motion with his wrist and finger, and then Tommy was there beside him, peering across his great arm.

Tommy yelled, "We did it! We did it, Tony!" And he snatched the stop watch from Tony's hand, and carried it to his father, whom he had obviously seen without acknowledging. "Pop, look at it. Pop, look at it."

Lassiter looked at the watch. He had had a proud record for speed in unloading a car of beef with his gang, and now that record was shattered by almost a minute.

"Good, son; good."

And then the homecoming. Big Tony, the others. And then Tommy declared a break; and then Lassiter and Tommy were alone on the railroad dock.

Tommy put his hand on his father's sleeve and gripped it roughly and happily. Lassiter winced. His suit was a hundred-and-fifty-dollar gabardine and Tommy had been lugging meat.

"Pop, pop, what a tan! What a Florida tan!"

"Tommy, all this beef ——"

The tough, mocking grin. "People eat meat, pop. You eat meat. Why not Lassiter meat? We're selling Lassiter meat. We have orders, understand?"

Why not? thought Lassiter.

Then he said, "The truck—the old truck?"

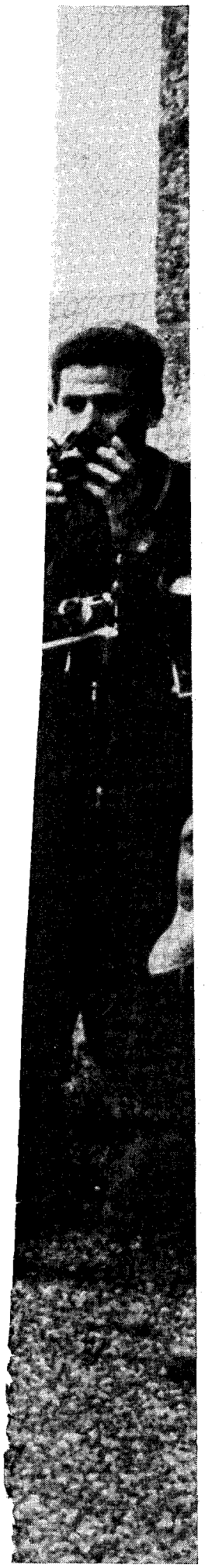
"Hell, we junked it."

Of course. And Lassiter wondered if he had spent too much time thinking about the past and had somehow been unwilling for the present and the future.

Tommy looked at him with long, loving mockery, and finally grabbed him and whirled him around in a great hug. His wiry strength shocked Lassiter. "Come on, pop. In the office there's a jug."

They moved toward the elevator. Lassiter started to look at the stains on his suit, but then laughed them off. He could always get a new suit, but he couldn't get again a chip off the old, forgotten block.

THE END



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PHOTOGRAPH BY PARIS MATCH

Home With the Evening Tide

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

Home with the evening tide
they came,
Shadowy boats of the
fishermen
Dragging behind their nets
the sun
Till the sea ran copper with
its flame.

Purpling, the wharves leaned
toward the night
That curved in slowly as
a gull.
Above the boats, proud,
beautiful,
Swift Venus kindled a yellow
light.

Their nets spread out, the
boats safe-tied,
Each fisherman sought a
familiar door
Where he would be lost to
the sea's dark roar
When love's hand latched
the world outside.

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Mickey Cohen: The Private Life of a Hood

(Continued from Page 41)

can change your way of life, and she wouldn't expect you to."

"That's right," Mickey said. "When you have a home you want to live in your home like it was made for you to live in."

Unquestionably Michael Mickey Cohen's home was made for him to live in. Years of skirmishing in the labyrinth of the underworld, plus the fact that his natural habitat was a night club or a gambling casino, made Mickey into a nocturnal creature. Consequently he has to get sound sleep during the day, and the master bedroom thus has certain refinements not found in ordinary homes. The windows and draperies are lightproof, and almost no sound filters through from the street.

Mickey's custom-made pallet is what he calls a "king-size king bed" about eight feet square. When he's up and around, the bed is covered with a monogrammed, dark-red velvet spread, and on my first visit there I accidentally stepped on one trailing corner of it.

"Hey!" Mickey said in an anguished voice. "Don't step on my $350 spread." He fell to his knees and lovingly tucked the flowing corners out of the way after making sure there were no footprints showing. During one of our interviews two or three days later I said he must be a fussy housekeeper.

"I am very, very funny about those things," he said. "I can't help myself. Why, if I walked into my bathroom and found that some guest had combed loose a hair and left it there, I could be upset by that completely."

We talked a little about the king-size bed and I said, "Well, Mick, I've noticed you're a kind of king in your little world, and the fellows hanging around you treat you like one."

"Sure," he said. "I treat them the same way. I live by one creed. There is nothing in this world that shouldn't be done for a friend, and there is nothing in this world that shouldn't be done to an enemy. That's my reputation around the country. 'He makes the greatest friend and the worst enemy.'"

I had a long list of Mickey's transgressions in my notebooks, and I couldn't help thinking about the bloody brawls, the pistol whippings and the many murders and suicides about which the police had grilled him over the years.

"What do you do about an enemy, Mick?" I asked.

A smile rippled across his round face, as delicate and mysterious as a seismograph tracing, and his powerful shoulders shrugged. "Today you become more of a diplomat," he said, "and you realize what life is and you're softer. I think very differently about an enemy than I would have done maybe in other days. Actually if I find someone is an enemy and just won't let well enough alone, I just have to do something to fight back."

The turbulent conflicts between Michael Cohen, gentleman-diplomat, and Mickey Cohen, hoodlum—he once admitted he has to struggle with this Jekyll-Hyde problem every day—are evident in the inner sanctum of his apartment. Mickey likes to face the outside world at night trailing a subtle manly fragrance, for instance, and the source of supply is a glass-shelved cabinet built into the bedroom wall. Here are dozens of bottles of fine perfume and cologne—some were house-warming gifts—and he keeps this pantry well stocked.

There was a time—money was just so much confetti to him then—when Mickey spent an average of forty dollars a week on one favorite cologne, and he had a standing order for it at a Beverly Hills drugstore. The other day, running low on the stuff, he went there and bought three small bottles. "Here y'are, Mick," the druggist said. "That'll be $19.50, plus tax."

"Nineteen-fifty!" Mickey croaked. "They must have raised the price while I was in stir."

"No, Mick," the druggist said. "The price is the same, only you just didn't notice it before."

The closets in Mickey's bedroom and den look like sample cases at a cloak-and-suiters convention. If clothes make the man, Mickey Cohen can be the finished symphony when he is on stage in the bistros of Hollywood. During the spreading of his empire ten years ago, when he was the winner in a deadly shooting war over the gambling treasures in the Los Angeles area, he was buying no fewer than three suits a week and had more than 300 on hangers at one time.

His personal tailor, Al Pignola, was kept busy with replacements, for Mickey would not wear a suit after it had been dry-cleaned. His friend, Leon Metzger, owner of a cleaning establishment, once filled up a storeroom with Mickey's unwanted clothing—sixty-five suits, thirty-five overcoats, fifty pairs of slacks, twenty-five sports jackets and boxes full of sweaters. When Mickey went to prison, this discarded wardrobe was still there, but members of the Cohen gang came to Metzger one by one and claimed the forgotten goods.

Mickey was so crotchety about his clothes—a small spot or a wrinkle was enough to bring him to the boiling point—that he often barged into Metzger's shop and drenched him with hot verbiage. The third time this happened, Metzger grabbed Mickey by the shoulders and shook him up as though he were a stuck slot machine.

"I've had enough of this, Mick," he said. "If you want to come here, come in like a gentleman, but don't try to run my business. I'm the boss here."

Few men have laid hands on Mickey Cohen with impunity, but evidently the little gangster respected Metzger for his stand and never raised his voice in the shop again. Nowadays, forced to struggle along on only $150,000 a year or so of borrowed money, Mickey's entire wardrobe is worth only about $20,000. The day he came home from McNeil Island Penitentiary his wife, Lavonne, proudly opened a closet door and showed how she had kept his suits cleaned, pressed and ready to wear.

"Jeeze!" Mickey gasped. "Did I buy all that stuff?"

"Yes, Mickey," she said.

"Well," he said, "there won't be any more of that foolishness."

Two months later, though, when Lavonne moved out—they were eventually divorced—Mickey was once again buying gaudy raiment. Al Pignola is still doing the wrapping for Mickey's five-six, 165-pound figure, and now the little mob man is willing to wear the suits when they come back from the cleaners.

Mickey has about 1500 pairs of socks, but is down to a mere sixty pairs of shoes. He buys expensive shoe trees by the case and, since his custom-made shoes cost sixty dollars a pair, he undoubtedly is the best-shod ex-con in the world. The closets are also bulging with silk lounging pajamas, at $275 a pair and, since he won't lie down in these handmade garments, he also has some less-expensive silk sleeping pajamas. Every shirt and pajama and robe and hankie, of course, has the initials MC embroidered on it. The presumption, as one police-department joker said, is that if Mickey ever walks in his sleep or has amnesia, the beat cops can take one quick, identifying look at the embroidery and lead him safely home.

Until the spring of this year, Mickey lived in a smaller apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. The appointments there, while comfortable, were inadequate for his social requirements, and so he moved into the larger Barrington Avenue place.

Semiliterate, agonizingly insecure and picturing himself as a hounded Robin Hoodlum fighting off the scheming minions of the law, Mickey cannot bear to be alone. So his apartment is a sort of high-gloss Sherwood Forest where, on any given evening, there may be a mink-clad Maid Marian or two, an assortment of Little Johns reporting to parole officers here and there, or a frockless Friar Tuck urging Mickey to repent. There might even be a couple of the sheriff's men from Nottingham, dropping in for a tankard of ale. In addition to the regulars, Mickey's callers include men and women you might find at any Hollywood soiree—newspapermen, bookies, entertainers, upper-echelon tavernkeepers, prize fighters and lawyers.

Mickey is a generous host, and the accouterments, though somewhat substandard alongside those of earlier years, are the best that $10,000 worth of interior decorating could buy.

The kitchen, created to Mickey's specifications, has a black-and-white décor, with the color accents extending to the stove, dishwasher and refrigerator. The sink has a built-in soda fountain with spigots for root beer, cola, soda and ice water. There is an ice-cream freezer—Mickey is a quart-a-day addict—and on the wall there is a seemingly bottomless liquor cabinet. But these strong fluids are for weaker souls, for, as he says, "I don't smoke, I don't drink, and I don't listen to dirty jokes. I live a clean, pure life."

Mickey's devout asepsis, which has been a matter of objective interest to more than one psychiatrist, is as purposely visible as a blind man's tin cup.

The first time I saw him pick up a phone, he carefully wrapped the instrument in paper tissue. The next time, there being no tissue handy, he braved marauding germs and picked it up with his bare hands. The hazard was neutralized, though, when he hurried into the bathroom and scrubbed the bugs away.

Some observers insist Mickey washes his hands a hundred times a day. Mickey has never kept an accurate count, but admitted he does it very often. One thing puzzles me, though. The first time I met Mickey, he used this tissue-around-the-phone routine, but in succeeding weeks though he must have answered the apartment phone a hundred times, he used no tissues at all.

Perhaps he forgot, for surely he wouldn't do this just to attract attention. Or perhaps he didn't want to waste the tissues—despite the fact that he has cases of them for his sinus attacks—when hot water and soap would do just as well. In any case, the hand-washing symptom is such a Cohen trade-mark that one Hollywood psychiatrist is—or was—making a study of it.

One evening, according to Jules Salkin, the architect who designed the building where Mickey lives, this psychiatrist went to dinner with Mickey and a dozen other persons. While the bananas *sauce flambée* were being served, the doctor confided to Salkin that he was deeply intrigued by Mickey's habit.

Mickey, whose ears are like radar, dropped his fork and guffawed. "Yeah," he said. "I got him going. Two weeks more around me, and I'll have him washing his hands too."

Off-the-cuff diagnosticians in Hollywood find it easy to offer a pat answer by quoting the line from Macbeth: "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" even though Mickey has confessed killing only one man. The trouble is that Mickey spends as much or more time washing his whole muscled frame. His daily shower routine, and he is not at all bashful about this, is as demanding as the antisepsis in a hospital operating room.

If Mickey has an eight P.M. date, he starts the ritual at about five o'clock, scrubbing the bathroom floor, walls, tiles and the plumbing. Disinfectants are scattered around, and no germ escapes Mickey's diligent search. He enters the shower and stays under water for an hour and a half. Then, after drying himself, he puts on a fifty-dollar wide-brimmed hat and dusts himself with baby powder. The hat, of course, is to keep the powder off his thinning hair. In the old days he used to carry his (Continued on Page 112)

"I get 1250 shaves from one blade."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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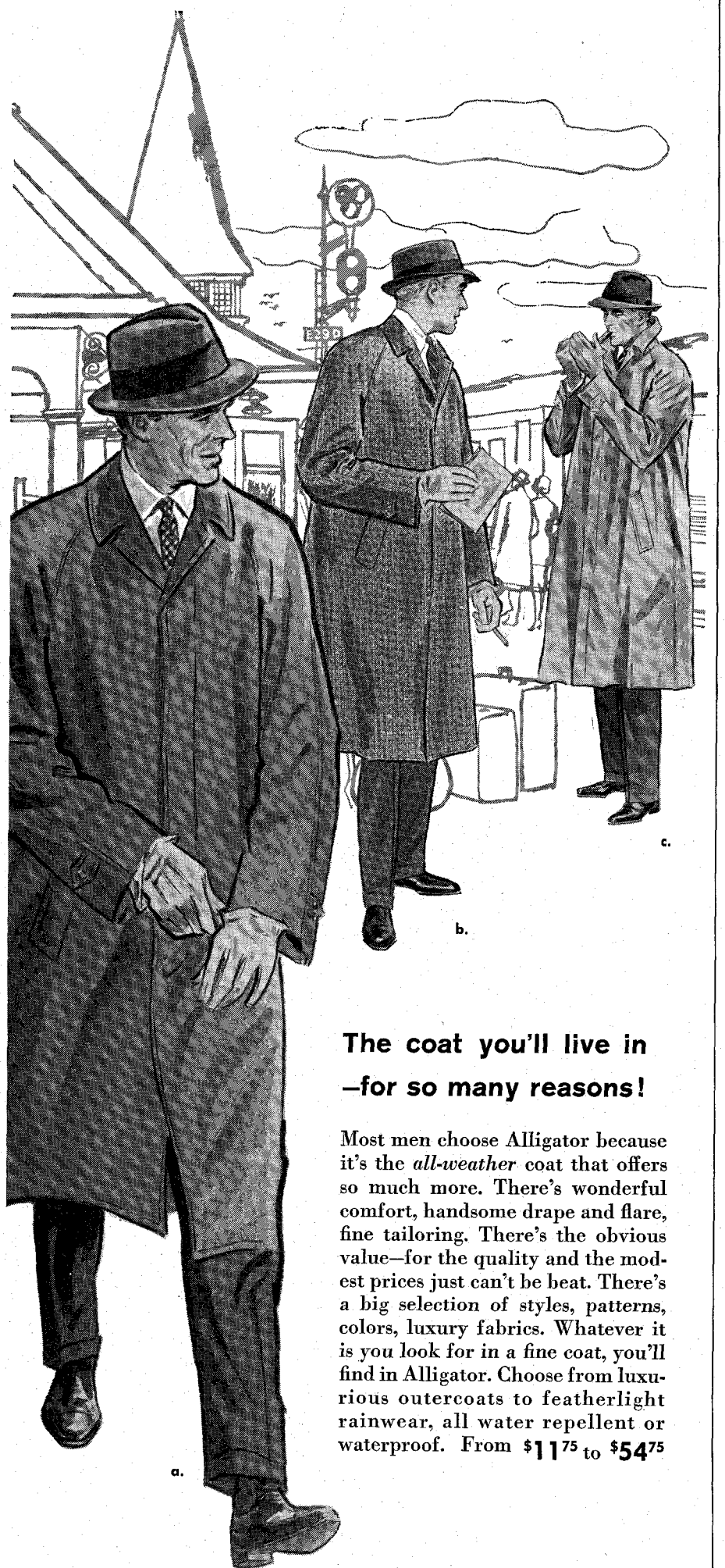

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(*Continued from Page 110*) own shower head on trips and have it installed in hotel rooms.

The hand washing and the shower may cleanse Mickey's soul, but these habits had repercussions when he was indicted and convicted in 1951 for income-tax evasion.

While on appeal, Mickey was in the Los Angeles County jail, operated by the Sheriff's Office, and he made the place a home away from home. Federal officials in Washington took a sour view of rumors that Mickey had special privileges in his county cell, and asked the Los Angeles Police Department to move him to a city prison. Chief William H. Parker, who is not interested in compulsions unless they are used to commit crimes, transferred Mickey to a private lockup room at the city's new Lincoln Heights Jail. Mickey was permitted to wash his hands when they were dirty, but he had to wait his turn for a shower, like any other inmate. He stood this enforced contamination for five days, then begged the Government to send him to McNeil Island prison, so he could start serving his time. All concerned were glad to oblige.

There is reason to believe—and the police agree—that Mickey is actually living the pure life he claims—pure in the sense that he is not now involved in the rackets. Stripped of his gambling kingdom, and with the added handicap of the "ex-con" label, his life in Los Angeles appears to be an enforced vacation from illegal pursuits. In a city run by tough, uncompromising Chief Parker, the Mickey Cohens stick out like marijuana patches at a garden show, and they last about as long.

"I ask you," he said plaintively, "what's a guy like me gonna do? I can't operate again here, even if I wanted to. There are other police chiefs and sheriffs out here who've been my friends for years, and they want me to open up in their territory. But the lousy L.A. cops would follow me there. I can't go to Las Vegas. They don't want me around, and anyway I'd never pass the license commission. Even legitimate people are afraid to stick their necks out with a proposition because of my name. So I ask you, what's a guy gonna do?"

I couldn't answer the question, and I don't know who can. Nevertheless Mickey keeps hoping for a miracle because he is galvanized by an insatiable ego and a need for the power and the publicity. He cannot understand that he is washed up in Los Angeles, nor that the times have changed. His debts to Uncle Sam and others total more than $1,000,000, but they disturb neither his conscience nor his budget. He is doing the best he can to scrape up a few hundred thousand tax-free dollars here and there, and he is doing very well, as will be shown later on. "I have a way of life," he says, "and I can't change it now."

Mickey has always had a staggering overhead because he is a chronic check grabber and a soft touch for a proposition. Also, he likes the little luxuries that make for gracious living at home. Thus he has one color and two black-and-white television sets in his apartment, one of which he can operate from his big bed by remote control.

There is an expensive hi-fi installation and a case full of records which are almost never played. Alongside it is a full-color photograph of the ex-Mrs. Cohen inscribed, "For Ever, Lavonne." It wasn't quite forever, and Lavonne, now divorced and disenchanted, is bitterly wondering what Mickey did with the things she says he took away from her—$60,000 worth of jewels, four or five fur coats, her car. "After eighteen years with him," she said to me, "I don't have anything at all. Meanwhile I see him wearing little pieces of jewelry now and then that I've seen before. He carries a big roll, but I have to beg him for money to live on. I'm still trying to figure out what makes this man so different or interesting."

Mickey is different. In the living room, for instance, one entire wall is lined with heavy white drapery on traverse rods. Mickey, who can't be bothered with pull cords, installed an electric motor which opens and closes the drapes. One morning while I was sitting in the living room on Mickey's enormous semicircular sofa, admiring his thick cocoa-colored rugs, the imported marble coffee table with its jars of imported Italian candy and the built-in bar, I heard a strange, whirring noise.

I glanced behind me and saw the curtain slowly opening and closing. I was hypnotized by this eerie movement and, as I watched, the drapes gathered speed and moved back and forth like crazy. I was trying to stop the creepy thing when Mickey, somewhat bleary-eyed from a late night, came out in his baby-blue pajamas and saw it. He gaped, struggled with it, subdued it and said, "Two hunnert bucks for the —— thing and it blows up." The last time I saw the little monster it had been autopsied by a Cohen henchman and, with coils and innards limp, was being dispatched to its maker with a demand for a new one.

I met most of the Cohen satellites the first evening I went to the apartment. Mickey had chosen to dine at home. The dinner guests—I later learned that most of them, like Penelope's suitors, camped out there almost daily—included Fred Sica, a former eastern gangster who graduated from the New Jersey State Prison; Max Tannenbaum, an ex-felon from New York; William K. Howard, whom Mickey met when both were doing time at McNeil; Ralph Sills, a retired rug dealer, and Ellis (Itchy) Mandel of Chicago, who is connected with the Stagehands' Union. Neither Sills nor Mandel has any record.

Other Cohen intimates—they have been in and out of Mickey's apartment on many occasions—are Joe Sica, Fred's brother, a two-time loser who, oddly enough, was once arrested and questioned as a suspect in the 1950 bombing of Mickey's home; Phillip H. Packer, who served terms at Joliet and San Quentin; Harold (Happy) Meltzer, who was No. 26799 at the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta; and one Seymour Pellar, who did ten years at Joliet on a kidnaping rap.

There wasn't a gun or a sap or any other weapon in sight at dinner that night. Only one man took a drink, perhaps in deference to Mickey's dedicated temperance, and there were no dirty jokes or cuss words or unpleasant discussions about anything. Later there were only two flare-ups worth mentioning. The first came when Sills denounced the law for hounding Mickey, and said he had friends in Washington who might take the heat off. The other show of anger came when Fred Sica was watching TV commentator George Putnam fulminating about the evil growth of the Mafia in the United States. "Ah, baloney, you stupid so-and-so!" Sica snarled at the TV screen and turned off the set.

The dining-room table was set with the finest imported linen cloth and napkins, and the engraved sterling silver was impeccable. The Italian-style dinner, expertly cooked by Fred Sica, was as good or better than any similar meal I ever had in a restaurant. The gentlemen of the Cohen gang couldn't have been more hospitable, and Mickey himself exuded a garrulous charm. It was easy to under-

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stand what Lavonne Cohen meant when, during a nostalgic moment, she said to me, "It's easy for Mickey to get under your skin, you know. He has a certain charm about him. I can have words with him, and before it's all over I'm beginning to feel that everything is all right, and maybe I'm wrong."

During the seven weeks I spent in Los Angeles on this report, Mandel, Tannenbaum and Fred Sica were in almost continuous attendance on Mickey. In another era the cops and the newspapers would have called them bodyguards, but now they are probably nothing more than the Cohen cheering section.

Itchy Mandel appeared to be busy running errands, acting as a valet or chauffeuring when Mickey's $15,300 car was laid up for repairs. At one point Mickey was planning a trip to Chicago and, knowing the gendarmes would clock his departure from an airport or railroad station, he arranged a more secret excursion in Itchy's big car. Itchy proudly showed me how he had expertly stowed away Mickey's touring wardrobe, and how he had tenderly placed pillows on the rear seat so the little hood could sleep while they were bowling over the deserts. Mickey changed his mind at the last minute, however, and drove east in another car with one of his attorneys.

The three regulars mentioned above spend hours with Mickey, and when the boss goes out alone to a night club or restaurant they soon join him, one by one. These three are a special source of irritation to Mrs. Willa Heywood, a kindly graying woman who, when I last saw her, had been Mickey's cook and housekeeper for more than twenty years.

"Mr. Cohen bought some glasses with sterling-silver rims," she said. "Why, these guys that come here are used to plastic cups. It sure makes me mad to see those moochers coming in here all the time, drinking Mr. Cohen's liquor and eating his food and smoking his good cigars and cigarettes. They never bring any of their own, and then, if we're short, they ask me to run out and get more."

Mrs. Heywood's fierce loyalty—she mothers Mickey and scolds him too—is—or was—not likely to change his spending habits or his choice of companionship. During the readjustment period after he was paroled from McNeil Island, the Federal authorities frowned on most of Mickey's toadies. Some of Billy Graham's advisers and financial backers in Los Angeles—they had spent some $18,000 trying to show Cohen the path of righteousness—were also piqued because Mickey would not trade in his bosom pals for friends on higher social levels. Indeed, Billy Graham's mighty effort to convert Mickey went haywire on almost that issue alone—but that story belongs in another chapter.

Whatever shortcomings Mickey may have, stinginess is not one of them, and the ladies and gentlemen of the entourage are well aware of it. He used to have a Diners' Club card, but this was not nearly as satisfactory as flashing a roll of $100 bills and peeling off two or three to pay the freight. I have seen him pick up restaurant checks for as many as fourteen people—these tabs ran from $200 to $300, with tips—and in Hollywood he is the headwaiters' delight.

Mickey prefers to dine out, and there are many hungers in the man. There's something especially satisfying about making an entrance at some exclusive restaurant where, trailed by half a dozen followers preening in reflected glory, Mickey Cohen is as much of a celebrity as Bing Crosby, let's say, or Gov. Goody Knight. The chances are that Mickey, seated with his back to the wall in some strategic corner, in the approved gangland manner, will sign as many autographs as some star of the entertainment world.

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Sam, a power-drive type of book salesman, never opened a volume except to demonstrate the strength of its binding. But he talked so fast and continuously that he outsold salesmen with superior products.

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As he bounced, Sam pointed a triumphant finger at the other salesman. "I'm willing to bet," he called out, "that your textbook won't stand a test like this."

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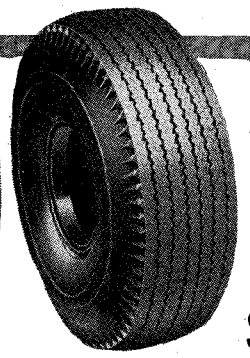

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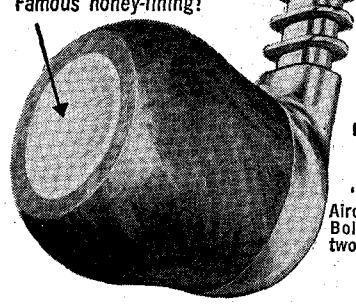

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BY THE MAKERS OF KAYWOODIE PIPES, Dept. Y34, N.Y. 22

Unfortunately, the Mickey Cohen of the neon circuit seems to be more vulnerable and cantankerous than the pajamaed and slippered Michael Cohen contemplating the gas-log fireplace at home.

There was the time Mickey and his followers filed into the Mocambo on the Sunset Strip and filled up a ringside table. Hedda Hopper, who was giving a party at an adjoining table, noticed that four of Mickey's men were toting six-shooters or cap pistols or something else plainly visible in holsters. She summoned the maître d'hôtel and let him have it with both eyebrows.

"Move him or move me," she said. "I won't sit next to this bum."

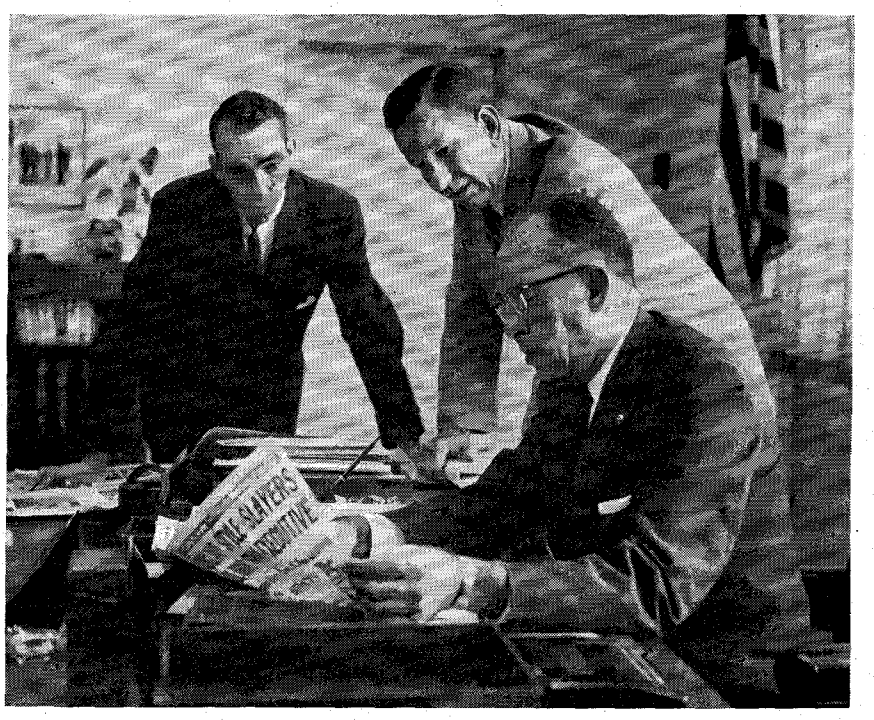
No functionary ever faced a more miserable dilemma, but a columnist's pen could be more disastrous than the loss of Mickey's tips. He moved Mickey to another table. Presently, while Mickey was out of the room, newspaperwoman Florabel Muir, a long-time champion for the embattled gangster, nudged Hedda.

"You'd better be careful," she whispered. "He'll wipe you out."

Florabel was probably kidding. Hedda still isn't sure. In any case, she was in no mood for such language. "Wipe me out?" she said icily. "He wouldn't dare." The evening, to say the least, was thoroughly spoiled for both sides.

Many a restaurant owner has confided to the police that he would just as soon forgo the Cohen largess rather than risk a ruckus that might keep future customers away. Few of them can forget that Mickey and his gang were sprayed by enemy guns once in the doorway of a Sunset Strip place.

Early this spring, to mention only one of many similar cases, Mickey turned up at a party for his friend, Sammy Davis, Jr., the entertainer. The affair was held at Frank Sinatra's Villa Capri Restaurant, which had been Mickey's favorite hangout for months. During the festivities Mickey somehow became embroiled with a waiter named Arthur Black. Mickey belted Black in the chops and was pinched for assault.



Los Angeles policemen Jerry Wooters (left), Capt. James Hamilton and Chief William Parker. During an interview on TV, Cohen called Parker a "sadistic degenerate." Parker sued the ABC network and won an out-of-court settlement of $45,975.09.

Mickey never went back to the Villa Capri, and for weeks the battle was the subject of typical Hollywood gags. Comedians Marty Allen and Mitch de Wood, for example, brought the roof down on their opening night at the Ambassador Hotel when Marty said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Walter Winchell was supposed to introduce our act tonight. But he had an emergency. He's over at the Villa Capri, introducing Mickey Cohen to the new waiters."

It so happens that Black is still working at the Villa Capri, and this may be a thorny wound to Mickey. It is especially aggravating because a jury found Mickey guilty of assault, and he was fined $500 and given a ninety-day suspended sentence. For historians concerned with the manners of our times, it might be of interest to know that thirty civics-class students from Canoga Park High School attended this trial, and that a number of excited girls surrounded Mickey outside the courtroom and got his autograph.

Mickey is still griping about this legal defeat, but at least he got the last laugh. He had to find a new place for the mob to eat, and he had one of his men telephone famed comedian Ben Blue, who had just opened a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. The lackey humbly asked if Mickey and party could come around for dinner, and Blue replied, "Lemme talk to Mick."

Mickey picked up the receiver, and Blue said, "Mick, you come out right now. I've got two waiters you can hit all you want."

Editors' Note—This is the second of four articles by Mr. Jennings. The third will appear next week.

The Lessons of the Past

(Continued from Page 25)

Russia seems to come first, but education is still emphatically the second. In spite of all the articles we read and all the speeches we listen to about it, we want to know more; we feel deeply its importance.

There is today a clearly visible trend toward making it the aim of education to defeat the Russians. That would be a sure way to defeat education. Genuine education is possible only when people realize that it has to do with persons, not with movements.

When I read educational articles it often seems to me that this important side of the matter, the purely personal side, is not emphasized enough; the fact that it is so much more agreeable and interesting to be an educated person than not. The sheer pleasure of being educated does not seem to be stressed. Once long ago I was talking with Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University, the greatest Greek scholar our country has produced. He was an old man and he had been honored everywhere, in Europe as well as in America. He was just back from a celebration held for him in Oxford. I asked him what compliment received in his long life had pleased him most. The question amused him and he laughed over it, but he thought too. Finally he said, "I believe it was when one of my students said, 'Professor, you have so much fun with your own mind.'" Robert Louis Stevenson said that a man ought to be able to spend two or three hours waiting for a train at a little country station when he was all alone and had nothing to read, and not be bored for a moment.

What is the education which can do this? What is the furniture which makes the only place belonging absolutely to each one of us, the world within, a place where we like to go? I wish I could answer that question. I wish I could produce a perfect decorator's design warranted to make any interior lovely and interesting and stimulating; but, even if I could, sooner or later we would certainly try different designs. My point is only that while we must and should change the furniture, we ought to throw away old furniture very cautiously. It may turn out to be irreplaceable. A great deal was thrown away in the last generation or so, long enough ago to show some of the results. Furniture which had for centuries been foremost, we lightly, in a few years, discarded. The classics almost vanished from our field of education. That was a great change. Along with it came another. There is a marked difference between the writers of the past and the writers of today who have been educated without benefit of Greek and Latin. Is this a matter of cause and effect? People will decide for themselves, but I do not think anyone will question the statement that clear thinking is not the characteristic which distinguishes our literature today. We are more and more caught up by the unintelligible. People like it. This argues an inability to think, or, almost as bad, a disinclination to think.

Neither disposition marked the Greeks. They had a passion for thinking things out, and they loved unclouded clarity of statement as well as of thought. The Romans did, too, in their degree. They were able to put an idea into an astonishingly small number of words without losing a particle of intelligibility. It is only of late, with a generation which has never had to deal with a Latin sentence, that we are being submerged in a flood of words, words, words. It has been said that Lincoln at Gettysburg today would have begun in some such fashion as this: "Eight and seven-tenths decades ago the pioneer workers in this continental area implemented a new group based on an ideology of free boundaries and initial equality," and might easily have ended, "That political supervision of the integrated units, for the integrated units, by the integrated units, shall not become null and void on the superficial area of this planet." Along with the banishment

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of the classics, gobbledegook has come upon us—and the appalling size of the Congressional Record, and the overburdened mail service.

Just what the teaching in the schools was which laid the foundation of the Greek civilization we do not know in detail; the result we do know. Greek children were taught, Plato said, to "love what is beautiful and hate what is ugly." When they grew up their very pots and pans had to be pleasant to look at. It was part of their training to hate clumsiness and awkwardness; they loved grace and practiced it. "Our children," Plato said, "will be influenced for good by every sight and sound of beauty, breathing in, as it were, a pure breeze blowing to them from a good land."

All the same, the Athenians were not, as they showed Socrates when he talked to them, preoccupied with enjoying lovely things. The children were taught to think. Plato demanded a stiff examination, especially in mathematics, for entrance to his Academy. The Athenians were a thinking people. Today the scientists are bearing away the prize for thought. Well, a Greek said that the earth went around the sun sixteen centuries before Copernicus thought of it. A Greek said if you sailed out of Spain and kept to one latitude, you would come at last to land, seventeen hundred years before Columbus did it. Darwin said, "We are mere schoolboys in scientific thinking compared to old Aristotle." And the Greeks did not have a great legacy from the past as our scientists have; they thought science out from the beginning.

The same is true of politics. They thought that out, too, from the beginning, and they gave all the boys a training to fit them to be thinking citizens of a free state that had come into being through thought.

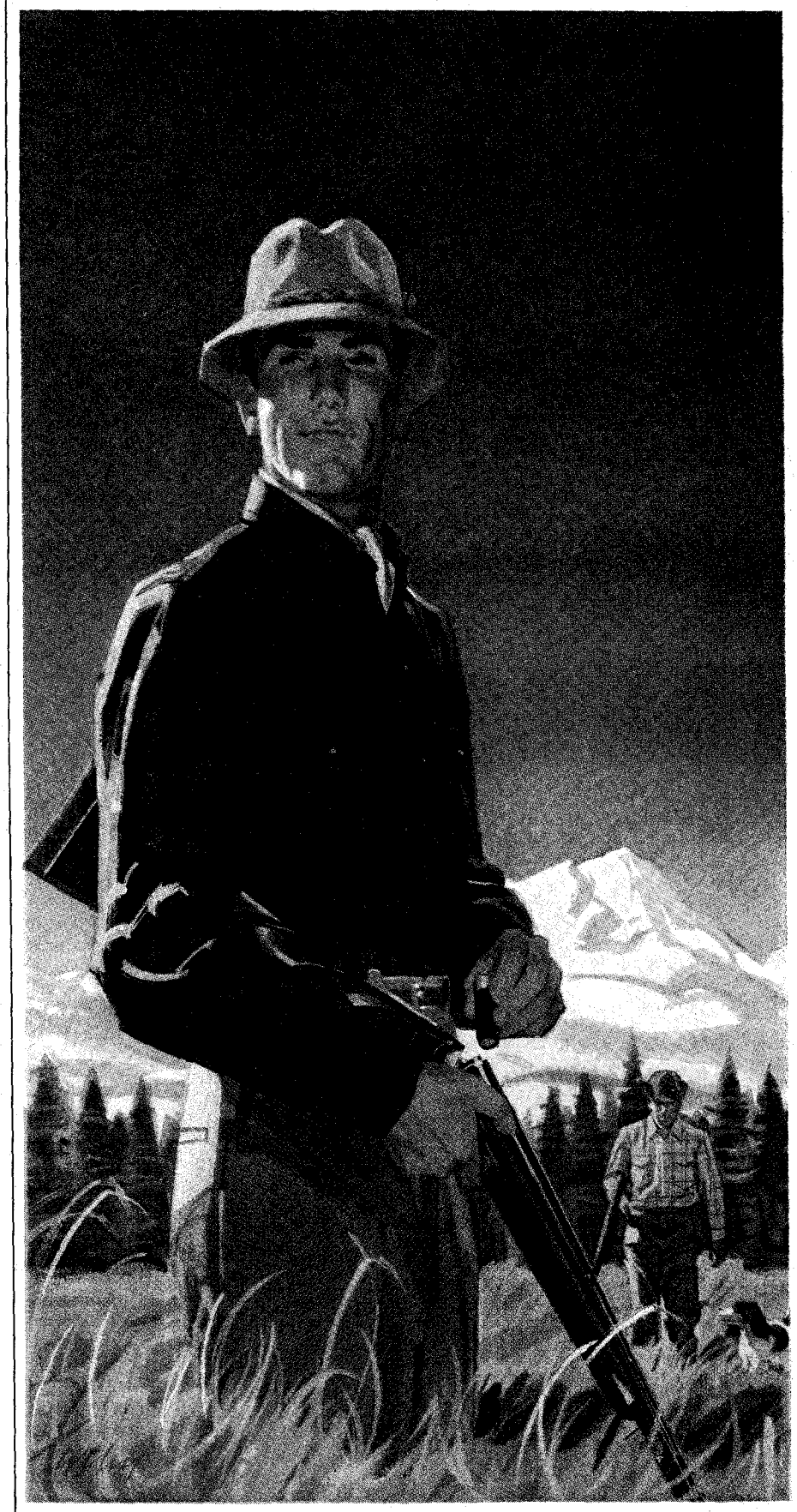
Basic to all the Greek achievement was freedom. The Athenians were the only free people in the world. In the great empires of antiquity—Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia—splendid though they were, with riches beyond reckoning and immense power, freedom was unknown. The idea of it never dawned in any of them. It was born in Greece, a poor little country, but with it able to remain unconquered no matter what manpower and what wealth were arrayed against her. At Marathon and at Salamis overwhelming numbers of Persians had been defeated by small Greek forces. It had been proved that one free man was superior to many submissively obedient subjects of a tyrant. Athens was the leader in that amazing victory, and to the Athenians freedom was their dearest possession. Demosthenes said that they would not think it worth their while to live if they could not do so as free men, and years later a great teacher said, "Athenians, if you deprive them of their liberty, will die."

Athens was not only the first democracy in the world, it was also at its height an almost perfect democracy—that is, for men. There was no part in it for women or foreigners or slaves, but as far as the men were concerned it was more democratic than we are. The governing body was the Assembly, of which all citizens over eighteen were members. The Council of Five Hundred which prepared business for the Assembly and, if requested, carried out what had been decided there, was made up of citizens who were chosen by lot. The same was true of the juries. Minor officials also were chosen by lot. The chief magistrates and the highest officers in the army were elected by the Assembly. Pericles was a general, very popular, who acted for a long time as if he were head of the state, but he had to be elected every year. Freedom of speech was the right the Athenians prized most and there has never been another state as free in that respect. When toward the end of the terrible Peloponnesian War the victorious Spartans were advancing upon Athens, Aristophanes caricatured in the theater the leading Athenian generals and showed them up as cowards, and even then as the Assembly opened, the herald asked, "Does anyone wish to speak?"

There was complete political equality. It was a government of the people, by the people, for the people. An unregenerate old aristocrat in the early fourth century, B.C. writes: "If you *must* have a democracy, Athens is the perfect example. I object to it because it is based on the welfare of the lower, not the better, classes. In Athens the people who row the vessels and do the work, have the advantage. It is their prosperity that is important." All the same, making the city beautiful was important too, as were also the great performances in the theater. If, as Plato says, the Assembly was chiefly made up of cobblers and carpenters and smiths and farmers and retail-business

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Soon the soft falling hush of snowflakes will dress the landscape in a cloak of winter white, and you'll be crabbing about that too."



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men, they approved the construction of the Parthenon and the other buildings on the Acropolis, and they crowded the theater when the great tragedies were played. Not only did all free men share in the government; the love of the beautiful and the desire to have a part in creating it were shared by the many, not by a mere chosen few. That has happened in no state except Athens.

But those free Greeks owned slaves. What kind of freedom was that? The question would have been incomprehensible to the ancient world. There had always been slaves; they were a first necessity. The way of life everywhere was based upon them. They were taken for granted; no one ever gave them a thought. The very best Greek minds, the thinkers who discovered freedom and the solar system, had never an idea that slavery was evil. It is true that the greatest thinker of them all, Plato, was made uncomfortable by it. He said that slaves were often good, trustworthy, doing more for a man than his own family would, but he did not follow his thought through. The glory of being the first one to condemn it belongs to a man of the generation before Plato, the poet Euripides. He called it, "That thing of evil," and in several of his tragedies showed its evil for all to see. A few centuries later the great Greek school of the Stoics denounced it. Greece first saw it for what it is. But the world went on in the same way. The Bible accepts it without comment. Two thousand years after the Stoics, less than a hundred years ago, the American Republic accepted it.

Athens treated her slaves well. A visitor to the city in the early fourth century, B.C., wrote: "It is illegal here to deal a slave a blow. In the street he won't step aside to let you pass. Indeed you can't tell a slave by his dress; he looks like all the rest. They can go to the theater too. Really, the Athenians have established a kind of equality between slaves and free men." They were never a possible source of danger to the state as they were in Rome. There were no terrible slave wars and uprisings in Athens. In Rome, crucifixion was called "the slave's punishment." The Athenians did not practice crucifixion, and had no so-called slave's punishment. They were not afraid of their slaves.

In Athens' great prime Athenians were free. No one told them what they must do or what they should think—no church or political party or powerful private interests or labor unions. Greek schools had no donors of endowments they must pay attention to, no government financial backing which must be made secure by acting as the government wanted. To be sure, the result was that they had to take full responsibility, but that is always the price for full freedom. The Athenians were a strong people, they could pay the price. They were a thinking people; they knew what freedom means. They knew—not that they were free because their country was free, but that their country was free because they were free.

A reflective Roman traveling in Greece in the second century A.D. said, "None ever throve under democracy save the Athenians; *they* had sane self-control and were law-abiding." He spoke truly. That is what Athenian education aimed at, to produce men who would be able to maintain a self-governed state because they were themselves self-governed, self-controlled, self-reliant. Plato speaks of "the education in excellence which makes men long to be perfect citizens, knowing both how to rule and be ruled." "We are a free democracy," Pericles said. "We do not allow absorption in our own affairs to interfere with participation in the city's; we yield to none in independence of spirit and complete self-reliance, but we regard him who holds aloof from public affairs as useless." They called the useless man a "private" citizen, *idiotes*, from which our word "idiot" comes.

They had risen to freedom and to ennoblement from what Gilbert Murray calls "effortless barbarism"; they saw it all around them; they hated its filth and fierceness; nothing effortless was among the good things they wanted. Plato said, "Hard is the good," and a poet hundreds of years before Plato said,

Before the gates of Excellence the high gods have placed sweat.
Long is the road thereto and steep and rough at the first,
But when the height is won, then is there ease.

When or why the Greeks set themselves to travel on that road we do not know, but it led them away from habits and customs accepted everywhere that kept men down to barbaric filth and fierceness. It led them far. One example is enough to show the way they took. It was the custom—during how many millenniums, who can say?—for a victor to erect a trophy, a monument of his victory. In Egypt, where stone was plentiful, it would be a slab engraved with his glories. Farther east, where the sand took over, it might be a great heap of severed heads, quite permanent objects; bones last a long time. But in Greece, though a man could erect a trophy, it must be made of wood and it could never be repaired. Even as the victor set it up he would see in his mind how soon it would decay and sink into ruin, and there it must be left. The Greeks in their onward pressing along the steep and rough road had learned a great deal. They knew the victor might be the vanquished next time. There should be no permanent records of the manifestly impermanent. They had learned a great deal.

An old Greek inscription states that the aim of mankind should be "to tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of the world." Aristotle said that the city was built first for safety, but then that men might discover the good life and lead it. So the Athenians did according to Pericles. Pericles said that Athens stood for freedom and for thought and for beauty, but in the Greek way, within limits, without exaggeration. The Athenians loved beauty, he said, but with simplicity; they did not like the extravagances of luxury. They loved the things of the mind, but they did not shrink from hardship. Thought did not cause them to hesitate, it clarified the road to action. If they had riches they did not make a show of them, and no one was ashamed of being poor if he was useful. They were free because of willing obedience to law, not only the written, but still more the unwritten, kindness and compassion and unselfishness and the many qualities which cannot be enforced, which depend on a man's free choice, but without which men cannot live together.

If ever there is to be a truly good and great and enduring republic it must be along these lines. We need the challenge of the city that thought them out, wherein for centuries one genius after another grew up. Geniuses are not produced by spending money. We need the challenge of the way the Greeks were educated. They fixed their eyes on the individual. We contemplate millions. What we have undertaken in this matter of education has dawned upon us only lately. We are trying to do what has never been attempted before, never in the history of the world—educate all the young in a nation of 170 millions; a magnificent idea, but we are beginning to realize what are the problems and what may be the results of mass production of education. So far, we do not seem appalled at the prospect of exactly the same kind of education being applied to all the school children from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but there is an uneasiness in the air, a realization that the individual is growing less easy to find; an idea, perhaps, of what standardization might become when the units are not machines, but human beings.

Here is where we can go back to the Greeks with profit. The Athenians in their dangerous world needed to be a nation of independent men who could take responsibility, and they taught their children accordingly. They thought about every boy. Someday he would be a citizen of Athens, responsible for her safety and her glory, "each one," Pericles said, "fitted to meet life's chances and changes with the utmost versatility and grace." To them education was by its very nature

"Wouldn't you think a father smart enough to own two cars could figure a way to get the use of one of them?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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an individual matter. To be properly educated a boy had to be taught music; he learned to play a musical instrument. He had to learn poetry, a great deal of it, and recite it—and there were a number of musical instruments and many poets; though, to be sure, Homer was the great textbook.

That kind of education is not geared to mass production. It does not produce people who instinctively go the same way. That is how Athenian children lived and learned while our millions learn the same lessons and spend hours before television sets looking at exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. For one reason and another we are more and more ignoring differences, if not trying to obliterate them. We seem headed toward a standardization of the mind, what Goethe called "the deadly commonplace that fetters us all." That was not the Greek way.

The picture of the Age of Pericles drawn by the historian Thucydides, one of the greatest historians the world has known, is of a state made up of people who are self-reliant individuals, not echoes or copies, who want to be let alone to do their own work, but who are also closely bound together by a great aim, the commonweal, each one so in love with his country—Pericles' own words—that he wants most of all to use himself in her service. Only an ideal? Ideals have enormous power. They stamp an age. They lift life up when they are lofty; they drag down and make decadent when they are low—and then, by that strange fact, the survival of the fittest, those that are low fade away and are forgotten. The Greek ideals have had a power of persistent life for twenty-five hundred years.

Is it rational that now when the young people may have to face problems harder than we face, is it reasonable that with the atomic age before them, at this time we are giving up the study of how the Greeks and Romans prevailed magnificently in a barbaric world; the study, too, of how that triumph ended, how a slackness and softness finally came over them to their ruin? In the end, more than they wanted freedom, they wanted security, a comfortable life, and they lost all—security and comfort and freedom.

Is not that a challenge to us? Is it not true that into our education have come a slackness and softness? Is hard effort prominent? The world of thought can be entered in no other way. Are we not growing slack and soft in our political life? When the Athenians finally wanted not to give to the state, but the state to give to them, when the freedom they wished most for was freedom from responsibility, then Athens ceased to be free and was never free again. Is not that a challenge?

Cicero said, "To be ignorant of the past is to remain a child." Santayana said, "A nation that does not know history is fated to repeat it." The Greeks can help us, help us as no other people can, to see how freedom is won and how it is lost. Above all, to see in clearest light what freedom is. The first nation in the world to be free sends a ringing call down through the centuries to all who would be free. Greece rose to the very height, not because she was big, she was very small; not because she was rich, she was very poor; not even because she was wonderfully gifted. So doubtless were others in the great empires of the ancient world who have gone their way leaving little for us. She rose because there was in the Greeks the greatest spirit that moves in humanity, the spirit that sets men free.

Plato put into words what that spirit is. "Freedom" he says, "is no matter of laws and constitutions; only he is free who realizes the divine order within himself, the true standard by which a man can steer and measure himself." True standards, ideals that lift life up, marked the way of the Greeks. Therefore their light has never been extinguished.

"The time for extracting a lesson from history is ever at hand for them who are wise." Demosthenes. THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

By Edith Hamilton

THE ROMAN WAY
Mentor
50c

THE ECHO OF GREECE
Norton
$3.95

THE GREEK WAY
Mentor
50c

By E. R. Dodds

THE GREEKS AND THE IRRATIONAL
Beacon Press, Boston
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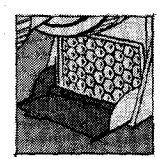

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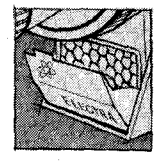

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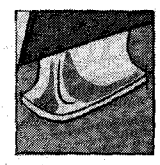

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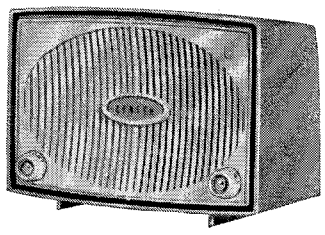

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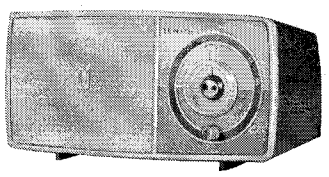

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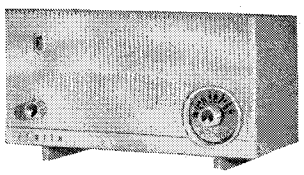

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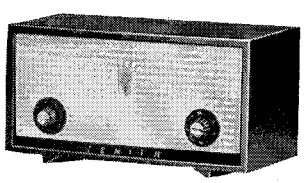

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ZENITH

Botts and the Daredevil Driver

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes, Mr. Botts. One of our local contractors, Joe Parker, has just bid in a big irrigation-ditch job. He will need to buy a lot of machinery. But he doesn't want what I've got here."

"Why not?"

"He was in here yesterday, Mr. Botts. He said the Behemoth tractor dealer had been after him and had promised to demonstrate for him day after tomorrow a Behemoth tractor equipped with their new finger-tip controls. This sounds so good to him that he has practically decided to give the business to Behemoth."

"Listen," I said, "the new Earthworm system of finger-tip controls is so far superior to Behemoth that there is no comparison. Several weeks ago we shipped you a pilot model, and we sent you a booklet explaining everything. Has this stuff arrived?"

"Yes. I have the machine. I have the booklet. And I have located a young man right in town here who says he has recently worked for the Earthworm Tractor Company at Earthworm City. He understands about these new controls, and he has offered to give a demonstration. But all this will do me no good."

"No good!" I said. "This is the answer to your problems. All you have to do is demonstrate this new machine to your friend Joe Parker. He will at once recognize the superiority of our carefully engineered finger-tip controls over the hastily thrown-together Behemoth imitations. And he will buy Earthworms."

"Yes, he'll buy a lot of brand-new Earthworms, which will be fine for the Earthworm Company, but it won't help me in selling all this equipment I have on hand. You have no consideration for us dealers. You ought to let us get rid of our old stock before you make it obsolete by coming out with fancy improvements."

"Ted," I said, "have you read the booklet we sent you—the one that tells all about these new controls?"

"I haven't had time."

"That's no excuse," I said. "All communications from the Earthworm Tractor Company are important. You should read them the instant you receive them. And I have news for you. On page 27 you will find a statement explaining how these new controls can be installed, at a very reasonable cost, on our older machines."

"Say! Maybe you've got something."

"Of course I have. And we had better get busy right away. Where can I find this contractor, Joe Parker?"

"He's probably in his office, two blocks down the street."

"All right," I said, "I'll call on him right away and arrange for a demonstration. In the meantime, you had better get after that operator. Have him give the new tractor a workout and tune it up."

I walked down the street, called on Mr. Joe Parker and gave him such a lucid and fascinating description of our finger-tip controls that he became definitely interested. He said he would be delighted to attend a demonstration on Wednesday morning.

When I got back to Ted Smith's establishment I noticed a young man with red hair climbing into the driver's seat of one of the tractors parked outside Ted's office window. I recognized at once that this was the machine with the new controls.

"I suppose," I said to him, "that you are the operator who has been hired for the demonstration day after tomorrow?"

"Yes," he said. "I was just trying to figure out how these controls work."

"You mean you've never driven one of these machines before?"

"Oh, I've driven plenty of tractors. And when I was working for the Earthworm Company somebody explained about the new finger-tip controls. So, even though I have never actually driven one of these things, I know enough to get by."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Maybe you'd better not drive that machine."

"I don't know who you are," he said, "but I'm not working for you. I was hired by Mr. Smith, and he told me to warm up this tractor. So that's what I'm going to do. I just love to drive tractors. I love to do stunts with them. Stick around and I'll make your hair stand on end."

He stepped on the starter and pushed a few of the little control levers. The big machine went roaring off across the lot, made a quick hairpin turn and came back so fast I had to duck around a corner of the building to keep from getting run over. The next time I looked, the machine had just climbed over a pile of timbers and started a series of wild loops and turns. The young man was having trouble with the controls. He yanked the levers this way and that, but only succeeded in heading for the big plate-glass window of Ted Smith's showroom. With a final frantic heave he pulled out by the roots the whole bracket with all the little levers. This broke several of the cable connections and stopped the engine. The tractor hit the plate-glass window with a mighty crash and stopped with its front end about two feet inside the showroom.

Ted Smith and several of his mechanics came rushing out just as I yelled at the operator, "You are fired!"

He got down off the tractor. "It was not my fault," he said. "How can I steer the machine when those controls are so weak that they just fall apart?"

"You are fired," I repeated. "I ought to call a cop and have you put in jail. But I haven't time to bother with you. So you can just get out of here and never come back. We'll send you a bill for the repairs later on." I turned to Ted Smith. "Do you agree with me?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he said.

The young man departed. We examined the machine. Ted Smith's chief mechanic assured us he could reconnect the cables and fasten the bracket back in place within a couple of hours. I suggested that he build up the bracket and its fastenings with his arc-welding set, so that it would be strong enough to withstand almost any kind of jerk or shock. The chief mechanic agreed to do this. Ted picked up the telephone to order a new pane of glass, and I came back to the hotel here.

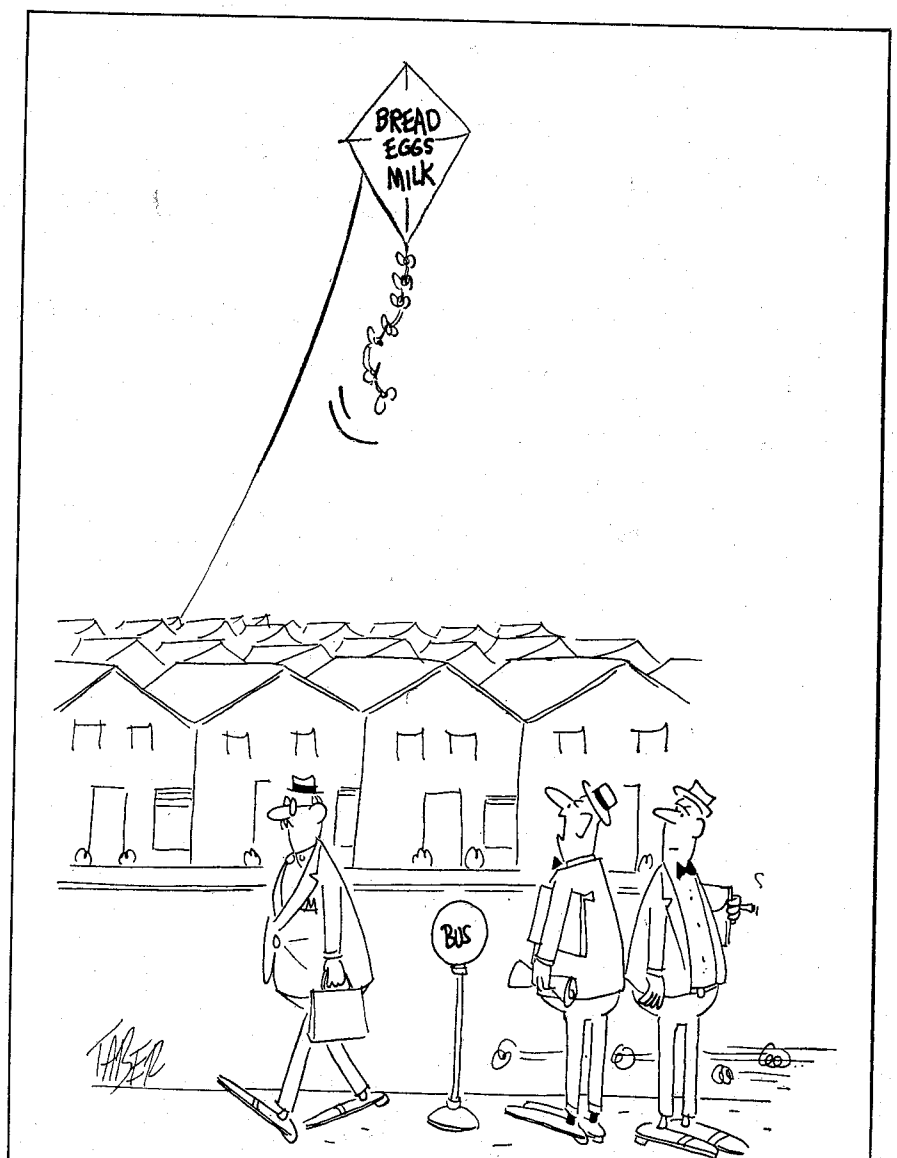
After a hearty lunch, I have been spending the afternoon writing this report. Ted has just telephoned that the tractor is in perfect running order once more, so I can look forward to day-after-tomorrow's demonstration with the greatest confidence.

Incidentally, the situation is so favorable that I almost have a feeling it cannot last.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

P.S. Later. I regret to report that truer words were never written than the last line of my letter. Just after signing my name, I happened to put my hand in my pocket and found a number of letters which Ted Smith had handed me upon my arrival in his office, but which I had been too busy to open. One of these



"It's my wife."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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letters was from you, including the gear contract, and requesting me to call on Mrs. Hortense Pettibone.

I got busy at once. I found Mrs. Pettibone at her home. She turned out to be an elderly lady, possibly as much as eighty years old, but very energetic, hale and hearty. She is just the kind of person I know how to handle, provided I have half a chance. In this case, however, I had practically no chance at all. As soon as she heard I was from the Earthworm Tractor Company she launched into a veritable tirade of abuse, repeating the remarks you quoted in your letter and adding many more. When I refused to fight back and merely listened with patience and sympathy, she gradually quieted down and finally asked if I had anything to say for myself.

"If you'll start at the beginning and tell me all the facts in this case," I said, "perhaps we can accomplish something constructive."

"All right, Mr. Botts. I have a grandson whose name is Roscoe Pettibone. He has recently completed two years' service in the Army, and he was very much disappointed because he was assigned to the infantry. What he is really interested in is machinery—especially tractors."

"Very commendable, indeed," I said.

"Exactly, Mr. Botts. He came home several weeks ago and then left for Earthworm City to apply for a position."

"Was he successful?"

"Yes—or so he supposed. That was before he found out that the Earthworm Company is controlled by a lot of liars."

"Exactly what happened?"

"He was hired by a smooth-talking character who bore the title of assistant sales manager. It seems the sales manager himself was off on a trip somewhere."

"Go on."

"So the assistant sales manager took on Roscoe as a trainee, and he made all kinds of rosy promises. Roscoe was to work in various departments of the company so as to learn the business. As he learned, he would be gradually promoted in the sales department until he reached a position of real importance with a salary in keeping with his very real abilities. I hope you realize, Mr. Botts, that my grandson is an unusually capable young man."

"I am sure of it, Mrs. Pettibone."

"Roscoe's first assignment with the Earthworm Company was on the demonstration farm. This is a place where they take prospective purchasers and distinguished guests to let them see Earthworm tractors and other equipment actually working. Roscoe was given a job driving a tractor, and he was very happy. He just loves to drive tractors, and he is very good at it. He drives with a great deal of style and dash. There is nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I always like to see an operator with style and dash."

"They don't seem to appreciate it at Earthworm City, Mr. Botts. After only three days, that assistant sales manager went back on his solemn promises and for no reason at all ordered my grandson to get out."

"He fired him? And gave no reason?"

"He gave no reason that made any sense. It is true that Roscoe had run into a little bad luck. In his efforts to put on as good a demonstration as possible and show off the tractor to greatest advantage, he had perhaps driven a little too fast and a little too close to some of the other equipment. He sideswiped a couple of other tractors and a blade grader. On the third day he knocked out a supporting post from under some bleachers which happened to be occupied at the time by a delegation from the British Embassy in Washington. The bleachers came down, but fortunately nobody was hurt. It really was nothing at all, but that assistant sales manager used it as an excuse to get rid of my grandson. So now you can see why I have lost all confidence in the Earthworm Tractor Company."

"I sympathize with your point of view," I said. "On behalf of the Earthworm Company I apologize. A great wrong has been done your grandson, As sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company I am overruling my assistant and hiring back your grandson."

"And I suppose you want me to agree to furnish my gears exclusively to the Earthworm Company?"

"If your grandson works for Earthworm, you wouldn't want to sell your gears to Behemoth, would you?"

"But how do I know you won't fire my grandson again?"

"Please believe me, Mrs. Pettibone. I would never even dream of firing your grandson."

The door opened and in came the same redheaded young man who, earlier in the day, had driven the tractor through the plate-glass window. "Hello, grandmother," he said. "I've decided to leave for Chicago in a few days to apply for a job with the Behemoth Company."

"This man here," said Mrs. Pettibone, "says you can have your job with the Earthworm Company back again if you want it."

"Not a chance," he said. "I wouldn't work for Earthworm again if they came crawling to me on their bended knees. I've just had another fight with them."

"What do you mean?"

"The Earthworm dealer here in town offered me a job driving one of his tractors in a demonstration. So I went around this morning, and I hadn't been there ten minutes before some guy from the factory arrived and fired me."

Roscoe took a long look at me. "And here," he said, "is the man that fired me!"

I will have to admit that for once in my life I was momentarily speechless. Mrs. Pettibone glared at me. "Mr. Botts," she said, "is this true? Did you fire my grandson this morning?"

"I guess maybe I did."

"And that's not all," said the young man. "He insulted me. He threatened to call a cop and have me put in jail."

"I see," said Mrs. Pettibone grimly.

"I can explain the whole thing," I said.

"I do not wish to discuss the matter," said Mrs. Pettibone. "I am through forever with you, Mr. Botts, and with the Earthworm Tractor Company. You will get out of here at once, or I will call my butler and have you ejected."

Being a very good judge of people, especially hot-tempered old ladies, I realized that Mrs. Pettibone was in no mood to listen to explanations, no matter how reasonable. I decided to depart as pleasantly as possible, thus paving the way for further discussion at a more auspicious time.

"Well, Mrs. Pettibone," I said, "it has been nice meeting you. I only hope you have enjoyed our little chat as much as I have."

In closing I will admit that I have no idea what my next move will be. Consequently, following my usual habit when confronted with a difficult problem, I will consign the entire matter to my subconscious mind, and after a good night's sleep I am almost certain that I shall think of something interesting.

With all good wishes,

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL., FEB. 5, 1958
ALEXANDER BOTTS, SAN ANGELO, CALIF.
YOUR LETTER RECEIVED. ANY ATTEMPT ON YOUR PART TO NEGOTIATE FURTHER WITH MRS. PETTIBONE WILL OBVIOUSLY MAKE MATTERS WORSE. CORNELIUS NORTHCRAFT OF THE TESTING DIVISION OF OUR EXPERIMENTAL DEPARTMENT PLANS TO ARRIVE IN SAN ANGELO SOMETIME TODAY. LET HIM HANDLE EVERYTHING.
GILBERT HENDERSON

San Angelo, California
Wednesday evening, February 5, 1958

Dear Henderson: You will probably remember that when I mailed you my report last Monday evening I was planning to refer to my subconscious mind the various problems which confronted me, hoping that after a good night's sleep I would awake with a complete solution for everything. Strangely enough, when I awoke on Tuesday morning I was completely uninspired. I had no solution for anything. I therefore spent most of Tuesday in a state of meditation, and early in the evening I had the sudden inspiration I had been waiting for.

I called young Roscoe Pettibone on the telephone. "I have been told," I said, "that you are planning to go to Chicago to apply for a position with the Behemoth Tractor Company. I thought you might like to know that a Behemoth tractor salesman has arrived in town with one of his machines, which he plans to demonstrate tomorrow. If you get in touch with this salesman and assist him in the demonstration, he might put in a good word for you with the home office."

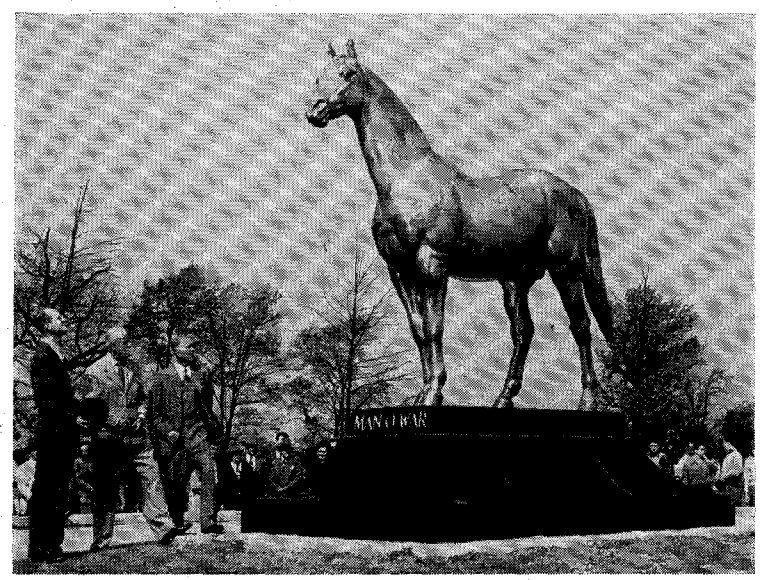
"Thank you," said young Roscoe. "Who is speaking, please?"

I mumbled a few syllables so indistinctly that he could not understand and then hung up.

The next morning—today—Mr. Cornelius Northcraft, the engineer from the testing division of our experimental department, arrived. I at once explained to him that in order to persuade Mrs. Pettibone to sign the contract it might be necessary to give her grandson a job with the Earthworm Company. "I tried to hire him myself," I said, "but for some reason he had taken such a strong dislike to me that he refused. That means you will probably have to hire him in your testing division."

Unfortunately, as you remarked in your letter, Mr. Cornelius Northcraft is not much of a (*Continued on Page 122*)

So We Commemorate



THE HORSE THE ENGLISH SNUBBED

He won twenty-one of twenty-two races and was edged out of the other by a horse appropriately named Upset. In two years he earned his owner $249,465. A mighty runner, he averaged twenty-seven feet per stride. In the United States he is registered as a 100 per cent Thoroughbred. But the English racing gentry look politely through their monocles and can't see him at all. Like many other American Thoroughbreds, he never was admitted to registration in the English stud book.

Actually, Man o' War, long America's most famous race horse, was a belated victim of the Civil War. His ancestors' records were lost or destroyed then. Not being able to trace back to the proper Thoroughbreds, he lacked the genealogy necessary to be entered in the English stud book.

Despite that social handicap, Man o' War got along as few other horses ever have. Glen Riddle Farm bought him as a yearling for $5000 and raced him only as a two- and three-year-old, in 1919 and 1920. His $249,465 winnings were far exceeded by Citation's $1,085,760, won in an inflationary five-year period of bigger purses in 1947–51. But whether Citation proved himself a better horse or simply a bigger money-maker is still debated. In the 1919 Belmont Futurity, Man o' War, carrying 127 pounds, won in 1:11⅗. In the same event in 1947, Citation, carrying 122, took 1:15⅘. In the 1920 Preakness, Man o' War finished in 1:51⅗. Citation, carrying the identical weight over a slightly longer course in 1948, won in 2:02⅖.

The great stallion was thirty, a ripe age for a horse, when he died in 1947. This life-size statue by sculptor Herbert Haseltine was unveiled a year later in Lexington, Kentucky. In a 1950 sports poll, Man o' War was voted the greatest horse of the half century, even though Citation had already piled up a bigger cash record.

Man o' War's famous offspring, including War Admiral, Annapolis, American Flag and Battleship, set some records on their own. It was, in fact, a great day for Americans in 1938 when Battleship won the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England.

Ivor Mac Ivor

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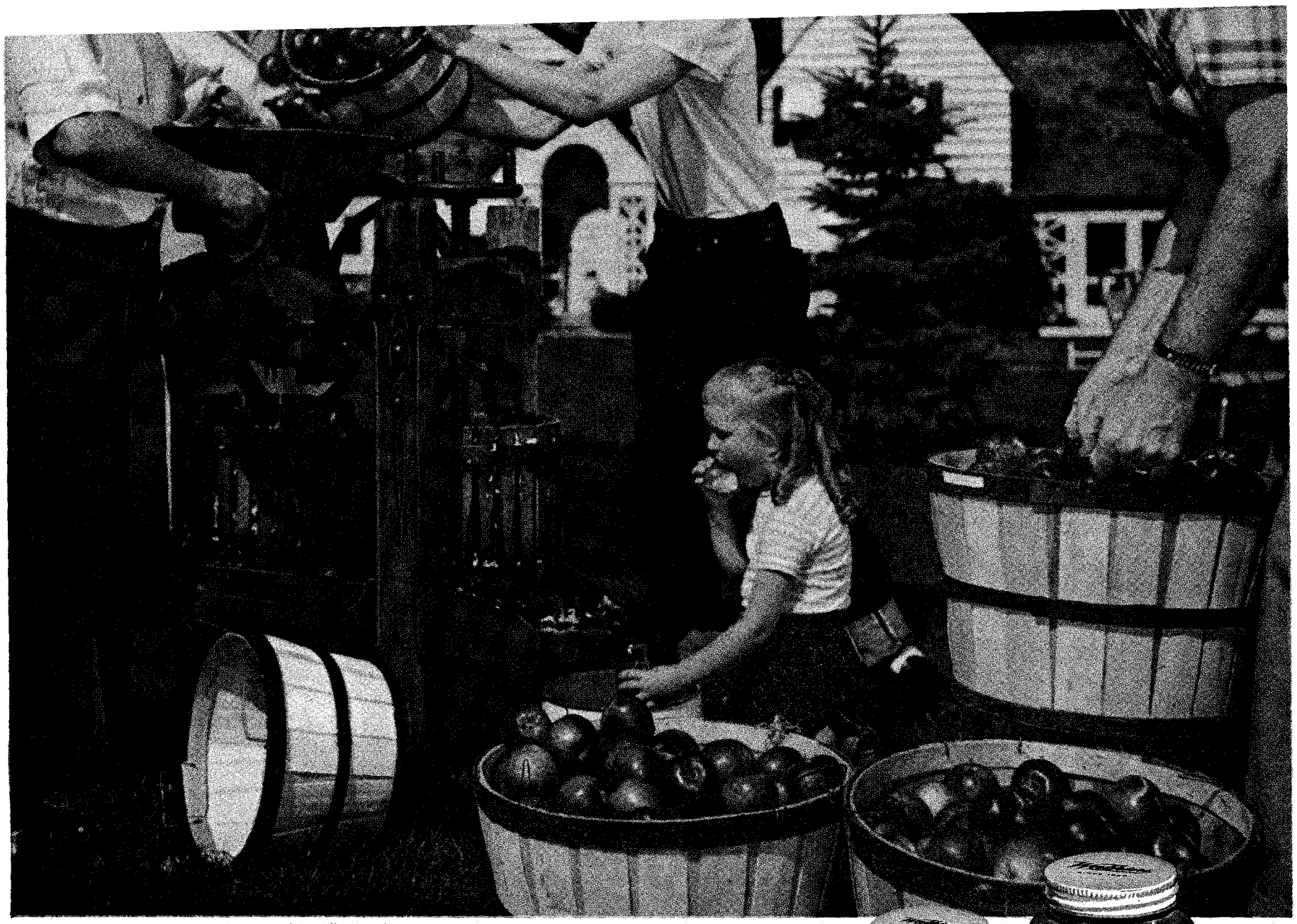

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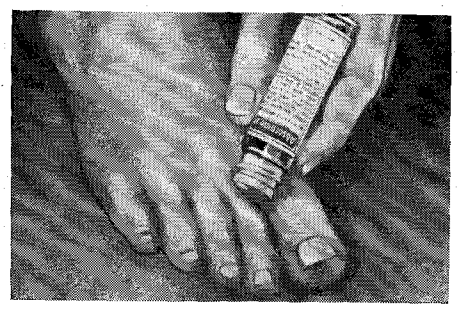

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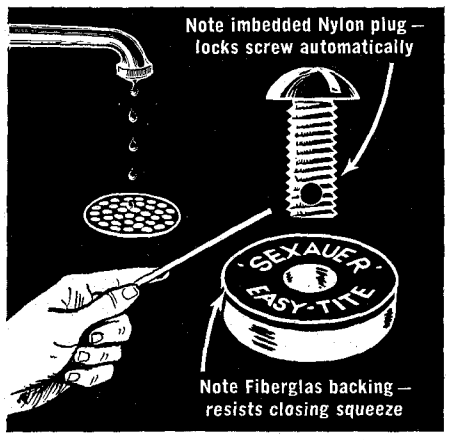
Get Absorbine Jr. in its new applicator bottle today. Only 60¢ at all drug counters. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
America's No. 1 Athlete's Foot Relief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SEXAUER
EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing — resists closing squeeze

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SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

(*Continued from Page 120*) public-relations man. He is one of those austere scientists with a one-track mind who are so wrapped up in the narrow, material aspects of their work that they have no understanding of the larger, human aspects of the business.

"The Earthworm Tractor Company," he said, "employs me for one purpose and one alone—to run the testing division as efficiently and effectively as possible. I never hire an assistant until I have made a thorough investigation to determine whether he has the necessary engineering or mechanical qualifications. It is almost an insult for you to suggest that I hire a completely unknown young man merely to curry favor with his grandmother."

"But we have to have those gears. You know that."

"Certainly," he said. "But we should handle things in a reasonable manner. We should explain to Mrs. Pettibone that there is no logical connection between the contract for the gears and a job for her grandson. As soon as she understands this, we can talk business in a rational manner."

"Maybe so," I said. "But right now it is time for that demonstration."

We called at Ted Smith's office, where he handed me your telegram. Then we all went to the vacant lot next to Joe Parker's office. One of Ted's regular mechanics was on hand to drive the Earthworm with the finger-tip controls. Also on hand was the Behemoth man with his tractor equipped with its own finger-tip controls. Assisting the Behemoth man was Roscoe Pettibone. Seated in a car parked at one end of the lot was Mrs. Hortense Pettibone, who had evidently come to observe and admire her beloved grandson. There was also a small group of spectators.

The Earthworm went through its paces first. Ted Smith's steady and reliable mechanic drove the big machine here and there, pulling various pieces of heavy equipment and demonstrating the beautiful action of the finger-tip controls.

Then it was time for the Behemoth to show what it could do—and to provide a crucial test for my plans. So far, everything had gone well. Young Roscoe had followed my suggestion and was actually on hand, and I was reasonably certain about what would happen next. I have often noticed that Behemoth salesmen are great blabbermouths. In order to distract the attention of a possible buyer from the obvious defects of their machines, they keep up a continuous flow of boastful and misleading sales talk. In this case I had every reason to suppose, therefore, that the Behemoth man would stick close to Joe Parker and let Roscoe do the driving.

I was right. The salesman started his harangue, Roscoe climbed into the Behemoth and the critical moment had arrived. As you know, I am a very good judge of character. I had sized up young Roscoe as an undisciplined thrill seeker—the type of witless wonder who never learns from experience. Would he justify my faith in him? For a long moment I held my breath.

Then I breathed a sigh of relief. With a whoop of delight he opened her up and went charging across the lot, knocking over a fuel pump, narrowly missing a half dozen spectators and plowing full speed into a pile of empty oil drums. When he emerged on the far side of the pile, he was almost on top of a stack of drain tile. He gave a mighty heave on the controls and managed to miss the tile. But the Behemoth finger-tip controls were mounted on a bracket obviously copied from the Earthworm. This bracket broke off, the cables came out by the roots and the tractor stopped.

Roscoe was running true to form. But this time it was the Behemoth salesman who blew up. "Look what you did, you idiot! You jackass! You stupid oaf! Get out of here! You're fired!"

Roscoe came back with his familiar excuses. "It was not my fault," he said. "Those controls are so weak that they just fell apart for no reason at all."

At this point I addressed a few words to Roscoe, making sure that Joe Parker heard what I said. "Young man," I said, "you are perfectly right. The Behemoth is obviously a poorly constructed machine. The Earthworm controls would never come apart like that."

By this time Roscoe was mad at everybody. "You're a liar," he said. "The Earthworm controls are no good either."

Before anyone could stop him, he came over and jumped on the Earthworm tractor, placed his hand against the control bracket and shoved with all his strength. Nothing happened. He jumped down, picked up a length of drain tile, jumped back on the tractor and made a swing like Babe Ruth hitting a home run. The drain tile shattered against the bracket—but the bracket held firm.

By this time Mrs. Hortense Pettibone had joined our little group. She was telling the Behemoth salesman what she thought of him.

"How dare you insult my grandson?" she said. "I demand an apology."

"If that's your grandson," said the Behemoth man, "I still say he's an idiot and a jackass and a stupid oaf. I will not apologize—and he is still fired. Nobody would hire a nitwit like that."

"That is not true," said Mrs. Pettibone. "Another company has recently offered him a very fine position. He turned this down because he thought the Behemoth Company would treat him better. But after this disgraceful episode he may change his mind." She turned to her grandson. "I want you to come home with me," she said, "so that we can discuss your future plans."

As Mrs. Pettibone and Roscoe drove away, I realized that the time had come for me to act—and act fast. Leaving Ted Smith to follow up our advantage with Joe Parker—which soon resulted in a splendid sale—I started an even more important talk with Mr. Northcraft.

"Mr. Northcraft," I said, "for a long time I have admired the unusually competent engineers you have in your testing division."

"Thank you," he said.

"And I have also admired your remarkably skillful mechanics and operators. Nowhere else in the world could anyone find a group of men who handle machinery so deftly, so skillfully, so carefully and so safely."

"I am glad you appreciate my men. I am very proud of them."

"And you have a right to be," I said. "I was wondering if you would have any objection if I were to make a slight suggestion—in a constructive spirit, of course."

"Certainly not," he said.

"It is a pleasure," I said, "to deal with a man who is obviously so broad-minded." I then went on to tell him how Ted Smith had hired a young operator and how this operator had ripped the Earthworm controls out by the roots. I explained that it was this same young operator whom we had just seen tearing the Behemoth controls to pieces, but failing to damage the Earthworm controls.

"The reason the Earthworm controls stood up so well," I said, "is that Ted Smith's chief mechanic reinforced the control bracket and thus corrected the weakness it possessed when it left the factory."

"I cannot understand," said Mr. Northcraft, "why this weakness failed to show up in our very exhaustive tests."

"Were these tests conducted by your unusually high-grade mechanics?"

"Certainly."

"Maybe that's the trouble," I said. "A high-grade mechanic usually has a feeling of deep affection for a piece of machinery. He cannot bring himself to abuse it."

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Northcraft. "What you have just told me has suggested an idea. It occurs to me that we have been using high-grade mechanics to test our tractors on the assumption that these machines would always be handled by the same sort of skilled personnel. Then when the machines get out in the field they have to withstand a great deal of abuse from ignorant yokels like the young man we have just been watching."

"Your mind works so fast," I said, "that it's hard for me to keep up with you. But I think you really have an idea there."

"Of course I have an idea. What we need in the testing division is at least one poor operator."

"You mean a sort of careless, accident-prone, wild and woolly individual?"

"That's right."

"Where," I asked, "do you suppose we could find such a character?"

Mr. Northcraft pondered. Then his face lit up with a sudden inspiration. "I've got it!" he said. "I've got it!"

"What?" I said.

"I'm going to hire that young operator. Do you know his name? Do you know how to get hold of him?"

"Certainly," I said.

We called on Mrs. Pettibone and her grandson. She was now so mad at the Behemoth man that she had forgotten to be mad at me. Mr. Northcraft offered Roscoe a job in the testing division. He accepted. Mrs. Pettibone signed the contract giving us exclusive rights to the gears for five years. She was still so suspicious, though, that she put in a clause by which the contract would become null and void if the company at any time terminated the employment of her grandson.

As we walked out, Mr. Northcraft said, "This Roscoe Pettibone must be the same young man you were talking about earlier this morning. You didn't persuade me to hire him just to get on the good side of his grandmother, did you?"

"How could you think that?" I said. "Hiring Roscoe was your idea, not mine."

"Probably you're right," he said.

So you see, Henderson, I am obeying your orders, gladly and willingly. I am letting Mr. Cornelius Northcraft handle everything, including young Roscoe.

Your grateful sales manager,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

... ...

After Decision

By Katherine Edelman

Why must decision ever
leave
A haunting thought behind,
A wondering look to what
we might
On other pathway find?

Why must the final word
awake
A strange, far sense of loss;
A thought of hidden
steppingstones
That we will never cross?

... ...

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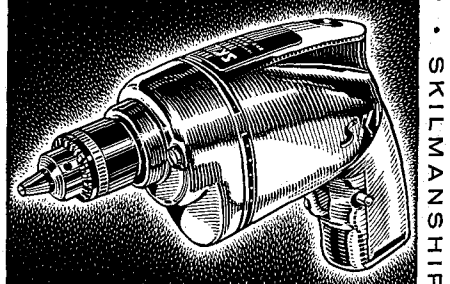

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Why They Don't Hate Harry

(Continued from Page 31)

stimulating them to thoughtfulness. To a jester, much is permitted. Though wholeheartedly committed to the desegregation camp, he considers laughter a weapon more effective than vituperation, and laughter the road to mutual tolerance.

Golden is a short, bulbous, moon-faced man of fifty-six, fond of strong cigars, starchy dishes and bourbon. He weighs close to an eighth of a ton. "I don't look at the scale any more," he says in a gravelly voice like Jimmy Durante's. "I just listen to the gears whir, y'know what I mean?" He settled in Charlotte fifteen years ago, after a picaresque career that began on New York's Lower East Side, and there founded the Carolina Israelite. Issued at irregular intervals, and written from cover to cover by Golden, it is one of the last surviving examples of personal journalism, and its circulation extends far beyond the borders of North Carolina.

Nowadays, as Golden waddles along the streets of Charlotte, trailing clouds of cigar smoke, few townsfolk think of him as an alien, but rather as a civic institution. When they celebrated St. Patrick's Day last year, he marched in the front ranks of the parade, and proved to be the only celebrant who knew by heart such ditties as The Wearing of the Green, the O'Flynn and The Rose of Tralee. Assimilation could scarcely go further.

Probably none but a well-entrenched town character like Golden could get away with the satirical proposals for desegregation known as Golden Plans, which frequently appear in the Israelite. According to the Golden Vertical Negro Plan: "All the state legislature needs to do is pass one small amendment which would provide *only* desks in all the public schools—*no seats*. Since no one pays the slightest attention to a Vertical Negro, this will completely solve our problem. And it is not such a terrible inconvenience for young people to stand up during their classroom studies. In fact, this may be a blessing in disguise. They are not learning to read sitting down; maybe standing up will help."

The Golden White Baby Plan to desegregate movie houses rests on the premise that no ticket seller is likely to turn away a Negro accompanying a white baby. So, Golden recommends, let Negroes borrow a white baby when they want to enter a restricted theater. He goes on to point out the incidental benefits, such as free baby-sitters for working mothers. Pools of babies could be organized at handy pickup points. "Eventually," Golden foresees, "the Negro community can set up a factory and manufacture white babies made of plastic. The dolls, of course, should all have blond hair and blue eyes, which would give the Negro priority over the whites for the very best seats in the house."

In another issue of the Israelite, Golden claimed to have actually tested his latest plan in a town with a population 39 per cent Negro. He reported that at his suggestion the manager of a five-and-ten-cent store hung an out-of-order sign on the "whites only" drinking fountain. The thirsty white customers hesitated a while, but shortly everybody was using the "colored only" fountain. Professing to have made a discovery of profound sociological import, Golden urged North Carolina's governor to appoint a special committee to investigate further the Golden Out-of-Order Plan. "This may be the answer to the necessary uplifting of the white morale," he wrote. "It is possible that whites will accept desegregation if they are assured that the facilities are still 'separate,' albeit 'out-of-order.'"

Advertisers may withdraw their patronage from the Israelite following some particularly galling spoof, but for the publisher personally few have a harsh word. "He is," says James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond News Leader, and a standard-bearer of white supremacy, "one of the only two liberals in the world we ever wholly liked." He declines to identify the other.

Last winter, while Golden was away lecturing to civic groups, fire from a faulty flue gutted his office, destroying unpublished manuscripts, a large part of his scholarly library, and most of his subscription files. Among the hundreds who sent condoling letters was Kenneth Whitsett, local chairman of the Patriots of North Carolina, an organization somewhat to the right of the White Citizens Councils. "You and I disagree about everything," he wrote, "except that we like each other. At least I know I like you. Please get started again and if you need any help please let me know. I hope you get started on the right foot this time, but, regardless of that, get started."

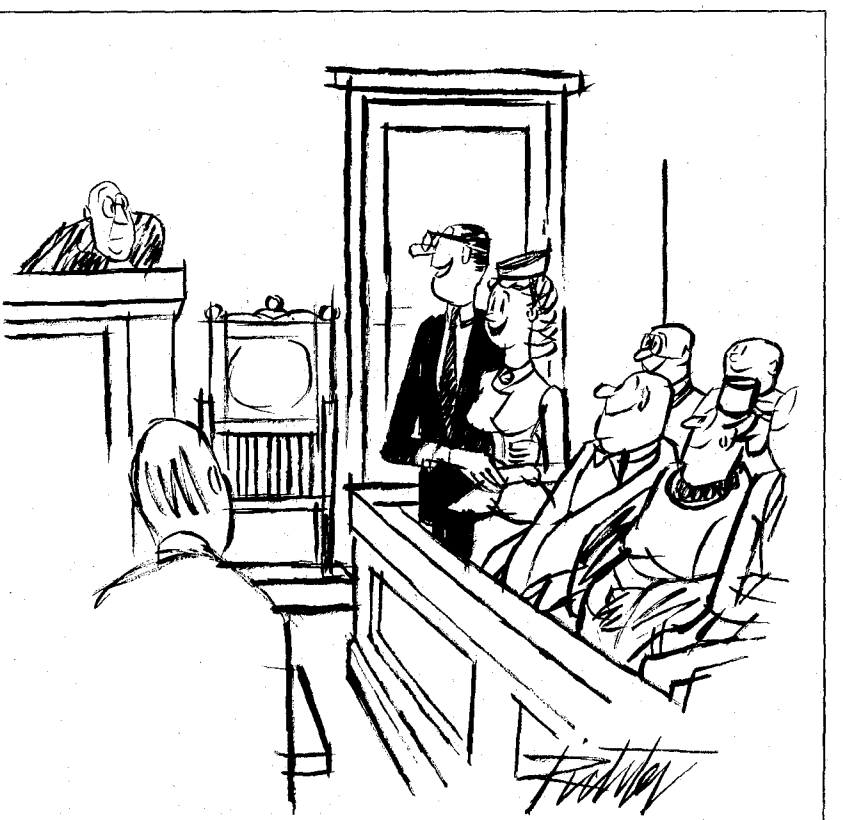
As a tribute to what he called "one of the most remarkable journalists in America," Sen. James E. Murray, of Montana, had two flattering newspaper stories about Golden reprinted in the Congressional Record. Not long ago the Charlotte News Observer named the ex-New Yorker "Tarheel of the Week." A man of vast erudition, though self-taught, he was chosen speaker at the centenary celebration of Charlotte's Queens College, which is Presbyterian. The topic: The Contribution of Calvinism to American Civilization. "My father would have died laughing," he says. In view of the solemnity of the occasion, he refrained from repeating a favorite drollery of his—"What happened to the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel? They became Presbyterians."

Golden stands high in Governor Hodges' books, despite his frequent thrusts at the administration, for though he never hesitates to speak his mind i home territory, outside of it his loyalt to the South takes precedence. He has re jected handsome offers from Norther editors to write critical articles. But h once publicly asked Hodges, "How doe it feel to be the governor of a state wher a third of the population is embittered? Unoffended, Hodges subsequently cor sulted him prior to the White House con ference on the Little Rock crisis. "Th bigots are making all the noise," Golde told him. "Thousands of Southerners n longer believe that school segregation i feasible on a moral, religious or lega basis. If you will accept the reality tha the Supreme Court is not going to revers itself, you can get men of good will o both races to accept another reality." Th governor, however, failed to follow th advice.

Golden's pen does not spare his co religionists either. The Israelite abound in gentle gibes at what he deems thei mistaken attitudes, as well as in the folk lore, customs and Yiddishisms absorbed during his East Side boyhood. The Jews of North Carolina are not always amused A minority of 10,000 to 15,000, they pre fer not to have attention drawn to them. "We wish he'd go away and leave us alone," a Charlotte rabbi complains.

But Golden doesn't see it that way. Open, uninhibited discussion, he insists, makes for a healthy relationship between Jew and Gentile. In any question involving the welfare of the community, moreover, the Jews should take their stand as citizens, not as Jews. "'Let's not stick our necks out; let someone else talk about it,' are watchwords of the ghetto, and I'm against ghettos, Jewish, white, black or Puerto Rican." To fortify his argument he recounts an ancient ghetto fable. An old man, seeing his neighbors fleeing in terror, asked what they were fleeing from. A circus lion, he was told, had broken out of his cage. "So?" said the old man. "Is this good or bad for the Jews?"

"I am a thoroughly assimilated Jew," Golden declares. "I am completely relaxed. I do not shake and I do not quake. I have honored my land and it has honored me. I have tried hard to be an American and a Jew in full measure, each to



"In a moment, the verdict, but first an announcement."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the enrichment of the other. I believe with Justice Brandeis that multiple loyalties are objectionable only when inconsistent.

"I do not worry about the pinpricks of anti-Semitism. Not at all. I keep my eye on the ball of legislation. As long as a bigot does not try to translate his prejudice into law, or to incite to riot, as an individual he has a right to hate, and may God have mercy on his soul.

"If some thoughtless teen-ager marks the sidewalk with the word 'Jew,' I would take a piece of chalk and complete it for him—'I am a Jew,' and underneath I'd put it in the original, *Ivri Onachi*, and I'd sign the name of Jonah, who said it. Then I would smile with the knowledge that every Christian prayer, every Christian ritual of birth, marriage and death, is Jewish."

And reverting to his facetious vein: "I have a positive cure for anti-Semitism. If we gave each anti-Semite an onion roll with lox and cream cheese, some chopped chicken liver with a nice radish, and a good piece of brisket of beef with a few potato pancakes, he'd soon give up all this nonsense. If the Jews of America make me chairman of the project, the first thing I would do would be to institute National Cheese Blintz Week, with sour cream."

The Israelite is a sixteen-page tabloid, sold by subscription only, at three dollars a year, which Golden tosses together like a chef's salad when the spirit moves him, usually once or twice every two months. It contains no photographs, no typographical embellishments, no news. "The nearest thing to an obituary I ever ran," says Golden, "was an account of Julius Caesar's assassination in 44 B.C." The 30,000-odd tightly packed words composing the average issue he terms a *causerie*—French for chat—and for the most part they are extensions of his normal conversation among friends, consisting, in addition to Golden Plans, of homespun philosophy, whimsicality, Rabelaisan japes, autobiographical reminiscences and random reflections, and the gleanings from a lifetime of voracious reading.

Since the first issue, circulation has climbed from 800 to around 16,000, yielding Golden an annual net profit averaging $8000. Lecturing and ghostwriting campaign literature for local politicians bring him in an additional three or four thousand. His readers are about equally divided between Jews and Gentiles; two thirds of the total are non-Southerners, and a few subscriptions come from abroad. His most faithful fans include many a celebrity—William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Carl Sandburg, Bertrand Russell, Thomas E. Dewey, Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, Chief Justice Earl Warren, twenty senators and forty congressmen; and they are apt, when too long a period elapses between issues, to pepper him with complaints by letter, telegram and telephone.

But Golden's peculiar editorial methods preclude punctuality. Beside his desk, in the two-story, white frame house on a quiet Charlotte street where he lives and works, stands a barrel. As ideas pop into his head, he pecks them out on a dilapidated typewriter, chain-smoking twenty-cent stogies all the while and lubricating the wheels of his imagination with frequent nips of bourbon and branch water; he normally demolishes a fifth a day. The finished pages he dumps into the barrel like cucumbers to be pickled. When inclined to get out another issue, he empties the barrel and arranges the contents into a haphazard sequence.

The lead features generally run to political *causeries*, twitting with impartial irony the doctrinaires of the North and the fanatics of the South, and to lighthearted slices of Jewish Americana carrying such titles as The Day My Uncle Stopped Talking Yiddish, Where are the Knishes of the East Side? and I Miss Jacobson the Schnorrer (beggar). There is a rich admixture of literary-historical curiosities. Cato's hangover remedy, for instance, was half a dozen raw cabbage leaves; Samuel Johnson prepared oysters by frying them in bread crumbs, the Roman Emperor Vespasian invented the pay toilet.

Quips and banter, irreverent, mischievous, deflating, spice the pages of the Israelite like cloves stuck in a ham. "What's a 'semireligious' speech?" Golden asked his readers when Vice President Nixon announced that he planned to deliver one. "It sounds very much like a semikosher sandwich."

Speaking of the Ku Klux Klan: "Let us all wear masks. Then no one could tell what color anybody is, and we could go about our business without delirium tremens."

"This you call Hemingway?" he wrote after seeing the film version of The Sun Also Rises. "Ava Gardner goes through six reels saying, 'I need a drink,' 'Buy me a drink,' 'Get me another brandy,' and finally Tyrone Power takes her in his arms and says, 'You are the first woman who said anything that makes sense to me.'"

Headlines in the Israelite are usually provocative. A KLUG ZU COLUMBUS'N appeared over a reminiscence of New York's early Jewish immigrants. Uttered in mock despair when woes befell them, it is freely translated from the Yiddish by Golden as "Columbus should have broken his head before he discovered America."

TWO FAMOUS SOCIALISTS—ARTHUR BRISBANE TO WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, he gleefully proclaimed in his blackest type, and proceeded to regale his readers with this bit of journalistic history. The columnist in a letter to the press lord: "I am leaving Mr. Pulitzer because you are a Socialist and I am a Socialist, and we Socialists should work together." Hearst to an interviewer twenty years later: "One thing about that Brisbane; he's forever looking to make money, and every time he comes to me with some money-making proposition, it winds up 90 per cent for Brisbane and 10 per cent for me."

GINGER ROGERS AND NAPOLEON was inspired by the star's failure to march, as promised, in Charlotte's Thanksgiving Day parade. Golden paraphrased the Parisian press dispatches after Napoleon's escape from Elba: "1st day. The monster has escaped. 2nd day. The criminal is laying waste to the countryside. 3rd day. The dictator is on his way to Paris. 4th day. Bonaparte is at the gates of the city. 5th day. All France rejoices as our glorious Emperor Napoleon makes a triumphant entry into Paris."

There followed the leads of stories in a Charlotte newspaper during the five days preceding the parade: "1st day. Ginger Rogers, gorgeous star of stage and screen, will be our guest this year. 2nd day. The delightful Ginger Rogers tells the secrets of her beauty. 3rd day. Ginger Rogers, Oscar-winning screen star, will also lead the parade. 4th day. Ginger Rogers, stage, screen and TV star, has agreed to sign all autographs. 5th day. Ginger Rogers, 47-year-old former motion-picture actress, has cancelled her appearance in Charlotte."

Among the regular features that enliven the Israelite are joshing, but affectionate, commentaries on the social evolution of the country Golden passionately loves, entitled Only in America.

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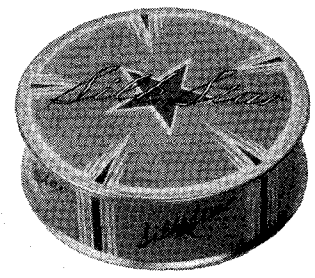

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FROM THE SHPITZINIZTER (a Jewish Village in Russia) TO THE ROTARY is a typical panegyric he retrieved from the barrel: "Ah, what a wonderful country. This could happen only in America. Forty-five years ago the rabbi used to walk along the street on the East Side with a red handkerchief sticking out of his back pocket. And the people on the block used to say, 'That's the rabbi,' and the toughest kids would stop their wrestling and horseplay to 'let the rabbi pass.' The rabbi would be on his way to *shul* (synagogue).

"The *shul* always had a tremendous name like 'The Ohab Sholom Ansche Ungarn Congregation'—and usually it was a single room above a candy store, and the rabbi would go there and wait for the boys and men to come in to say *Kaddish* (prayer for the dead).

"And now only forty-five years later, the rabbi is at the Rotary Club singing I Was Seeing Nellie Home. What a country!

"I remember when the trade-union fellows used to hold their meetings 'upstairs' above a saloon, and they could use the room free if they bought ten glasses of beer. And now I see that the Pants-Maker Union held their annual banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria. What an amazing country! I never cease to marvel at it."

Last July the World Publishing Co., issued, at $4.00 a copy, a book of Golden's editorials, entitled Only in America. It was an immediate best seller.

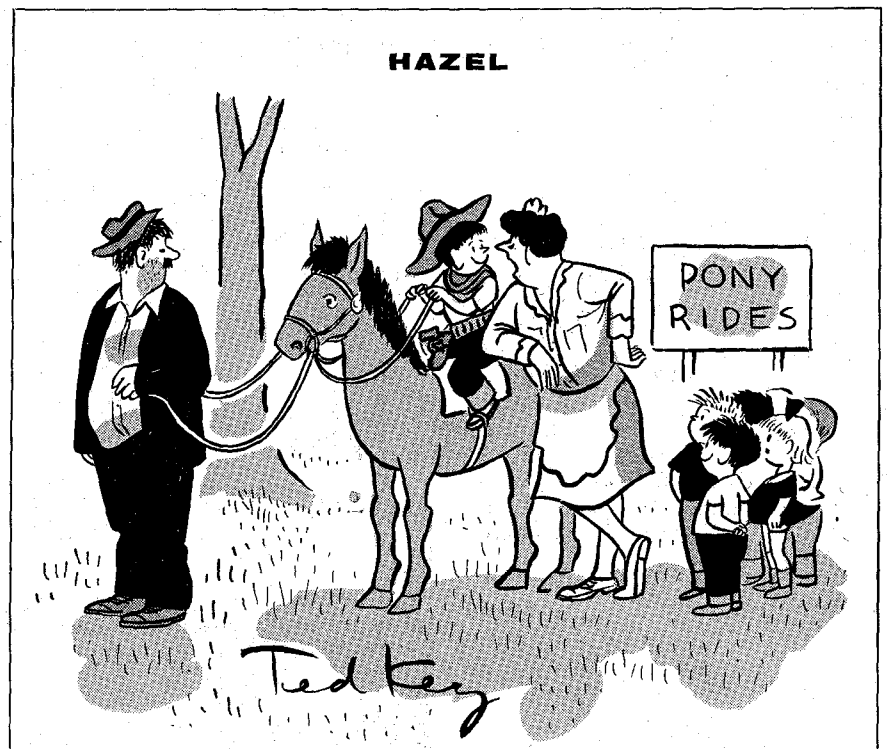
The matzos-barrel philosopher grew up, the second of four children, in an atmosphere of piety and *pilpuls*. A *pilpul* is the hairsplitting disputation beloved of the old East Side scholars. His father, Leib Golden, excelled at it, and would spend hours around the dining-room table in the tenement flat where Harry was born, arguing the merits of Eugene V. Debs, single tax, pacifism and socialism. In his late years, whenever his children visited him, Leib would waste no breath in greetings, but at once whip out some newspaper clipping and exclaim, "Look what this dope says! We got to answer him."

It was a happy, well-fed, though poor, family. Leib Golden wrote articles for the illustrious Jewish *Daily Forward*—"the university of our people," its readers call it—which then serialized the great literary classics in Yiddish. Of Austrian origin, Leib Golden gloried in his immigrant status. He used to quote the British historian, Buckle, on Spain: "There she sits, a torpid mass, because she has had no immigrants for 700 years."

"It is indeed wonderful to be an immigrant in America," his son Harry agrees. "An immigrant is never a renegade to the mores around him, y' know what I mean? He feels his alienism deeply, and he must make good. That's why the old immigrant parents wanted their boys to be doctors and scientists. The standard graduation gift was a fountain pen, the symbol of learning, 'to write your first prescription.' Now they get gold cuff links or white-walled tires. Since America clamped down on immigration in 1921, she's lost a certain intellectual vigor."

Golden's mother could neither read nor write. "But she didn't need learning," he says. "She had something better. She had God right there with her in the kitchen. She had a covenant with Him, and she'd talk to Him aloud, scolding Him sometimes, arguing with Him. 'Now you listen to me. I'm having it tough enough. I'm doing what you told me. Now you take care of me and mine.' And when she came out of the kitchen to serve my father's guests hot tea in glasses, and *latkes* (pancakes), she'd smile tolerantly. To her they were children playing with toys. Who needed Eugene Debs? She had God."

Through this simple woman Golden, who devoured practically every book in the Rivington Street branch of the New York Public Library before he graduated from P. S. 20, thought he understood an enigma of religious history. How did it happen that the ancient Jews, that bleak, uncultured people, conceived the greatest idea since the beginning of the universe—the idea of Jehovah? Why not the Greeks or Romans, with their manifold philosophies, their art forms and love of beauty? The answer, the schoolboy concluded, lay in the Jews' very lack of paths to self-expression. "There was no Socrates, no Phidias, no material beauty in the barren desert. So they talked to God, just as my mother did. They wrote poetry to Him. They sang to Him. Who else?"



"If you run across any Indians . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Golden attended the College of the City of New York, but not long enough to earn a diploma. At eighteen he had to scramble for a living. He was successively a sizer in a straw-hat factory, dipping the hats into hot glue; furrier's delivery boy; Wall Street runner; schoolteacher; classified-ad solicitor. In the fur business he met second-generation Jewish families for the first time. The women astounded him by speaking good English. When he told his mother, she scoffed, "This you call Jewish women?"

In 1926 he married a schoolteacher of Irish extraction, Genevieve Gallagher, a union which Mamma Golden viewed with disfavor. They had four sons—Richard, Harry, Jr., William and Peter. Peter died of muscular dystrophy. Richard is at present director of the art program of Hartford's Jewish Community Center, Harry, Jr., a feature writer for the Detroit Free Press, and William a teacher at Tulane University. The parents now live amicably apart, Mrs. Golden in New York, where she heads the personnel department of a lithographing firm. "She is," says Golden, "the only woman I ever loved, and I expect we'll spend our declining years together."

His most jocular memories of New York center around a little Broadway hotel, the Markwell, which he managed for a while with his brother Jacob. Many such hotels catered to a special clientele—carnies, circus acrobats, burlesque queens. The Goldens, a tolerant pair, lodged ocean-going card sharks.

For reasons which have since escaped him he invested in a musical version of the melodrama, No Mother to Guide Her, to be performed entirely by midgets. Its run was probably the shortest in Broadway history—two acts the first night. The lady pianist had been tippling, and she played so exuberantly that she drowned out the midgets. Next day, standing behind the hotel desk, the bankrupt angel heard piping voices from an invisible source. It was the midgets demanding their back pay. They haunted him for weeks, and finally accepted a partial settlement.

Until the rise of Hitler, Golden had never dwelt overmuch on the fact of his Jewishness. Then he listened to the late Rabbi Stephen Wise deliver a jeremiad against Nazi atrocities. "In that instant," he says, "I became a Jew. I acquired a new awareness, a new point of reference."

He was employed at the time by an outfit that published special community editions of newspapers. Golden would write the local history. One assignment took him to the South. He never left it. "I sensed that the next big story of America would develop there," he explains, "the shifting of a whole social order from agrarianism to urbanization. Southerners were debunking the South—the Faulkners and Erskine Caldwells and Tennessee Williamses—not the Northerners, y' know what I mean? The debunkers missed the point. The memory of a dream was still alive, even in the soul of the Main Street barber. Dueling pistols and magnolia, y' know what I mean? The white-pillared mansion on the hill at twilight. Now a tractor chugs up that hill, and it doesn't care who drives it. That was the story I saw unfolding, the conflict between the dream and the need to adjust to change, and it thrilled me."

He itched to write about it in a newspaper of his own. But what kind of newspaper? It would be presumptuous, he felt, for him, an outsider in a touchy community, to air his opinions. He decided, at length, to make a virtue of his strangeness, to stress his identity and background, and try to dispel what xenophobes consider the mystery of Jewishness. Hence, the name, Carolina Israelite. The strategy succeeded. "When I canvassed advertisers and possible investors," he attests, "they were interested and friendly, because I'd provided them with a real frame of reference. They could talk to me freely."

Two Charlotte merchants backed him at the outset, but soon withdrew when it became evident that he had no well-developed sense of profit-and-loss. He has since operated by himself, except for a business manager and occasional part-time secretarial help. He makes two days out of one, starting to replenish the barrel around seven A.M., knocking off for sleep in midafternoon, then drinking and dining with friends, and so to the typewriter again until past midnight.

Golden's detractors, a distinct minority, accuse him of being an intellectual show-off, capable not only of arguing with equal plausibility on either side of a controversy, but also willing to ghost-write speeches for political candidates of opposing parties. Although a Democrat, he writes for Republican Congressman Charles R. Jonas, among others. He enters no defense. "My pen is sometimes for hire, certainly," he admits, "but not to set down a word that violates my own principles, y' know what I mean?"

The most heartfelt Only in America anecdote Golden ever penned was occasioned by the burning of his former house. As he tells it, while collecting his mail at the post office the day before the disaster, he was congratulated by a neighbor on the enormous amount of it. "Now, commenting about a person's good fortune is what we call in Yiddish *beshrying*, or putting the curse on him," he relates. "I should have done as my mother taught me—spat three times and muttered under my breath, '*Zul deir aroyze d'aigen*' (Your eyes should drop out). But I forgot."

The bad news reached him at Newark Airport. When he got back to Charlotte, a squad of policemen under Chief Frank Littlejohn were investigating the cause of the blaze. They then turned over the charred subscription files to crime-laboratory technicians, who managed to reconstruct 5000 names. "There they were," says Golden, "worrying themselves sick over my mailing list. You expect the police to put you out of business, y' know what I mean? But this police, they put me back into business. It could only happen in America."

Two months later, in new quarters across the street, he was hammering out for Volume 16, No. 1 of the Israelite, the Golden Carry-the-Books Plan. "There is no vertical segregation. But neither is there 45-degree-angle segregation if the sitting or leaning Negro is a servant, domestic, or a chore-boy of some kind. Therefore, the Negro parents should make this proposition to their local school boards: that they will allow their children to carry the books for their white classmates. If there are sixteen Negro students in a school of four hundred whites, an alternating system can be worked out so that by the end of the semester, each white boy will have had his books carried into the school building by a Negro student, at least once."

As he wrote, he paused now and again to glance at the remains of a book damaged in the fire. It was his Old Testament, and all the pages had burned away down to Amos 5:23. He still likes to read that verse and the next to visitors:

Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

THE END

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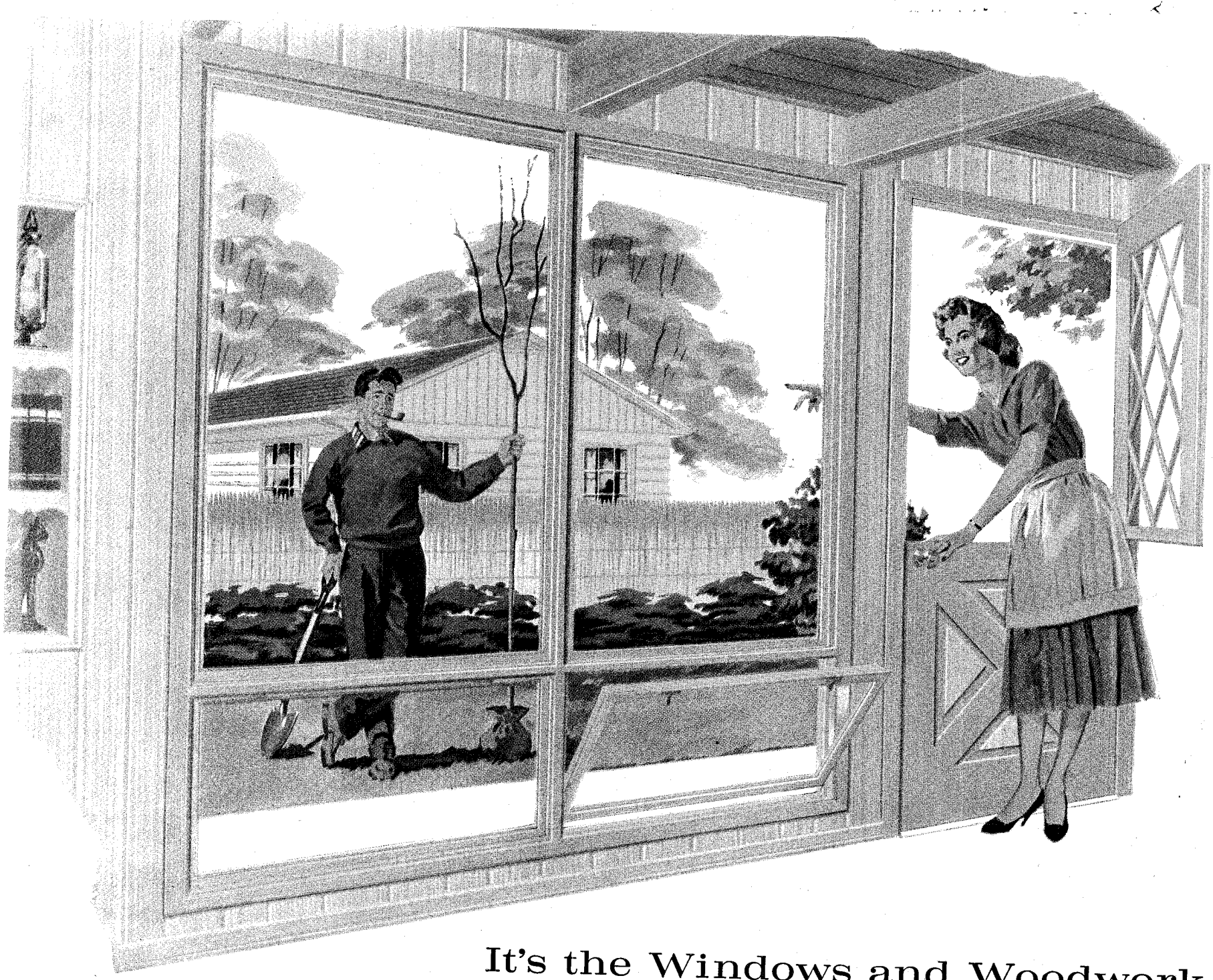

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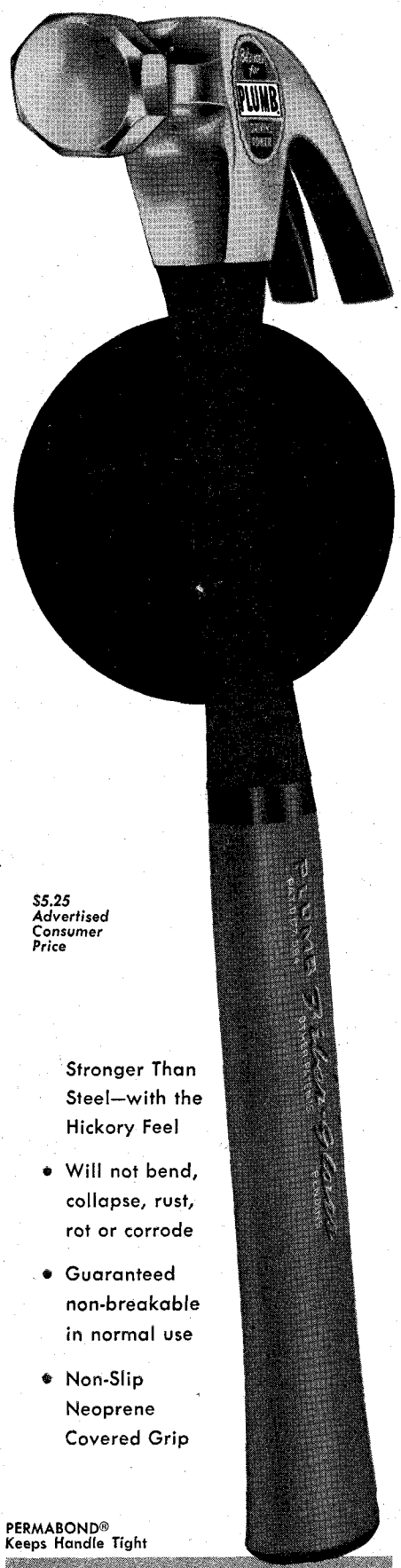

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Keeping Posted

Horses, Tractors and Mr. Botts

William Hazlett Upson presents that 1917-vintage picture of himself to show why he started writing about tractors and created famed tractor salesman Alexander Botts, of page 22. Upson, while serving through World War I as a private in the 13th U.S. Field Artillery, took care of horses so continually that, when he was discharged, he hated horses. "In fact, I hated them worse than officers." So, eager to associate after the war with the opposite of horses, he got a job with the Caterpillar tractor people and presently switched to writing about Earthworm tractors. He now loves not only tractors but horses, officers and ex-officers.

Young Bill Upson and horse; older Bill Upson and tractor.

The first Botts story ran in the Post in 1927, and Bill Upson has now written 100 of them. The current one is No. 94; two are on hand for later publication; and he confesses that through the years the editors have rejected four, "perhaps rightly." Readers keep asking Upson how they can buy the stories in book form, since the six published volumes are now out of print and it isn't time yet for a new collection. He tells them, "Mr. Dike Blair, who runs the Vermont Book Shop here in my home town [Middlebury, Vt.] has hoarded some copies of my books which he will sell at an absurdly low price, considering that they are almost priceless collector's items." Blair advertises locally: Earthworm Tractors for Sale at Vermont Book Shop.

Tales of the Authors

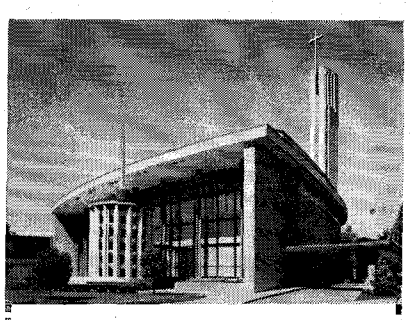
Tommy Devine, Detroit Free Press sports expert, ran into two whopping surprises in football affairs last fall. One, as he notes on page 36, was when coach Buddy Parker of the Detroit Lions announced shortly before the team's first exhibition game, "This is the worst squad I ever had. I'm resigning." The second surprise came when that worst squad, led by coach George Wilson, marched right through to the championship. It isn't surprising that the author's subject is Mr. Wilson. Devine, whose family includes Mrs. D., Rodger, 13, and Nancy, 11, conducts a Free Press column titled, Love Letters of a Sports Writer, in which he encourages fans to express their views, which indeed they do. "They tear me noun from noun."

Cecil Forester's new book, Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies, a Little, Brown collection of short Post serials, concludes with Hornblower heading for home and the inactive list. But reviewer John Hutchens of the New York Herald Tribune thinks he won't stay there, "not while he feels like fighting and one of the first-class story writers of our time feels like writing."

Want to be a Cockroach?

You probably know about the Baker Street Irregulars, that international organization of people who love Sherlock Holmes, but have you heard of The Ailing Cockroaches? These are lovers of that adorable hero of the late Guy Gilpatric's Post stories, Colin St. Andrew MacThrockle Glencannon, who, with the aid of an occasional swallow of Dugan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, had delicious adventures while sailing the seven seas as chief engineer of the S.S. Inchcliffe Castle. Mrs. S. Tupper Bigelow, of 1 Mallory Gardens, Toronto, Canada, whose husband is a Toronto magistrate and a Sherlock Holmes buff, organized the Cockroaches among a few friends on the theory that Glencannon is a far greater man than Holmes. The A.C.s' charming name is the title of a story in the last of the three Glencannon Omnibuses, those books from which the Roaches—and uncounted numbers of as yet non-Roaches—constantly renew their adoration of Muster Glencannon. The club members, now multiplying in Canada, the U.S., and Britain, have a grand time through the clearinghouse of newsletters sent out by founder Helen Bigelow, and they enjoy the warm blessing of a charming New York lady, Mrs. M. S. Gilpatric, the author's mother. A prospectus furnished by Cockroach Frank M. Long of Philadelphia states that the club prohibits dues—as the economical Mr. Glencannon would say, "Foosh and foosh on dues!"

Cockroach Helen Bigelow.



NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Churches Go Modern"

Do the new designs in houses of worship look like churches? A famous architect defends their spirituality.

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